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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FORTUNES SPENT *on* JEWELS

Women Who Own Precious Stones Worth £40,000

Mrs. "Average Housewife," whose only real jewels, generally, are her engagement ring and wedding ring, would be stunned if Fortune suddenly gave her £40,000 worth of jewels, such as possessed by some of our social leaders.

Many well-known women make a hobby of collecting jewels. Some of their treasures have a history that is centuries old.

THREE OWNERS of rare jewellery — Miss Pamela Armstrong, Lady Gowrie, and Lady Gengoult Smith.

A MERE HANDFUL of jewellery — but it represents £2000.

AUSTRALIAN women are less self-conscious to-day about wearing jewels for public and private social festivities.

Each year more and more national wealth is spent on jewellery that is not only a shining adornment for women but is also a profitable investment.

Older women who have regarded lavish jewellery as an accessory only for Vice-Regal functions or other formal occasions have been startled by the amount of jewellery worn at cocktail parties during public celebrations.

"Jewels worn by society women in Australia must be worth several million pounds," a leading jeweller told The Australian Women's Weekly. "Then there must be more than a million pounds' worth of engagement rings that have cost anything from £5 to £500 each.

"Diamonds, pearls, sapphires and opals are the most popular stones. More and more women are wearing tiaras, most of which can be converted into bracelets or necklaces.

£16,000 Necklace

"ONE of the most valuable necklaces I know belongs to a Melbourne woman. It is being collected pearl by pearl and at present is worth more than £16,000.

"Melbourne women are the most bejewelled in the Commonwealth, with Sydney next, then Adelaide and Brisbane and Perth."

Another jeweller said that the biggest news in jewels at the moment is opals. So great is the demand for them, both here and overseas, that the price has increased 200 per cent.

Already some of the jewels in Australia are world-famous—notably the jewels of the late Dame Nellie Melba, which now belong to her young granddaughter, Miss Pamela Armstrong, who was presented at Court last year. Her parents consider she is too young yet to wear any of her jewels.

The collection includes numerous rings of great value, ropes of exquisitely tinted or creamy pearls, a diamond chain with a black onyx pendant and tassel of pearls and the most magnificent of all, a necklace of pink marquise diamonds, given to the diva by the ex-Kaiser.

Another famous collection is the Vivers pearls. The subject of legal battles in Sydney some years ago, their value was estimated at at least £5000. A string of exquisite pink pearls, they were finally put up for auction but were recently sold privately and the price not disclosed.

From Queen Anne

OF great historic interest are the emerald-and-diamond earrings worn by Miss Doris Buckland, of Sydney. They belonged to Queen Anne, to whom an ancestress of Miss Buckland was a lady-in-waiting.

One of the most romantic and most valuable pieces of jewellery in Australia is the necklace bought by Mrs. Phillip Bushell, of Sydney, in London recently.

Formerly the property of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, it is a delicate garland of daisies in diamonds, with one drop-pearl in the centre.

SOME of the finest jewellery Australia has seen is worn by Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor of N.S.W. Her tiara of clover-leaf pattern in diamonds and pearls, and her four ropes of pearls held by two huge square links of diamonds, with a square cross of diamonds as a pendant, suit her tall dignity to perfection.

Lady Gowrie, of smaller stature, wears a charming tiara that is a band of diamonds with pear-shaped pearls standing up from it.

Australia has made a valuable contribution to the jewel wealth of England. Several titled women are now collecting Australian opals, which were introduced to London during the Coronation in Dame Enid Lyons' delicate, pastel necklace of opals and the handsome tiara worn by Lady Whiskard.

Lady Waley, of Sydney, has been collecting opals for some time, among them being a particularly beautiful necklace of white opals.

Mrs. Harry Emmerton's best-known jewels are her deep collar of glorious milky opals.

MRS. NORMAN BROOKES, of Melbourne, has a preference for pearls, and wears many ropes of them for formal occasions, but her most cherished possession is the diamond star brooch given to her by her father on her wedding day.

Her tiara of diamonds and pearls in a rose setting she gave to her daughter, Elaine, when she became Mrs. Reggie Bessemer Clark.

Her eldest daughter, Lady Gengoult Smith, is one of Melbourne's young matrons who own lovely jewels.

The huge diamond sunburst brooch which belonged to her husband's mother is worth at least £1000, and she also has diamond earrings and a diamond tiara.

Her baby daughter, Marion, already has the charming sapphire and diamond brooch sent to her by her godfather, the Duke of Gloucester, and a string of pearls, and now her mother is collecting sapphires for her when she grows up.

Historical Jewels

DR. BULLER MURPHY, of Melbourne and Adelaide, who has the collector's eye, owns jewels of great beauty and antique interest.

Sometimes she wears two intriguing little mouche boxes of jewel studded enamel on a chain round her neck. They were originally boxes in which Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette kept their patches.

Another interesting necklace started life as a mandarin's chain, but was looted from Pekin many years ago. It is long enough to reach her feet, and is of clear amber and pure green jade.

One of the loveliest pieces of jewellery in South Australia is the necklace of topazes set in solid gold with a Maltese Cross, an heirloom several hundreds of years old, owned by Mrs. H. P. McLachlan.

Another of the most valuable collections of jewels in South Australia is owned by Mrs. E. W. Holden, a large emerald set in a ring being one of the most spectacular items.

THERE is an unusual story in the coral necklace worn by Miss Margaret Pilgrim, of Adelaide. It was made from a piece of coral taken from the Barrier Reef by Capt. Matthew Flinders, her great grand-uncle, on his first trip along the north-eastern coast of Australia.

There are many others, too, whose fondness for the glitter of diamonds, soft lustre of pearls, the cool shine of emeralds, adds greater brilliance to social functions in each succeeding season in Australia's capitals.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Grandson of Dr. Sun Yat Sen

MR. SUN TEE PING, 24-year-old grandson of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, beloved founder of the China Republic, arrived recently in Los Angeles to enter the University of California. The young man wears Western attire and speaks English fluently.

His mother is at present in England and took part in the great peace demonstration through the streets of London recently.

—Dickinson.

Made Models of Our Fairies

MISS IVY HARDING, of Brighton, Victoria, was specially invited by the Commonwealth Government to supply a number of Australian animals in her own clever designs to be sent overseas to the Empire Exhibition which will open in Glasgow in May.

She sent a similar collection to the exhibition in Johannesburg in 1936. The little Australian family headed for Glasgow includes three kangaroos with joeys, three life-size koalas, three fairy penguins and three platypuses.

—Marlair.

Successful Playwright

MISS CATHRINE BROWNBILL, a young Australian playwright, has had notification from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation that three plays she sent them last year have all been accepted for broadcasting. Miss Brownbill, whose home is in Adelaide, had success with her plays in New Zealand. She has completed a musical comedy, including the lyrics, the music for which has been written by a South Australian—Maurice Sheard.

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GUNS AND GAIETY in VIENNA

How People Reacted to Hitler Coup; Wistful Memories of Departed Glories.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE

Our Special Representative, who is at present in Europe

It is a crime, punishable by immediate arrest, to appear unsmiling in the streets of Vienna to-day.

A face without a smile is regarded as showing disapproval of the Nazi invasion of Austria.

And so Vienna smiles and is gay.

Great howitzers and field guns, tractors, tanks, motor-trucks crowded with steel-helmeted troops, move ceaselessly through the streets. Bombing and fighting planes overhead momentarily blot out the pale, cold sunshine.

Under a formidable display of ruthless armed force, the friendly and amicable people of Austria are "re-united" with the German empire.

I KNOW perfectly well that many Austrians, even the majority, welcome the Nazis.

But the frenzied welcome given to the in-marching troops cannot blot out the terrible fear and anxiety of many thousands of the people.

When the field-grey German troops tramped with rigid discipline across the snow-covered Austrian border they met smiling girls and cheering peasantry.

With machine-like precision the vast army halted for a moment to fraternise with the people they were coming to "liberate."

Then the onward march to Vienna was inexorably continued—with flowers stuck in rifle barrels of the troops.

What a symbol of Austria to-day—a gay flower stuck in a loaded rifle!

While on one border smiles and flowers greeted the invaders, on the other border pitiful refugees pleaded vainly to cross the frontier into a sanctuary of some country where the swastika would not be a symbol of death to them.

Despair has caused hundreds of people to take their own lives rather than await the concentration camps, and the slow torture and death with which the Nazis purge out opposition. Suicides number thirty a day in Vienna.

MOST poignant of all is the drama of Friedricha Reitlinger, one of the leading liberals of Austria. Confined to bed with illness, fearing that even this would not save him from Nazi vengeance, he pleaded with his daughter to shoot him.

This she did and then turned the gun on herself and ended her own life.

The mental anguish that this young girl was forced to undergo illustrates the depth of terror which underlies the surface of gaiety, and so while the bands play and the banners deck the streets thousands of families huddle in fear in their homes.

Even Major Emil Fey, who was known only a year ago as the strong man of Austria, died with his Jewish wife and 19-year-old son in a death pact, rather than await Nazi torture.

He first shot his wife, then he and his son suicided together.

Sixty - nine - year - old Professor Gustav Bayer, a famous medical scientist of radical views, and his daughter Helga also died together at their own hands.

And so the pitiful story unfolds, father and daughter, husband and wife, mother and son. All seeking death through the misery brought to them because they bore a racial "taint," or because their politics placed their country before Hitler.

Austrian working men and high-born Austrians, lowly Jews and rich Jews!

WHATEVER may be the future of Austria, it is certain that the Vienna of song and story is gone forever.

Gone is the cafe life with its free discussions of art, politics, and science. Gone is the era of the polite society of the gentler Germans of Austria. **Instead has come the reign of blood and iron.**

The Viennese smile as they go about the streets, but they are not light of heart.

Household searches by police and Nazis at all hours of the day and night, arrests without warning, the cells and the concentration camps . . . These are all real, but hidden by the parades and the hells of the Hitler supporters.

Gaiety and death, wild cheering and cries of anguish—women blow kisses to the soldiers, others weep. A paradox that only Vienna could provide.

It will be the policy of Hitler to restore to Vienna as soon as possible the spurious appearance of normal life.

And undoubtedly there will be an improvement in the business life of the once great capital. This is one reason why a great many Austrians are glad to become part of the German Empire.

In recent years the business life of the capital has been much reduced.

Great mercantile buildings stand empty in decay. Magnificent homes are shabby and disused. The Government has been forced to depend on foreign loans for its existence. Bread riots have been frequent in the poorer quarters.

Many of those who cheer the Fuhrer's triumphal entry into Vienna's famous Ring streets are honestly convinced that economic salvation will follow the new rule of blood and iron.

"Lives That Were Happy, Hearts That Were Free"

PLAYS, movies, songs about Vienna and the blue Danube have made this city a synonym for glamor and romance. . . .

The theme song of "Viennese Nights" captures its sweet mystery. . . .

As the years roll on
After youth has gone
You will remember Vienna.
Lives that were happy,
And hearts that were free,
All join in singing that sweet melody.
When the race is run,
Whether lost or won,
You will remember Vienna.
You will recall
Evenings in May,
Sweethearts that came and vanished away.
Whence do they come,
And where do they go,
Vienna will never let you know.

Free Novel Knitting Book

The Free Novel this week will be found inside our free 24-page Knitting Supplement.

WHILE DICTATORS and statesmen plot and plan their future, the people of Austria go about their ordinary life—the housewife at her tasks, and the young people dancing (at top). Hitler's girls with uniform (lower picture), are a symbol of the new era that everyone fears will now be instituted in Austria—for what purpose?

A glorious twenty days can be spent on the sea trip to Western Australia and back.

Modern luxury liners of the Interstate fleet leave Sydney each Saturday for Fremantle, calling at Melbourne, Adelaide, and often at Albany, W.A. Time passes pleasantly in the social life of the ship—deck sports—swimming, dancing, and bridge.

Perth, beautifully situated on the Swan River, is a delightful city with many beauty spots and places of interest within easy distance.

Passengers are maintained on board at all ports except Fremantle, and can stop over and return by later ship if so desired.

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CLOUSTON HAS *Film-Star* LOOK

Flight heroes say their wives are sensible young women

Tribute To Their Courage

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to pay tribute to Flying-Officer Clouston and his companion, Victor Ricketts, for their magnificent flight from London, in the Comet, "Australian Anniversary."

A representative of this paper was privileged to have an exclusive interview with the two fliers.

This is given here, and it is perhaps the most revealing, intimate pen picture of the pair that has yet appeared in any paper.

"MY LAST GLIMPSE OF ENGLAND was my wife smiling up at the plane," Clouston told the Australian Women's Weekly. The picture shows Mrs. Clouston and Mrs. Ricketts watching their husbands take off in a test flight of the Comet.

Exclusive Interview With The Australian Women's Weekly

PHOTOGRAPHS of Clouston before he arrived here have not done him justice. Actually, he looks younger and better-looking.

Though he has the keen face of an airman, and will probably resent this remark, he has dark blue, dreamy eyes and a film star shine on his wavy hair.

He is well built, has small, strong hands, small feet, beautiful teeth, and a pleasant deep voice.

Ricketts, the aviation writer of the London Daily Express, is a merry youth, aged 25, but with a boyish exuberance that makes him seem younger.

He is slim pink-cheeked, has mischievous brown eyes, and perfectly straight brown hair, which flops over his brow when he bends over his typewriter.

Heroic Wives

In the terse, unemotional manner of men of action both fliers paid a tribute to the heroism of their wives.

"They're both very sensible young women," said Victor Ricketts. "'Clow's' wife, especially, has a poker face. She is more accustomed to the strain of waiting than mine, because 'Clow' has made so many test flights. No matter how great her anxiety it is impossible to detect it in her face.

"Sandy, my wife, has not had as much training, but she put up a very good show when we set out."

"Naturally, our wives were a bit nervous," said Clouston, "and on a long flight like this the strain of waiting for news must be quite as bad for them as the actual flying for us.

"An airman's wife who is interested in his career has a perfectly clear idea of the risks her husband is taking, but at the same time she also knows all the precautions he has taken against risks.

"Our wives helped us to equip the plane, so they knew we carried parachutes, a month's emergency rations, rubber floats, and that our twin engines make the risk of disaster about one in a million.

"So they were fairly calm and quite cheerful when they saw us off. One of the most important things an airman's wife learns to do is to wear a poker face, and to smile at the right moment.

"My last glimpse of England was my wife smiling up at the plane."

Elsie Clouston, the airman's pretty young blonde wife, is spending a week in the north of England with her sister. She has taken with her their dachshund, "Chota," who, like Mrs. Clouston, accompanies Flying-Officer Clouston on most of his race flights in England. Chota has 500 hours' flying to his credit. Mrs. Ricketts is staying with her family.

Travelling Light

Both airmen carry mascots. Clouston's is a teddy bear, given to him by his wife when he flew to Africa. She ties it on to the instrument board herself each time he sets out. "—and he sat there grinning at me all the way from England," said Clouston.

Ricketts wears around his neck a silver chain, on which are a St. Anthony medal given to him by his wife, "Sandy," and a Queen Victoria sixpence which was given to his mother before he was born. In his wallet is a snapshot of Sandy and himself and a cutting of the same picture printed in a Greek paper during their first attempt on the record.

The airmen's luggage consists of six tightly-rolled brown-paper parcels tied with thin string and labelled tersely in their wives' handwriting, "Clouston. Shirt. Tie. Trousers." Another parcel carried the cost of a lounge suit, and a third a pair of shoes and socks.

Their suits, made specially for the trip, were of uncrushable material. Less than an hour after their arrival they were transformed from bearded explorers in open-necked shirts, flannel slacks, and knee-high fur-lined boots, into well-groomed young men in beautifully cut English suits.

Bunch of Carnations

On reaching England again, Ricketts hopes to present Sandy and Elsie with a bunch of carnations. They were given to him by a pretty woman in evening dress, who rushed over to the plane at Singapore and said "Take these. They'll bring you luck."

"I'm told carnations last a week," said Ricketts, "so they should be fairly fresh when we arrive home."

Romantic Figures

THOUGH airmen now cross the world as casually as we take a tram trip, the record flying airman is still a romantic figure to women. There were thousands of women at Mascot Aerodrome—schoolgirls, flappers, and mothers—and before they could climb out of the plane the fliers were inundated with requests for autographs.

Having crossed the world in the time most of us allot to a week-end jaunt, Flying-Officer Arthur Clouston and Victor Ricketts took a bath and change, crammed into seven hours enough appointments and business arrangements to occupy the average business man for a week, had a few hours' sleep, and were off again

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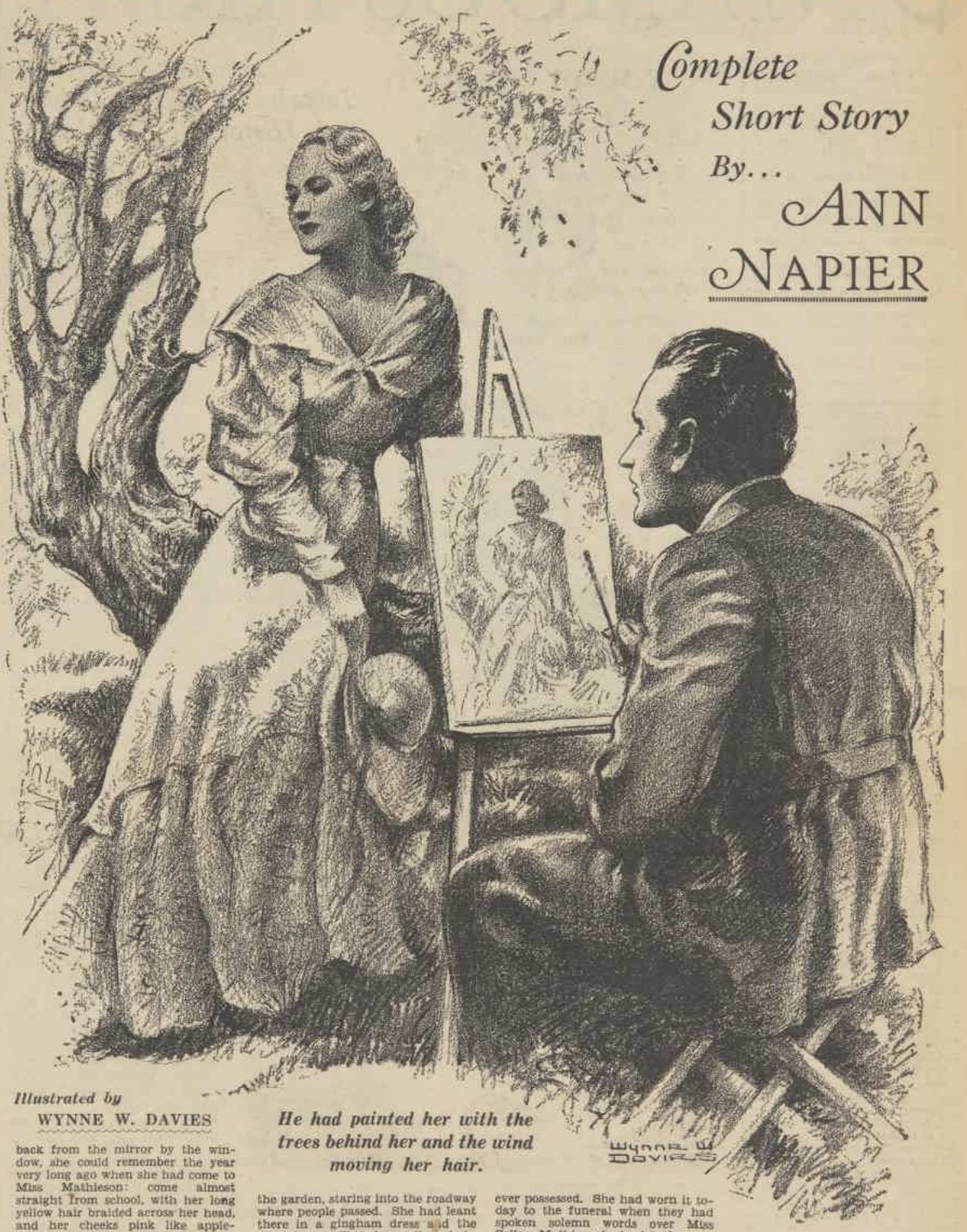
FORGOTTEN SUMMER

A poignant story of a lovely woman who sacrificed her youth in unselfish service.

Complete Short Story By...

ANN NAPIER



He had painted her with the trees behind her and the wind moving her hair.

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

WHILE she listened, she stood with the fingers of her black-gloved hands resting on the narrow ledge of the window-sill. Very stiffly she stood there, with the black flowers in her hat and the fluffy whiskers of her feather boa making a ragged silhouette against the light. Her face in the shadow of her hat's brim was lined and drained of all color; only her eyes were as blue as they had been twenty, thirty, forty years ago when she had first come to that house.

Now her eyes, idly staring at the green summer garden beneath her, saw all the summers that had come to life and then faded in that garden; all the dull purple of the lilac flowers where their branches leant out from the dark borders of trees that edged the smooth green of the lawns. The garden lay still in the hollow; beyond, the fields swept upwards to the edge of the horizon. It was all quiet.

Only as she listened she could hear from the room beneath the muffled sound of talking: low voices. Well, talking would soon be finished: she would hear the door opening and Mr. Leigh would call to her. Then all this waiting would be over: she would lock the doors and go out and leave this house where she had lived so long. Leave it for ever.

She turned away from the window then, and in the swinging mirror of her dressing-table she saw herself, Susan Tregonning, and behind her the bare shape of the room. The furniture ranged stiffly against the walls: inhuman. The wallpaper, patterned with its faded festoons of pink ribbons, showed bright patches where, until yesterday, pictures had hung.

All the house was like that now; that was what she had been doing: taking down the curtains and folding them away: helping the little maid to lay bare the rooms. Ever since Miss Selina Mathieson had died less than a week ago.

IT was strange how completely by the death of that one old woman life had retreated from the house. There was no personality left. The bare rooms and empty corridors echoed back footsteps in a hard, metallic way. There was no memory of gentleness. No presence had reached out in kindness from the room where she had lain with candles burning at her head. Strange.

And yet not strange. For there had been little of gentleness about Miss Selina Mathieson in her lifetime. A gaunt old woman with a wrinkled face and hands that clutched. She had walked about the house and about the garden, her stick tapping on the stairs and the passages and outside on the paths; her fingers twisted around the head of her stick: moving restlessly; clutching. "Susan, Susan, where is the woman?" she would call across the garden, call down the stairs, always expecting Susan to shadow her. To be her companion. Wasn't that what she was paid to be, a companion?

Over eighty, Miss Selina Mathieson was when she died in her sleep. Caught unprepared by death. Caught suddenly off her guard. Dead. Her limbs rigid, her face grey, and the sunshine striking between the blinds lying across her long, still hands.

Death had surprised her as nothing else had been able to do all the years of her life. For she had been always watching: peering over the stairway, "Susan, Susan, where are you?" Walking with her short, jerky steps from room to room. Lest someone should be able to take more from life than she could.

Now, as Susan Tregonning turned back from the mirror by the window, she could remember the year very long ago when she had come to Miss Mathieson: come almost straight from school, with her long yellow hair braided across her head, and her cheeks pink like apple-blossom, and her eyes blue: well, she thought, they were blue now. And there was still life in front of her. A different life: but happiness? Then, as a girl, she could have run off into the village and had her pick of the young men: Susan Tregonning with her corn-colored hair and her laughter. But she had not gone. "Susan, Susan, where are you?" She had stayed within the garden. "Don't be foolish," Miss Mathieson had said, "running off to what? All the uncertainty of love. Love is nonsense," she had said. "It is a fire that burns you up. Stay with me, Susan," she had said. "I will look after you."

Miss Mathieson had been forty when Susan had come to her. She had looked then, to Susan's blue eyes, almost as stiff and hard and rigid as she had really become later.

Well, Susan had stayed. Once she had nearly run away. But that was so long ago that she could scarcely remember it at all. There was a young man; he had come to the village to paint. He had seen her in the garden, staring into the roadway where people passed. She had leant there in a gingham dress and the wind had ruffled her yellow hair, and he had spoken to her. He had painted her with the trees behind her and the wind moving her hair.

ALL through those June afternoons she had run off, while Miss Mathieson slept, down across the garden, from shadow to shadow, where the lilac bushes with their heart-shaped leaves hid her from sight. He had been a pleasant young man; he had laughed. Yet now she could not remember whether his hair had been dark or fair. "Susan, Susan, where are you?"

But after he had gone away he had sent her, all the way from London, a miniature of herself. Set around with gold filigree; a miniature painted from one of the sketches he had made for the portrait. She had worn it hung around her neck on a thin black ribbon every Sunday. It was the only ornament she had ever possessed. She had worn it today to the funeral when they had spoken solemn words over Miss Selina Mathieson's dead body.

And now the funeral was over. They were reading the will downstairs in the dining-room. Mr. Leigh, whom she had known all her life, the lawyer from the village, and the lawyer who had come from London on behalf of Miss Selina Mathieson's nephew. The house would pass to him. But he had not cared enough to come down himself. "Sell everything," he had said. "Turn it all into money." So they had sent a young man down with the lawyer: a young man who went all over the house turning up the chairs, looking at the furniture, looking over the pictures, seeing if there was anything valuable in all these things. What he had chosen would go to London; the rest would be sold here in the house. Susan Tregonning could hear his footsteps and the scrape of the chairs as he pushed them back against the walls.

The dull murmur of voices came to her. What were they saying? They were reading the will. What would Miss Mathieson have said? Faithful. Wasn't that the word they used in wills? "Bequeath to my faithful companion, Susan Tregonning"—or perhaps, "To Susan Tregonning, who had been my faithful friend and companion, I bequeath . . ." No, she thought, scarcely friend. No one had ever stood as friend to Selina Mathieson, not even Mr. Leigh, who had known her better than anyone else. "All lawyers are thieves," the old lady had said, "never tell them too much."

It was little enough that she had ever told Susan: only "I'll take care of you, Susan; stay with me." But it had been well understood between them; Miss Mathieson would leave Susan money. (How much had never been told—five hundred pounds, perhaps.) But it would bring her freedom.

All her plans had been laid, and Miss Mathieson's death had come so fortunately (since die she must).

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...An INFAMOUS ARMY

— By —
Georgette HEYER

Another Thrilling Instalment of this Colorful Historical Serial . . .

The Story So Far

On the eve of Waterloo, Brussels is a city of gay functions, and, in spite of the tense military situation, centre of English society, which includes the EARL OF WORTH, Army General, his wife JUDITH, the countess, and LADY BARBARA CHILDE, conspicuous for her wit and beauty.

At the DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S ball, on June 15, the long-expected news of war is announced, casting a gloom over the brilliant assemblage. Among the first to leave for the front is COLONEL CHARLES AUDLEY, aide-de-camp to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and ex-fiance of Lady Barbara, who in a fit of pique broke off their engagement.

The Duke of Wellington receives a despatch reporting that the French are advancing into Belgian territory. An air of suppressed excitement descends upon Brussels, and civilians, becoming panicky, depart in great numbers. In the Great Palace Royal a scene of indescribable confusion reigns.

Lady Barbara is inconsolable because of Charles' hasty departure without farewell, and the following morning after her brother and his wife, LORD AND LADY VIDAL, leave Brussels, she calls on Worth, Charles' brother, who persuades her to remain at his home with Judith. Barbara agrees, and they are the first to engage in relief work.

Meanwhile, there is much speculation regarding tidings at the front. Charles Audley unexpectedly arrives at the Earl's home in an exhausted state, demanding a horse and rations. He refuses to remain the night as he is due back at headquarters.

NOW READ ON.

He took her hand. "I don't know why you are here, but I'm glad you are," he said.

"WHERE are the Duke's Headquarters?" asked Worth.

"At Waterloo." He picked up his cloak from the chair on which he had laid it, and clasped it round his neck. His cocked-hat in its oilskin cover lay ready to his hand; he tucked it under his arm, and said, with a little hesitation: "Judith, if you should see Miss Devenish——" He paused, as though he did not know how to continue.

"I shall, I expect," she replied. "Do you desire some message to her?"

"No—only that I wish you will tell her that you have seen me to-night, and that all is well."

"Certainly," she said.

"Thank you. Don't forget, will you?" He kissed her cheek in a brotherly fashion, and said, with something of his old gaiety: "You are a capital creature, you know! You understand how important it is to feed a man well"

"Cold beef!" she protested.

"Nothing could have been better, I assure you. Don't be alarmed if you hear some cannonading to-morrow! We shall have at least one Prussian Corps with us, and we don't mean to lose this war, I promise you." He gave her shoulder a pat, and turned towards Barbara. She was looking pale, but perfectly composed, and held out her hand. He took it. "I don't know why you are here, but I'm glad you are," he said. "Forgive me if I seem dull and stupid. There is so much to say, but I've no time, and this is not the moment. I believe your friend Lavisse to be unhurt. I should have told you before."

"I am glad, but he is not so much my friend that it can concern me."

"Tired of him, Bab?" he said.

She winced. He said at once: "I'm sorry! That was shockingly rude of me." His hand gripped hers more tightly. "Good-bye, my dear. Now, Worth, if you please."

He released her hand, and turned from her to his brother. The corner of his heavy cloak just brushed her dress as he swung round on a spurred heel; he took Worth's arm, and walked to the door with him. "I'll take a couple of bottles of your champagne, Julian," he said, and the next instant was gone from Barbara's sight. She heard his voice on the stairs, as he went down with Worth. "By the by, the 10th did well to-day. They might have been on the parade ground. However, the rain put an end to the skirmishing."

Judith walked quickly to the door, and shut it. "Skirmishing! Champagne!" she said with a strong indignation. "How can he? As though he had not a thought in his head but of divisions, and brigades, and regiments!"

"He hasn't," said Barbara.

"When I think of the suspense you have been in, what you have suffered from the circumstance of —— And he behaved as though nothing were of the least consequence but this dreadful war!"

Barbara gave a laugh. "Is anything else of consequence? I like him for that!"

TWENTY minutes later Worth re-entered the room to find both ladies seated on the sofa, in companionable silence. He said in his calm way: "Take my advice, and go to bed. There is no danger to-night, but I may be obliged to convey you to the coast to-morrow. So get what rest you can now."

The words were hardly spoken when they heard a knock on the street door. Even Worth looked a little surprised, and raised his brows. The butler had not yet retired to bed; they heard him go to the door, and open it; and a moment later the stairs creaked under his heavy tread. He entered the salon, but before he could announce the visitor, Lucy Devenish had rushed past him into the room.

A wet cloak and hood enveloped her; she was pale, and evidently in great agitation. She looked wildly round the room, and then, fixing her eyes on Judith's astonished countenance, faltered: "My uncle heard that Colonel Audley had been at Sir Charles Stuart's!"

"He has been there, and here, too, but I am afraid he has this moment gone," said Judith. "My dear child, surely you did not come alone, and in this shocking storm? Let me take your cloak! How imprudent this is of you!"

"Oh, I know, I know! But I could not sleep without trying to get news! No one knows that I am not in my bed—it is wrong of me, but, indeed, indeed, I had to come!"

Judith removed the dripping cloak from her shoulders. "Hush, Lucy! There is no need for this alarm. Charles is safe, and all is well, upon my honor!"

She stopped, for Lucy had sprung up, her face so ghastly, and her manner so distraught, that for a moment Judith almost feared that she had taken leave of her senses. "Charles? What is he to me?" Lucy said hoarsely. "It is George—George! Was there no word? No message for me? Lady Barbara, for heaven's sake tell me, or I shall go mad with this suspense!"

"George?" gasped Judith, grasping a chair-back for support.

"Yes, George!" Lucy cried fiercely. "I can bear no more! I must know what has become of him, I tell you!"

"He is perfectly safe," said Barbara coolly.

Lucy gave a long sigh, and dropped on to the sofa. "Oh, thank heaven, thank heaven!" she sobbed. "What I have undergone—— The torture! The suspense!"

ACROSS the room, Barbara's eyes met Judith's for a moment; then she glanced down at Lucy's bowed head, and said: "Oh, confound you, must you cry because he is safe?"

Judith stepped up to the sofa, and laid her hand on Lucy's shoulder. "Lucy, what is this folly?" she asked. "What can Lord George be to you?"

Lucy lifted her face from her hands. "He is my husband!" she said.

A dumbfounded silence fell. Barbara was staring at her with narrowed eyes, Judith in utter incredulity. With deliberation, the Earl polished his quizzing-glass, and raised it, and gazed at Lucy in a dispassionately considering fashion.

"George actually married you?" said Barbara slowly. "When?"

"Last year—in England!" Lucy replied, covering her face with her hands.

"Then all these months——!" Judith ejaculated. "Good heavens, how is this possible?"

"It is true. I am aware of what your feelings must be, but oh, if you knew how bitterly I have been punished, you would pity me!"

"I do not know what to say! It is not for me to reproach you! But what can have prompted you to commit such an act of folly? Why this long secrecy? I am utterly at a loss!"

"Ah, you are not acquainted with my grandfather!" said Barbara. "The secrecy is easily explained. What, however, passes my comprehension is how the devil you persuaded George into marriage!"

"He loves me!" Lucy said, rearing up her head.

"He must indeed do so. Odd! I should not have thought you the girl to catch his fancy."

"Oh, Bab, pray hush!" besought Judith.

"Nonsense! If Miss Devenish—I beg pardon!—if Lady George has become my sister the sooner she grows accustomed to the language I use the better it will be. So George was afraid to confess the whole to my grandfather, was he?"

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4620106

THE TOP ROPER

A new era was dawning for Navajo Pete, the best all-round roper on the range, when Fate stepped in and proved he had not lost his cunning.

When Patches felt Navajo flip the rope he braced himself, giving a straight line to the target. Patches was wise to the sawing, searing lasso.

Illustrated by FISCHER

◆

By JACK HOUSTON

NAVAJO PETE BANKS paused on the ranch house verandah and sadly contemplated the three twenty-dollar bills he held in a gnarled and calloused hand. Sixty dollars—a month's pay and two weeks' salary in advance. And the new owner of the Lazy L had said he didn't need him any more!

Until now it had not occurred to Navajo Pete that times were changing—that anything might happen. He had been living blissfully in the past while time marched on.

As long as Dave Wallace had owned the Lazy L, Navajo had had nothing to worry about. In one sense of the word they were two of a kind. Both were old in years, in ideas and in habits. The difference was that Dave had accumulated where Navajo had not. But they were bosom pals.

Old Dave had taken the one-way trail a month before, suddenly, without making provision for Navajo's future. When thrown from a horse a man with a broken neck has no time to put his house in order.

Young Jim Wallace, Dave's nephew from the East, had taken over the Lazy L. Going to make a dude ranch out of it, so he said. Wanted only young fellows to stay on. Just as in every other enterprise of modern times there was no place for men who had grown old. Stern truth, that—tragic and pitiful and hopeless. But young Wallace wanted only men who could ride and rope and put on a show.

Yet he had been kind to Navajo in breaking the news to him—had even given him two weeks' pay in advance. In two weeks a good man like Navajo would surely be able to find another job. His talk was convincing, or so he thought, for Navajo listened meekly, and left the room without a word.

NAVAJO stumped stiffly down the steps, a hurt expression in his mild blue eyes. He had grown old and hadn't realised it until this morning. It was the same old story. Grim tragedy overtaking the unfortunate man who has lived too long on the cattle trails. He never realises he is nearing the end of his rope until someone tells him.

Navajo Pete had overlooked the little warnings of nature. The rheumatic twinges in his back when he awoke in the cold grey dawn of morning had been disregarded. Squinting into the prairie sun had faded his eyes and had brought wrinkles to his weatherbeaten face. Perhaps he wouldn't make a dashing figure for the summer tourists to feast their eyes upon.

But he could still throw a skilful rope; could tie a steer with the best of them; could ride the worst bucking broncho on the range—yet he was old. There was no denying the fact. Apparently he had outlived his usefulness, but he would go down fighting just the same.

From the bunkhouse Navajo took his saddle, walked to the corral. Patches saw him coming, trotted over to the bars with a glad little whinny. A good horse. Patches. Best cow pony Pete had ever owned. Understood cutting and branding just like a human. Sensible, too! Twelve years they had travelled and worked together. Now Patches seemed to sense they were starting on another journey.

With ears pointed forward, Patches stood quietly while Navajo tightened the saddle cinches and tied on his slicker roll. All Navajo's worldly possessions were in that slim roll—an old shirt, a pair of faded dungarees, two pairs of socks. Navajo always travelled light. It was a custom of the old school. Customs, too, had changed, but not for Navajo.

He mounted Patches, cantered into the trail that led down past the bunkhouse, the sheds and the corrals. A feeling of depression suddenly gripped him. He realised that the glamor of the past was gone; the thundering of hoofs, the bawling calves, the dust and the shouting. A new era was ushering in a new life for the Lazy L.

Navajo Pete had no particular destination in mind. He would just drift south aimlessly through Taylor Springs, as he had been doing for forty years. But somehow he felt lost. He knew conditions were bad. The old-time cattle ranges had disappeared. Jobs that he could fill were scarce. Nobody would hire one who was old, slow and weak of sinew for a job which demanded the best of a man in his prime.

Navajo didn't take the highway that would lead into Taylor Springs. He preferred taking two or three days longer over the back trails he knew so well. The sight of automobiles travelling as many miles in an hour as he could cover all day was another poignant reminder that the old West had passed into history. The old trails brought back pleasant recollections.

Youth lives on hopes, old age on memories. As Patches ambled along before the north-west wind Navajo had time for retrospection. It was a long way back over those forty years of saddle work. Forty years of labor—and nothing to show for it.

Of course he had gone places and done things, but nothing to amount to much. From the Rio Grande to the Canadian border he knew the country. He had ridden herd in New Mexico and Montana. He knew the best grazing grounds in Arizona and Wyoming. He had been in the Wind River country and the Walla Walla basin.

But he had never killed anyone. Trouble had seemed to avoid him as it might dog another's footsteps. The bad men and rustlers had passed him up. The big-framed .45 that peeped from the time-blackened holster on his thigh had only been used to shoot off the heads of diamond rattlers, or to kill cattle with broken legs. His life had been prosaic, to say the least.

Of course there was the time he had pulled the two youngsters out of Swift River Rapids after their canoe had been battered to pieces on the rocks. Fast action that, and with a wet rope, too. He had thought for a minute the Indian boy was a goner because the line had snagged around a rock. Anyway, the squaw mother had made him a pretty nice present of the Navajo-designed vest he wore. That was how he had won the name of Navajo Pete. The Indian was grateful, all right.

But he never did hear any more from the white boy. Guess he was the son of one of them eastern tourists like those who would be coming to the Lazy L. Anyway, he didn't care. Lord, who wouldn't pull a drowning kid out of the water? But it would have been nice if someone had seen that rope work. It was the kind that didn't happen every day.

Two days later Navajo cantered into Taylor Springs. The town had changed a lot since he had been there three years before. A big hotel was standing on the ground that in the past had known only the milling hoofs of thirsty cattle. A park surrounded the famous springs, with winding paths and beds where flowers bloomed in summer. Here and there were benches where those who wished could sit and rest.

There were business buildings, too. Three-story brick affairs with plate-glass fronts. And a bank to handle the money of the tourists who came for health or pleasure. He had heard of the bank when he had visited the town last time. Fellow by the name of John D. Sullivan had already bought the ground.

Three new blocks of progress, and beyond the old town of Taylor Springs much as it had been when Navajo was young. It warmed his heart to see the old false-fronted wooden buildings, warped and weather-beaten. And there was the livery stable, its sign slouched down and the sun-curled boards with gaping cracks between. Beyond it the corral where the cattle trail took off again.

Navajo was disgusted, in a way, as he cantered down the street. Those young people about the hotel and on the walks who turned to look at him as he rode by were, perhaps, the children of old-timers like himself. Children who threw hard-earned money away trying to dress and act like eastern tourists, or movie queens, or sons of millionaires.

A big touring-car swished past him and pulled up to the kerb before the bank. Two men alighted quickly and entered the building, while a third stayed at the wheel. Something about their actions drew his impersonal attention. Probably tourists, but they were in a mighty smart hurry.

As Patches shuffled past the waiting car Navajo Pete noticed that the motor was running. Through the plate-glass window he caught a glimpse of a man before the teller's cage. Another was standing just inside the doorway, only part of his side visible around the edge of the opening. His arm was held in an unnatural position, but Navajo gave this little thought. His curiosity was not aroused because he knew nothing about banks, and cared less.

Patches kept right along into the next block. Down the street was the livery stable, and Patches was hungry for a snack of grain. He always had it when they came to Taylor Springs.

SUDDENLY there was a shout back by the bank, followed immediately by a pistol shot, then a sound like a stick being drawn along a picket fence, only louder. Navajo Pete had heard of sub-machine guns. He sensed trouble and nudged Patches over towards the kerb. At the same time he turned stiffly in the saddle and glanced back under the flapping brim of his slouch felt hat.

The idling motor roared into life and the fellow behind the wheel was tensely expectant. One of the men was now standing on the walk, waving a short, stubby gun up and down the street. The other darted from the bank door and leaped into the waiting car, throwing a black bag into the tonneau ahead of them. The man with the machine-gun let go another charge. At the same time the clanging burglar-alarm chimed into the bedlam of sound.

"Well, I'll be danged!" exclaimed Navajo Pete to Patches. "I'll be hog-tied if it ain't a hold-up! Th' sons o' guns!"

With another roar the big car lurched away from the kerb. The man behind the wheel had a mean expression on his face—the other two were looking back, their guns resting across the folded-down top. Gears clashed into second, then high! The car was gaining speed, coming fast right down the street towards Patches and Navajo Pete!

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4620107

WE'LL Never Be RICH

A dramatic story of a young married couple who found there were more things in the world than riches.

NED COLTON, facing up a tennis shoe, looked at his wife as she moved about the big luxurious room, and thought that it was ridiculous that they had a child of seven. She looked much too young for that, even now when she was tired. It was all right for him, because he was nearly thirty; and when you were thirty you could quite decently have a child of seven. But he was four years older than Nancy—they'd been married when she was eighteen.

"Babes in the woods," he thought. "Well, they all said so. They all said we were crazy. And they must have done a lot of head-shaking, since. Even when I was the best left half-back in the bond business, and we were going to retire at 35. But the swell thing was they couldn't do a thing about it. Not a thing. Only, I wonder if I'd have the spirit now . . . Yes, I would."

He repeated, "Yes, I would," once more in his mind, to reassure himself. But even as he did so, he knew it didn't sound right; it sounded defiant. Well, that was all right, too. He needed some rest, that was all. They told you at school, long ago, that life was like playing a game; but it wasn't like playing a game. If you got too groggy, in a game, the coach or the trainer noticed it finally and sent in a substitute whether you liked it or not.

But you couldn't send in a substitute for yourself, unfortunately.

All the same, they'd be all right, with a little rest—they'd click again. And Patsy would be all right, too, in the Bronx apartment—it had a cross draught, and she was sensible, for seven. They could have brought her; but then Nancy wouldn't have had any rest—and Nancy had been so tired she'd gone to sleep in the car. Mrs. Simpson was very sensible and careful, and nothing ever happened to little girls in New York.

THEY never fell out of windows or under trucks—it only happened in the newspapers, or when you were too tired. And it was only three days—three days with your old friend, Tom Amherst, at Bright Acres — and they'd telephone Mrs. Simpson every day. How long was it since he and Nancy had ridden in a car like Tom Amherst's—a car with one of those snooty baritone horns? Four years, he guessed, at least.

He stood up, regarding his flannels. "Thank goodness," he said, "they still fit! And you can't even see the moth hole. You did a grand job, beautiful."

"Mrs. Colton's magic cleanser is the toast of the town," said the young woman, blithely. "Oh, pooch, have you seen the bathroom? I'd forgotten there were bathrooms like that. Three kinds of bath salts, and I'm going to wallow in all of them. And throw towels all over the floor for somebody else to pick up."

"You'll be awfully clean," he said, smiling.

"I mean to be. I want to have my hands smell nice again. They've been smelling of hats and dishwater and the subway. You must have noticed, Mr. Colton, and been repelled. And to-morrow I'll have breakfast in bed—breakfast in bed. And not be saying to anyone, 'The little French model suits moddom's face like a trivet.' Oh, isn't it grand to be here!"

"It's pretty swell," he said, holding her lightly.

"It's life-saving. Bless old Tom and his millions! Well, go get your filthy exercise."

Her eyes flickered for a moment. "I left Mrs. Simpson the menus," she said. "She'll be sure to stick to them, won't she? You remember that awful Barnard girl who gave Patsy the salami?"

"Oh, Simpson's the Rock of Gibraltar," he said, patting her shoulder. "You know that, beautiful. And you know what we promised each other: This is going to be a complete rest."

"Oh, I know," she said, with a long breath. "It's just that I'm tired. You don't notice it till you get out in the country. Except I never think of Bright Acres as being country. You feel as if even the birds were called Parker and Strudwick, and never spoke unless you spoke to them first. And I love it. I hope we have the gold plates at dinner—the ones Tom calls Amherst's Folly. I hope his Aunt Ettie comes to dinner in her diamonds."

"GO take your bath," he said, kissing her. "You're delirious."

"I am. And it's heavenly. And we've got three whole days of it." She disappeared into the bathroom. "Did you know people still had towels the size of tents?" she called.

Ned Colton took another slow look at the room before going dwnstairs. It was, he calculated, as large as most of their apartment. It would be fun to take all the rooms in the apartment, including the rusty-tiled bathroom and the dingy kitchenette, and pile them into this one, as furniture is piled for moving. And then set a match to the whole thing! Yes, it would be fun.

All the same, Nancy was right. It was fun, being out at Bright Acres again. Not Tom's fault either, really, that it hadn't happened before—just his own silly pride, he supposed. It didn't matter, in college, whether you were Thomas Amherst IV of Bright Acres or Ned Colton of Dallsburg, as long as you were both in the Leaf Club. And it didn't matter afterwards, in the queer days when pigs had wings, and Ned Colton was going to retire, with a million, at thirty-five. But when you were out of a job, and your wife was selling hats in Delphine's, it was different. You had to have engagements then, when Tom Amherst phoned. Because it would be so easy to say—so fatally easy: "Old man, I'm rather in a hole——"

When you were bust, you could borrow from the busted, but not from the rich—not even if they'd been your friends. That was, somehow, a rule. Or you got to be like Chuck Ferrill, and people gave you five dollars so you'd go away.

He didn't blame Tom for not finding out more about it, when the pinch had been worst. That was another thing about people who'd always had money: If you were a friend of theirs, they couldn't imagine your not having it too. Oh, they'd give you all sorts of credit you didn't really deserve for economising, and living in a walk-up apartment, and having a baby when you wanted a baby. But they couldn't imagine your pawning your overcoat because you needed the cash, not for a joke or a story. And then, if they were decent, like Tom Amherst, they didn't want to offend your pride. You talked vaguely about the new business, and they were satisfied. He remembered, a year ago, when they'd met Tom downtown and taken him to the movies, though it meant queer food for the next week. But that was all right—you'd rather have it that way.

Walking down the carpeted staircase in the smooth peace of Bright Acres, Ned breathed deeply. Everything was going to be all right now. There was a new business; and they were here for three days' rest. They'd started on a shoestring, he and Louis Stein, but they were making it. But the first of next year Nancy could give up her job. He'd met Louis in Van Cortlandt Park, on a bleak day, a small, cheerful, voluble man with a torn sweater instead of an overcoat. Louis had six ideas in a minute, and only one in a thousand was good. But together they were Colton and Stein; and next year, maybe, they'd buy up that bankrupt small factory in Connecticut. Then there'd be the mortgage on that, but they'd be started. He wondered, looking around him as he strolled out on the terrace, what Louis would make of Bright Acres. You could never tell about Louis—he might be impressed, or not.

Tom Amherst came out—tall, dark, handsome, tennis racquets under his arm. "He knows just who he is now—he wasn't quite sure at college," thought Ned Colton suddenly, and wondered at the thought. But there was an air of easy fastidious power about the tall figure — power that mocked itself, and yet knew the mockery could do no damage.

"All set?" said Tom Amherst cheerfully. "Where's Nancy?"

(Continued on next page.)

It was wonderful, this holiday where everything spelt enjoyment and luxury.

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By . . . STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by CARL SHREVE

They swam in the sea or sported on rafts when tired, while the gulls screamed above them.

"She's taking a bath—or a series of baths," said Ned Colton. "She likes your gilded halls. They're full of hot water."

"I should have put you on the other side of the house," said Tom Amherst. "Aunt Ettie had a sunken bathtub with mirrors around it. It looks," he said solemnly, "like something out of the Fall of Rome. I used to sail boats in it."

"She'll be down for tea," said Ned Colton. "Nancy, I mean."

"Tea?" said Tom Amherst, with a formidable scowl.

"If there isn't, we'll leave," said Ned Colton firmly. "We thought this was the Splendide. The Cook's man said so."

"I am ver' much afraid," said Tom Amherst formally, "that Monsieur 'as made a mistake. We do not serve tea at the hotel of the Universe and Switzerland. Jus' the leetle cocktail American." His lean face crinkled alarmingly into a leer.

"Oh, you darn fool!" said Ned Colton. "I'm glad to see you!"

They walked together down to the court, where Tom Amherst seemed mildly surprised to find two youngsters in white flannels rallying. "Sorry to interrupt your game," he called from a distance, "but this is a private court."

One of the youngsters, Ned Colton noticed with a grin, stopped rallying automatically and looked embarrassed. The other merely said: "Shut up, Tom! You know you asked us over."

"My fourth cousin, George Kincaid," said Tom Amherst. "Hence the family rudeness. And Mr. Hollister—Spike Hollister, one of our better-known members of the Leaf, Hockey, I think," he added thoughtfully, in a loud clear voice, and once again young Hollister looked embarrassed. "All right, Colton, shall we take them on?"

The doubles were hard and swift; but Ned Colton noticed, with envy, that Tom Amherst hardly sweated. He himself was out of commission—he hadn't realised how much. But his timing came back to him in the middle of the second set, and he was glad of that. He knew, from experience, that Tom Amherst hated to lose, though he never said anything about it.

Then they went back to the terrace for drinks, and Nancy was there. Already she looked less tired. Ned Colton was glad of the drink—the tennis had taken it out of him more than he thought.

Cars drove up constantly, and more people drifted out on the terrace, as they always did at Bright Acres, on Saturday afternoons. There were some that Ned Colton had known in the old incredible days, and some that he had not known. But they were all the same kind of people—the men with good muscles and well-kept bodies, the women looking younger than their years. They talked a patter; the catchwords had changed from the catchwords Ned Colton knew, but in a little while he would pick it up again. He found himself telling an amusing story about Louis Stein to a sunburnt girl with red lips, and saw, across the terrace, Nancy in the centre of a group. She was Nancy-at-a-party again. He hadn't seen Nancy-at-a-party for quite a while.

Their eyes met, and he smiled the one-cornered smile that meant: "Hello, beautiful. It's a crowd, but you're the best." They'd done that so often, at so many parties.

The sunburnt girl was saying it was ages since she'd seen them, and how was the darling baby. He said the darling baby was seven years old, and she screamed politely and said she was awful about children, and it must have been ages. So don't tell her he'd turned into a Brain-Truster or something, because she couldn't bear it. There was something very funny about being a Brain-Truster, for everybody laughed.

"WELL," said the sunburnt girl, suddenly sobering, "it's all very well to make jokes about. But it's the first time Mother hasn't been to Europe in years."

"The Severances are practically down to their last yacht," said Tom Amherst smoothly, and everybody laughed again. Somebody said Tom Amherst ought to go into politics, and he told them, amusingly, why he didn't. But a short, horsy man who seemed to have some personal grievance against the farmers of the Middle West—Ned Colton wondered why, for he seemed extremely remote from them—insisted on asking Tom Amherst what he meant to do when the revolution came.

"Oh, Bright Acres is completely wired—for revolutions and television," said Tom Amherst. It wasn't what he said, thought Ned Colton, but the elaborate power that flowed from him. It reassured the other people, even the horsy man. "If a revolution ever came to Bright Acres, Parker or Strudwick would simply tell it to go away."

The horsy man departed in a Bugatti. The crowd thinned.

"And now that's that," said Tom Amherst finally. "We can all take baths before dinner. Except Nancy, who doesn't need one."

"But I'm going to," said Nancy. He looked at her for a second.

"Nice Nancy," he said then, lightly, and his hand passed over her hand.

"Nice Tom," said Nancy, her eyes glowing. "And heaven to be here."

Much later Ned Colton lay in bed and watched Nancy brushing her hair. It had been a good dinner and a good evening. And the strangeness was wearing off. Only now and then, looking around him, had he felt out of place—as out of place as, well, Louis Stein. As if he didn't belong, had never belonged. It wasn't anything they did. It was just a little, he thought, as the people must have felt who came back from the war. Not that he'd been in a war. But the same sensation—to come back, from devastation to a certain life, and find it still going on. Still, he'd only made one mistake—when the woman in green had been telling him, very seriously, of the enormous difficulties of keeping up two gardens with only two gardeners.

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WE'LL *Never* BE RICH

HE had thought of Louis Stein, walking in his torn sweater, and laughed. But then they'd got on the yacht-races, so that was all right.

"Oh!" said Nancy, stretching her arms. "A bed, a bed! And I'm never going to wake up. I'm afraid I was born for luxury, darling. Did you notice the Cole girl's dress?"

"Was it special?"

"I could have eaten it. Vionnet! What a host Tom is! He does arrange things, but it's worth it. Why do you suppose he never married? Not but what he's a wary citizen. But there must be somebody somewhere, even for an Amherst."

"Even for an Amherst," said Ned Colton, "there's a moon and June. Even for an Amherst, there's a crooning tune. Even for an——"

She bent and kissed him. "Mad," she said. "And highballs, too!" But her voice was kind. She turned off the light. "I wonder if we'll ever—oh, just for Patsy," she said. "A place like this would be so grand for a child."

He heard her draw her breath for a moment, sharply. Then he heard her punch her pillow. Then he went to sleep.

He woke at dawn, shivering, rose noiselessly, and went to the window. The first grey light was beginning to drift over Bright Acres.

He turned and looked at Nancy—she was sleeping soundly, with a tiny smile on her face. It wasn't that she was greedy—he knew no one less greedy. But this was the sort of house she should have had. . . . He stole back to bed, and after a while got to sleep again. But when he woke he was unrefreshed.

Curiously enough, he and Nancy did not see much of each other that day. There were people in the house, or they went to other people's houses. They swam in the sea, or sported on rafts when tired, while the gulls screamed above them. It was wonderful, this holiday, where everything spelt enjoyment and luxury; they played games; they sat in the sun with long drinks. It was all very easy and pleasant—an enchanted circle of easy, pleasant-voiced people, who talked the same language, and laughed at the same patter, even when the patter was shaken, now and then, by queer little bursts of anger and fear—the anger and fear of children with many toys who cannot bear it when the nurse takes one toy away.

Ned Colton noticed, clearly, that Nancy-at-a-party was being a great success. Every now and then people would tell him about her. But he did not look at her with the private smile that said, "Hello, beautiful," for there was no need. Once he heard himself boasting about being a member of the Leaf, and once he told young Hollister, in full detail, about the three touchdowns he had made against Harvard. He heard himself doing it, and somehow he couldn't stop, though young Hollister was respectful enough. After that, he watched himself, and when his voice began to sound loud in his ears he did not take another drink for a while. And when Tom Amherst looked at him he always smiled. The only difficult thing was going back to the room with Nancy, for she would want to talk about the day. But she didn't seem to want to; and while she was brushing her hair he fell asleep.

HE was up before Nancy waked, the next day, and went down to the pool for an early swim. It cleared his head, and he felt better. Then he called up the Bronx apartment and talked to his daughter.

After that Ned and Nancy went around Bright Acres on what Tom called "the inevitable Cook's tour." Tom was very amusing, but you saw everything nevertheless. They laughed a good deal, all three of them, though Ned Colton was careful to leave his wife and his friend as much together as possible, and every now and then to lose himself

Continued from Page 9

while they went on. He had no defence for doing this, it merely seemed inevitable—inevitable as his own increasing fatigue. Once he thought he heard Nancy say, "But, Tom, how could I?" faintly, as he rejoined them, though he tried very hard not to hear.

He interested himself, calculating exactly when the proper moment would come. Things always went on schedule with Tom Amherst; there would, undoubtedly, be a schedule for this. Ned Colton had been sure of it ever since he had seen Tom and Nancy walk out on the terrace last night. When he found himself, with Tom Amherst, in the smaller library, an hour before dinner, he almost smiled. Nancy, he imagined, was taking a bath—so it would be a very good time.

"Well, old man, it's been quite a reunion," said Amherst, squirting soda deftly in glasses. "Heavy for you, light for me—right? . . . I hate to have it break up."

"So do we," said Ned Colton. "But I'll have to polish up my forehand before I play you singles again."

"Oh, you're just out of practice," said Tom Amherst. He looked at his glass. "Tell me, Ned," he digressed, "you are getting on all right?"

"Oh, Stein and Colton are booming," said Ned Colton. "And you?"

Tom Amherst looked slightly surprised. "Why, they're jumping the taxes on us a good deal," he said. "And, naturally, the estate's shrunk. In fact, for a while, this spring, I thought of closing Bright Acres and going to live in England for a year or so. But as soon as you close a place the moths get in it."

"Yes," said Ned Colton. "The moths get in it." He pushed his glass aside, untasted. "Look here, Tom," he said in a dull voice, "what made you ask us out for this week-end, anyway?"

For an instant Amherst looked affronted. Then his face cleared.

"Old man," he said, "I ought to have realised before how things were going for you. I could kick myself for not realising. But—you know—just after the crash I dropped you a note and told you to phone the office if anything——"

"I remember," said Ned Colton. "But you were out West."

"Yes, I had to go," said Amherst. "But that's all under the bridge now. It's funny to look back on." He laughed—the secure laugh of a man who can straighten such things out. To Ned Colton he seemed to grow taller, and younger, even as his own face, in the mirror above the fireplace, looked old and tired. It looked like the face of a failure—he hadn't thought it would look like that in college, no. . . . In the Army game, with the steam out of your legs, just praying to bat down the passes! Then he roused himself, for Tom Amherst was talking.

"I DON'T say you'll make a fortune out of it, right away," he was saying. "Those days are over. But the Estate's interested — and some other people, too. It's all been very hush-hush, up till now. And we're starting in pretty quietly. You have to, with the present state of the world, in those Eastern countries. They've even got real bandits—in sheepskin coats—not just bankers!" And he chuckled. "But we've got the dope—and we've got the concession. And it's a job for a big man. A two-year job, at least. But in two years—well, you'll only be thirty-two. Of course, your present business—I know you have commitments—but we could arrange about that." He smiled; and as he did so Colton and Stein disappeared into the mist. Ned Colton saw himself riding up a rough road, among foreign mountains, with a friendly bandit in a sheepskin coat at his side. But the bandit would be friendly—the Amherst Estate would take care of that. He saw himself, in two years, coming back to another Bright Acres.

"Naturally," he said, out of reminiscence, "it's a country for a single man."

"Afraid so," said Tom Amherst. "But you know Aunt Ettie's little house—the one just as you go into her main drive? Nancy liked its looks, Saturday. And there's a good school for Patsy—the Maidenbrook. You could pay Aunt Ettie rent, if you wanted. I think they'd be pretty comfortable, both of them."

Ned Colton wanted to say, "Why have you always hated me, Amherst?" But even as he thought it, he knew. He remembered Tom Amherst, congratulating him perfectly, the night they had elected Ned Colton president of the Leaf. He could see the small room where no non-member ever set foot, and the others' faces. It was a very small seed. But under the friendship it had always been there—just as under all the extravagant poise and cool power of Tom Amherst, there was a central insecurity—the bitter insecurity of a spoiled small boy in great houses, a boy who had too much power too young.

"AND yet," thought Ned Colton wearily, "if it hadn't been for Tom, I'd have gone into business with Bud Wennick, out West. We planned to, and Bud's father was for us. And that was my stuff. But Tom made it seem small. Just the way he made the apartment by the river seem small—amusing but small, in the boom days. So we got that white-elephant on Park Avenue—and hated it, too. Even Nancy hated it, then. Why, I got my shoes made in England, because of Tom Amherst! And Nancy joined that silly club of Aunt Ettie's. And when he was tired of us, he went back to Bright Acres—to Bright Acres, after the crash—and then West and then to Europe."

"Remember when I had Nancy down for the Junior Prom, Tom?" Ned said suddenly.

"Why, yes, old man," said Amherst. "But I thought we were discussing business." He looked tactfully at Ned Colton's glass. But the glass was still full.

"I know," said Ned Colton. "But this is more important. Remember when I had Nancy down for the Junior Prom? I hardly knew you then, and you gave her quite a rush, at first. But then—it wasn't that you realised she was my girl. There'd been some mix-up in the cards—you didn't realise till I told you that she came from Dallsburg. And the—" He let the sentence trail in the air.

"What the dickens are you talking about?" said Tom Amherst.

"About you," said Ned Colton. "You fell in love with Nancy then. I'll grant you that much. But you were Thomas Amherst IV. It wouldn't be a suitable marriage. You had things looked up—yes, you even had things looked up; because when you came to Dallsburg for our wedding you knew more about Nancy's family than I'd ever told you."

He paused for a second. "What a long time you must have hated me," he said. "But now, of course, it's rather different. Even selling hats at Delphine's—that could be an amusing story. And Nancy could do Bright Acres—she isn't from Dallsburg now. And Aunt Ettie thinks she's a dear girl. Two years," he said reflectively. "Two years is a lot of time, too. Time enough to change—almost anything. I suppose you could send divorce papers direct from the Amherst office," he said. "And then by bandit, over the mountains. Inside his sheepskin coat!"

"Exactly," said Amherst, rising, his eyes very dark in his face. "And I think that's enough. Decent people don't discuss these things." He frowned. "The trouble with you, Colton, is that you've never grown up," he said. "And that was amusing, once. It isn't any more. I was giving you an easy way out. If you don't care to take it, you needn't. Oh, yes, I'm in love with Nancy, if you want to know. You can fight it or not, as you choose. It doesn't matter very much. You married her when she was a child, and she's stopped being one."

His voice continued, a smooth, powerful engine. Ned Colton was very tired. He wished to pay attention to the voice, but he kept thinking of an old story—the story of the man who played bridge against the Devil, and held, for once, the perfect no-trump hand—three suits from ace to jack inclusive and one ace . . . Only when the Devil led—he led a green ace, the ace of hippogriffs. It was rather like that now.

"And we'll come to a reasonable arrangement about—your daughter," said Tom Amherst. "After all—I like Patsy, you know."

"Oh, shut up!" said Ned Colton wearily. "Shut up! Stop talking."

"What?" said Tom Amherst.

"Shut up," said Ned Colton. "I've heard you. Yes, I know there's a poker right next you, but I can hit you before you can reach it. I don't care whether you're in love with Nancy or not. I don't care whether she wants to marry you or not. All I know is this: The day you try to marry her, I'll shoot you. With a gun."

"What?" said Tom Amherst.

"I don't say I'll kill you," said Ned Colton. "You can't tell about that. And, yes, it'll be hard on Patsy and Nancy. But not so hard as some other things."

"You're mad," said Amherst strongly, but his eyes flickered.

"Oh, no," said Ned Colton in a tired voice. "Just from Dallsburg. And I'll grant you you could stand up to being shot. But not to the papers afterward! You see, you're afraid of the papers. They're possibly the one thing you're afraid of. And you couldn't hush it up—not that. But I'm from Dallsburg, and I know just enough about guns to shoot you rather painfully. And in Dallsburg, we don't mind about the papers at all."

Tom Amherst opened his mouth to speak, but at that moment Nancy entered. She was not Nancy-at-a-party, Ned Colton noticed. She had her hat on, for one thing, and worry in her eyes. She did not look at Tom Amherst, but at Ned Colton.

"Why didn't you tell me Patsy had a temperature?" she said fiercely to Ned Colton, and her voice was the voice of an irritated partner, not at all the voice of the strange Nancy of the last two days.

Please turn to Page 12

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PRINCESS MARINA with her grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir.

PRINCESS MARINA (right), at the age of 12, skating with the Princesses Elisabeth (centre), and Olga.

PRINCESS MARINA at the age of two.

Told for the first time, and presented with the personal approval of Her Royal Highness.

Intimate Life Story of The DUCHESS of KENT

The author's introduction was given last week. This week the story begins.

By Baroness Helena Von-Der Hoven

CHAPTER I

The Overseas Princess

ON the shores of the blue Mediterranean, where grey olives tremble in the southern breeze, where fig-trees stretch to the ground their weird branches covered with succulent fruit, where herds of goats climb with agility over the rocky hills, and dark, bronzed shepherds break the stillness of the air with their low guttural voices—there, in the land of Greek history and folk-lore was born and lived Princess Marina.

As the Greeks say, she was born "under the purple," that is to say, of a long lineage of Royal and Imperial blood on both her father's and mother's side. Strictly speaking, as Prince Nicholas once explained to me, this term, which in Greek is called "porphyrogennitos," was originally applied to children born to a crowned monarch.

The youngest of the three daughters of Prince Nicholas of Greece and the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, Princess Marina is a granddaughter of King George I of Greece and a grand-niece of Queen Alexandra. She is also a god-daughter of Queen Mary.

After the liberation of Greece from the Turks in 1721 and the departure of Greece's first ruling King, Otto of Bavaria, in 1862, the Greek nation selected for their ruler a Danish Prince who was the brother of Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie of Russia.

Tall and erect, with a military moustache and charming manners, King George was equalled in his good looks by his consort Queen Olga, whom he chose from the members of the Russian Imperial family.

He loved his children and grandchildren and little Princess Marina in particular, who had such a little personality of her own and such winning ways.

Into Exile . . .

IN 1917 in the days of the Greek Revolution all the members of the Greek Royal Family were sent into exile, and only young Prince Alexander, King Constantine's second son, who was made King, remained in Greece to guard his father's throne.

It was Queen Olga, his dowager grandmother, who broke down all political barriers and party feuds and hurried back to the bedside of the dying young King. Helas! she arrived too late.

In trying to save one of his dogs from the bite of a pet monkey King Alexander himself was bitten and died without seeing his family or his beloved grandmother Queen Olga, who had surmounted every obstacle and risked her own life to come to him.

Even his mother was not allowed to go to his bedside.

After his death the plucky old lady refused to leave the country again, and many people say that her presence in Greece played a great part in the restoration of her son King Constantine.

Whatever the fact may be she was a great lady. And Princess Marina up to this day speaks of her with great affection and admiration.

The person, however, who to all appearances spoiled the little Princess most was her maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, or as she was called in Russia, Grand[illegible] Maria Pavlovna.

Her husband, the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, was a brother of the Russian Emperor Alexander III. He was a Grand Seigneur in the true sense of the word and he inspired respect and a certain feeling of distance even to his own family, except to the little Princess Marina who was always very self-possessed and determined.

Adores Mother . . .

AFTER kissing her grandfather she considered that she had done her "bit" for the day, and laying down all other ceremony somehow always managed to climb on the knees of her formidable grandfather, who in her childish hands melted like wax.

The other four people who are unquestionably linked with every phase of Princess Marina's young life are, firstly, her father Prince Nicholas, who has inherited the hearty infectious laugh of the Royal family which he passed on to his daughters.

He and Princess Marina are great friends and always shared many jokes.

Her closest lifelong friends were always her two sisters, Princesses Olga and Elisabeth, now Princess Paul of Yugoslavia and Countess Toerring-Yettenbach.

The sisters shared everything together, and though they had plenty of little playmates they never really needed them, as their own company sufficed them.

The only other little girls with whom they were really friendly were their little cousins, among whom were the daughters of the late King Constantine and Queen Sophie.

They shared their games in Greece, they shared their exile in Switzerland and Italy, and lately three of them came over to England to accompany their beautiful cousin Marina to the altar of Westminster Abbey and to wish her happiness in her new life.

The fourth person and undoubtedly the one who played the most vital part in Princess Marina's young life was always her mother, Princess Nicholas of Greece.

CHAPTER II

"And Unto Them a Child Was Born."

HARMONY was the key-note of the home of Prince and Princess Nicholas in Athens which was given to them as a wedding present by the Russian Emperor.

It resembled more a comfortable country villa than a palace, and was built and supplied with the latest improvements, which so far were unknown in Athens.

Even at the Royal Palace things were far more primitive than in the new home of Prince Nicholas, who introduced many English ideas of comfort and hygiene.

Some of the servants were clean-shaven, and water was laid on in the house—two points of great innovation in a Greek household.

THIS house had a charming glass verandah and a garden beautifully laid out. The nurseries, where an English governess presided, were also arranged according to English ideas of cleanliness and health. Princess Olga and Princess Elisabeth occupied one room, whilst Princess Marina had her night nursery all to herself.

There were no gaudy ornaments in this house, no amassing of riches, everything was simple with perfect taste. There were beautiful paintings by well-known artists, sculptures by well-known masters, and everything was in its place and in its right setting.

It was the house of an artist and a connoisseur of art, and all round one saw beauty and culture.

There were treasures from the magnificent Russian Court which the Grand Duchess Helen had brought with her from Russia. There were Grecian masterpieces which belonged to Prince Nicholas, and lastly there were things of value and beauty which they had both picked up during their travels in all the countries of Europe.

A cultured man himself, with high ideals and a simple heart, Prince Nicholas had chosen a bride who besides having exceptional beauty would also be a life-mate to him, would share his tastes, his principles, and his kindly outlook on life.

The Grand Duchess Helen was all this, and she was an inspiration as well. Their home was as happy as only a home can be where perfect harmony and understanding live hand in hand. And because it was a happy home the people in it were happy, and so were all the visitors who entered it.

Two little girls, one fair and one dark, were already living in it in charge of an English nurse, but at this moment the third had not yet arrived into the family circle and her beautiful mother lay very ill.

It was the 30th of November, 1906, according to the Greek Calendar, and in the rest of the world, December 13, and while this difference in the calendar of Eastern and Western Europe is merely nominal there is a difference in the climate of England and Greece.

Continued on Page 14

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THE *Top* ROPER

Continued from Page 7

UNCONSCIOUSLY the old cow man's left hand dropped down to the rope dangling from the saddle-horn. The big .45 hung forgotten at his side. When his hand came up the lasso was off the rope and a two-foot loop hung loosely from the ends of two left-hand fingers. Faded blue eyes fastened on the approaching car, his right hand reached down and grasped the two strands of line about ten inches above the hondo.

The car was racing now. The two men leaning across the folded-down top were popping away at the people who were rushing towards the bank. A policeman in uniform had appeared from somewhere and opened up on the speeding automobile. Navajo knew he was shooting high because the bullets were zipping through the cottonwood branches overhead.

The driver was hunched over the wheel, his eyes darting at the cross streets making sure the passage was clear. Navajo could see plainly the fat round ugly face, and he didn't like the fellow's looks. He couldn't see the faces of the others, and this may have been the cause of his lightning decision. Anyway, the cuss who drove the car was leading this here stampede, and he was the one to stop.

But to drop a loop over the bandit's head behind a speeding windshield was something else again. Navajo had roped in mesquite—Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, and other chaparral in the south-west. He was the best all 'round roper on the ranges. Why, he could throw a rope plumb around a corner if he had to, so he couldn't miss at twenty feet!

Yet the chances were a million to one against him for all his skill. If he hooked the wheel along with the bandit he would be in for some personal excitement his spirit didn't relish. A ton and a half of rushing steel against a one-thousand-pound pony would yank his back teeth loose. But it never occurred to Navajo that he could fail.

The man behind the wheel saw a clear street ahead and stepped on the gas. He saw the slouching old cow man half turned in the saddle, looking back, probably scared to death. But what he didn't see was the two-foot loop that leaped out sidewise as he flashed past.

It snaked in behind the windshield, clicked under his chin, slapped him on the back of his neck.

Patches felt the preparations—the rope slipped, the rope lifted. Perhaps in his equestrian mind he wondered where the plunging steer could be, but he acted on instinct born of long experience.

When Patches felt Navajo flip the rope he braced himself, giving a straight line to the target. Patches was wise to the sawing, searing lasso.

The line snapped taut. It rapped the head of the near bandit in the rear seat. At the same time the driver soared into the air, his body stretched out horizontally.

A hundred spectators saw the strange spectacle that smacked of necromancy. They saw the body describe a short arc and plop into the road.

But Navajo Pete kept his eyes on the car. He saw faces peering at him over the guns in the rear seat. He saw the startled expressions on the faces when the body at the end of the rope hurtled into their range of vision.

Then the car struck a depression in the street, swerved for the gutter. The front wheels, with no one to guide them, dropped into the six-inch trough and hit the kerb. The back end of the automobile flipped into the air like a roped beef taking a header. The men catapulted up, end over end, guns flying.

Navajo Pete had stood bawling steers and grunting horses on their heads in his long years of roping. The automobile was doing precisely the same thing. It went up on its nose, hesitated, and flopped over on its side. Kinda funny, it was, and easy, too. All because he had yanked one hundred and sixty pounds of concentrated scoundrelism and bad acting from the controls of three thousand pounds of rushing steel and gasoline. No more of a jerk than roping a six-months-old calf.

WITH pointing ears, Patches watched.

A full minute they stood, horse and rider, holding the line tight. It wasn't necessary—merely force of habit. Then Navajo looked to the left, and gulped a bit. There was that sprawled figure in the roadway at the end of his rope.

Pete was old, but his mind was good and he knew he had killed a man! The enormity of his crime dazed him. Forty years of roping and never in trouble! After forty years of attending to his own business, too! And now—well, it served him right. This was what he got for nosin' into other people's business!

Hard luck was sure campin' on his trail at last. They would probably stretch his neck like that feller out there in the street, and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

There came the crowd runnin' down the street! His spirits dropped. He saw a policeman or two leading the mob, and blinked. And there was th' sheriff; he could tell by the star on his vest. They had him dead to rights! Sixty dollars wasn't enough to hire a lawyer. He'd have to go to gaol.

White-faced, he gave his rope a flip and the hondo slipped. The noose fell off and he coiled in the line. He pulled up the lasso, working from habit, hung the coils just right—all ready for business again.

The crowd swooped down upon him with a rush, the policemen leading. The close proximity of the law made Pete shrivel up inside. He just sat and blinked down at them, sorta paralysed like. The mob surrounded him, talking, yelling excitedly.

STILL — they didn't look mad. There were expressions of wonderment, curiosity, respect on their upturned faces. Some of them were levelling cameras at him. Navajo's spirits perked up again. Maybe it wasn't so bad after all.

The two policemen were bending over the body in the street while the sheriff elbowed his way next to Patches, squinted up at Navajo.

"Ain't yuh Pete Banks?" he barked excitedly. "Navajo Pete Banks?"

Navajo nodded dumbly, a gaunt feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Thought yuh was," stated the sheriff flatly. "Been lookin' fer yuh fer seven years!"

Navajo's spirits flopped clean to his boot soles. The sheriff was looking for him! Then it was pretty bad! He couldn't remember that he had done anything seven years ago because his memory had suddenly gone on a strike. His mind just wouldn't work.

"Yes, sir, I been lookin' for you for seven years!" repeated the sheriff. "An' I allus get my man. John D. Sullivan 'll be right glad to know it."

The sheriff turned to the crowd.

"Folks," he shouted like a sideshow barker, "I want yuh all t' meet Navajo Pete Banks, th' smartest cow poke with a rope that ever forked a bronc. Ain't nothin' he can't do in fine an' fancy ropin'. An' you just had a sample o' his work!"

The crowd broke into a cheer that drowned out the sheriff.

"I been lookin' fer him fer seven years," he continued when he could be heard again, "'cause he pulled Mr. Sullivan's boy outa Swift River Rapids with his rope an' he never stopped fer a 'thank you.' Thar's a reward of a thousand dollars waitin' fer him right now an——"

Another wild cheer cut him off. Navajo was blinking owlishly. Even them pretty women was yellin' and wavin' their dinky little handkerchiefs at him now.

The policemen had finished their examination of the body on the street. One of them pushed his way to the sheriff's side and raised his hand for silence.

"We've just discovered the fellow over there is Stub Nelson," he shouted, competing with the sheriff for a place in the limelight. "Navajo here kinda roped him in and broke up his gang, it seems. There's a reward of fifteen hundred dollars for Stub, dead or alive, and one thousand dollars apiece for his men. The——"

He didn't get any farther. The crowd let go another yell that could have been heard clear to the Lazy L if anyone had been listening. Navajo just sat on Patches, his fogged mind unable to grasp what was happening. Yet of one thing he was sure—neither the sheriff nor any policeman was going to arrest him. Bother if th' excitement didn't kinda feel good, anyway. And th' people did kinda like his ropin' after all. A smile came into his faded blue eyes as the sheriff shouted to him above the din:

"Come on, Navajo! Time yuh started collectin' some o' thet reward money! An' I got t' deliver yuh t' old John D. pronto!"

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WE'LL NEVER *Be* RICH

Continued from Page 10

"I CALLED the apartment this morning," said Ned Colton stupidly. "She didn't—I mean I'm awfully sorry. I ought to have told you she'd picked up a cold."

"It doesn't matter," said the Nancy who worked at Delphine's and caught subways and painted the kitchen chairs with ten-cent enamel. "I've packed us, anyway. We've just time to catch the eight-five."

"I'll send you back in a car," said Amherst in an unrecognisable voice. But Nancy shook her head. She looked at him frankly, an apologetic but hurried guest.

"No, thanks, Tom," she said. "The train's quicker, after a holiday. And I phoned for a taxi. It's there. They're putting the bags in." She offered him her hand. "Good-bye, Tom, and thanks for a lovely week-end."

"Good-bye," said Amherst. "Good-bye, Ned." They touched hands. "I—— See you soon," said Amherst in his unrecognisable voice . . .

When the taxi had pulled out of the driveway, Ned Colton suddenly felt the Nancy beside him begin to shake all over.

"There, beautiful," he said, putting his arm around her. "It's over. It's all over. It's done."

"I know it," said Nancy. "But, oh, Ned—it's a bad house—a bad house. I'm so glad we're out."

"There, beautiful," said Ned Colton again. "I told him I'd shoot him if he married you. And he knows it. I ought to have spoiled his looks, too. But there wasn't time."

"He—he kissed me, on the terrace, last night," said Nancy, weeping. "Tom—old Tom! And kept telling me how Patsy could have a pony-cart. And I didn't say anything because he was your old friend, and you were getting a rest and having fun. And I thought I could stick it out. But when I got into that awful, horrible, enormous bathroom again and started to take another b-bath—I just couldn't stand it! Ned, has Tom gone crazy?"

"No, beautiful," said Ned Colton soothingly. "He's just spoiled. Born rich. And they're different. They don't know how to lose things."

"But, Ned, we won't see him again? All that manner, and hurting people's feelings, and making a goat of that poor Hollister boy! And the stuffed shirts and the talky-talk, and always having to do things at just the right social moment. We won't see him again? Please, we won't?"

"No, beautiful," said Ned Colton. "You see, we'll never be rich. And we'll never see him again."

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

So they Say

LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. Our address is at top of page 3 of this issue.

RUSHING MATRIMONY

SOME women seem to think that any marriage is better than no marriage at all.

Marriage, just for its own sake, regardless of compatibility of temperament, mutual understanding and interests, can only culminate in disaster after the novelty of such a state has passed.

An unmarried state is far preferable to an unhappy marriage, for one can cultivate many interests in the former state, and the fact that one has not met a suitable partner need not cast a reflection on one's attractiveness, but rather point to sound judgment.

That particular man may arrive—perhaps late in life. The same advice may be given as is implied in Rudyard Kipling's poem which commences:

"One man in a thousand, Solomon said,
Sticketh closer than a brother,
And it's worth while seeking him half your days,
If you find him before the other."

£1 for this letter to Miss M. Rennie, 41 Princes Street, Fitzroy N6, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

SELFISH OLD AGE

ELDERLY people often speak of the selfishness of youth, but old age, too, can be very selfish. It can demand time and attention from relatives whose services should be spent elsewhere. Many a prospective marriage has been wrecked; many a career hindered because parents have considered it their children's duty to stay home with them.

Who hasn't heard of the aged person, who, living under an in-law's roof, has tried to govern and rule the household as if it were her own?

While there are many charming old folk, there are autocrats trading on their age to exercise petty tyrannies on their kindred.

Mrs. M. A. Davis, 20 Milton Ave., Fullarton, S.A.

RADIANT HEALTH!

thanks to **FIGSEN!**

NEW health, new happiness, and new enjoyment of life awaits all who realise what NYAL FIGSEN can do in assisting nature to stimulate normal bowel action and end constipation.

Constipation is serious, yet it can be banished without purging, griping or forming a habit, by taking this pleasant tasting NYAL FIGSEN. For children or adults, for people who are delicate or those who are strong, there is no more gentle and effective natural laxative than NYAL FIGSEN. Why not be entirely free of headaches, sleeplessness, depression, blotchy complexion, etc., which are so often the symptoms of constipation? Call in at the next pharmacy you pass and buy a tin of NYAL FIGSEN.

1/3 tin.

NYAL FIGSEN

Seeking the Remedy For Divorce

"THE Divorce Court records seem to prove that the modern person is not as capable as his predecessor in choosing a life partner," says Mr. C. Portway (5/3/'38).

The last generation of lovers was no more discriminating than the present. The only difference is that life offers so much more attraction and scope for the individual, and the facilities to be availed of are such that, if a modern man and woman find that life together is impossible, they can end it.

Many of our predecessors did not have the courage to question their state of unhappy boredom, and, miserable and disillusioned, believed it to be the inevitable end to any marriage.

Nothing is so damaging to the development of an individual, and a race, than resignation.

M. Skinner, Room 5, Stock Exchange Chambers, Collins St., Hobart.

Blame New Freedom

IF women are to continue in their present happy state of independence and equality with men, there can be no reduction in the divorce figures.

Women's freedom is one of the chief causes of modern divorce. Formerly she had to tolerate any misdemeanor of her husband because of the stigma attached to divorce, and because her life was done without a man by her side.

But now she may secure a divorce from an unsuitable partner, and fill her life with new interests.

Human nature is always subject to error. Should we not then be thankful that now we need not suffer all our days for one mistake?

Rachel Somerset, Walter St., Claremont, W.A.

Too Much Pleasure

IN my opinion the increasing number of divorces these days is caused by over indulgence in sport and picture shows.

After their gay times, most young people are not satisfied to settle down to the quiet life that marriage demands, but want to continue their parties and so forget their partners.

If only wives would cultivate interesting hobbies for their spare time—reading, fancywork, gardening—it would help to keep them happy and the home together.

Mrs. W. Bottom, Sun Hill, Berridale, via Cooma, N.S.W.

No Home Life

MR. C. PORTWAY wonders whether the time in which we live is the main cause of so many divorces. I think it is.

There is not the same spirit of "give and take," not enough tolerance; there is too much rush and bustle and not enough home life.

The remedy lies in sending women back to the home.

But what is urgently needed to

Too many parties are the cause.

prevent divorce is a Court of Domestic Relations in every State.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 62 Simpson Street, East Melbourne C2, Vic.

Divorce is Easier

THERE are more divorces to-day than formerly because a few years ago divorce was looked upon askance—something not mentioned by "nice" people.

Couples would endure any unhappiness rather than face the publicity and scandal which followed on divorce.

Thanks to the modern broadminded outlook men and women are now given better opportunity of making a fresh endeavor to attain happiness.

Miss M. Berkley, 6 Stafford House, Stafford Street, Double Bay, N.S.W.

Is Australia Rich In Film Material?

I DO not agree with Miss Peg Hassall in her contention that there is "a very rich field to be explored by an Australian film producer in Australian history" (5/3/'38.)

So far as I can see there is no reason why Australian people should take particular care to impress those overseas with films of a primitive nature. There is no need to portray burly blacks carrying spears and boomerangs in the main street.

A book I read recently shows the impression which is afoot. One chapter described a day's surfing at a well-known beach, from which all pleasure was taken, as the natives insisted on taking "pot-shots" from behind tin sheds which acted as dressing-sheds. This is ufair and untrue, and Australia should portray more sophisticated themes and prove that we are "grown-up" in our ideas and methods.

Mary E. Mack, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Stories Scarce

PEG HASSALL is correct in her assertion that Australian history contains ample material for an unlimited number of historical films.

Unfortunately, touchiness on the convict question, as well as the comparative scarcity of suitable stories, frightens producers off.

Still, our geography and contemporary history have been used to excellent effect, in films such as "Lovers and Luggers," "Tall Timbers," and "In the Wake of the Bounty."

Murial MacPherson, 8 Russell St., Oatley, N.S.W.

Encourage Saving

PARENTS are not doing their duty when they allow their families to grow up without thought of providing for the future.

I think it very sad that young men should expect girls to wait for marriage for years, because they have not saved before meeting them.

If mothers inculcated a sense of responsibility and ambition into their children, they would be ensuring their future happiness.

Miss M. Wallace, Flora Hill, Bendigo, Vic.

Little of Interest

CONSIDERING that the Australian white settlement is only one hundred and fifty years old, at most, we have not much in our history to provide the rich film material Peg Hassall writes about.

There have been no spectacular civil wars or incidents in our development, no romantic figures, except, perhaps, the bushrangers. And the latter, I am afraid, would touch on the sordid convict days, than which there is nothing less interesting.

Miss V. Ward, King's Park Rd., West Perth.

Scenic Charms

AUSTRALIA is rich in film material—not only in its history, but in its scenic charm.

We have scenery that equals anything in the world, and surpasses much. Film producers have realised this, and have already produced several good films with this as a background.

Incidentally, more films of this type would do much to attract tourists to Australia. As it is, they think of it as a remote part of the world, peopled by blacks chiefly, and distinguished by droughts and large masses of sheep.

Betty Rider, Angar St., Adelaide.

No History

I DO not agree with Peg Hassall, who states that Australian history offers a rich field for film producers.

Has Australia a history? It is but one hundred and fifty years old. When producers have exhausted the hundreds of years at their disposal in other countries, maybe they will turn to Australia.

Joan Collins, 1 Southway, Yallourn, Vic.

Why Girls Who Go Abroad Make Good

I DO not agree that Australian girls find it easy to obtain positions abroad, and that those from other countries can land jobs here more readily than the home girl, as Miss Armstrong says (5/3/'38).

I have known many an English business girl stranded out here for months, waiting for a position, and have met many disappointed girls who have returned to Australia after an unsuccessful hunt for work abroad.

We only encounter those whom we see at work, and are apt to jump to unfounded conclusions.

Mrs. White, Campbell Street, Hobart.

Admires Courage

THERE is, even for the hard-boiled employer, a little bit of glamor attached to the girl who has travelled

"Her very best reference."

thousands of miles to a strange country to look for work. Admiring her courage, he thinks it deserving of help.

Further, such a girl is bound to have qualities which are necessary for a good business woman—initiative, independence. Her daring is her very best reference.

And another reason why outsiders so easily land jobs: It is not usually the untrained, average girl who leaves home to try her luck in a new land. Before doing so, she sees she is as highly qualified as possible, so that she will be sure of getting a job, and not starving.

Miss Booth, Millingen Street, W. Perth.

More Incentive

THE reason why girls obtain good positions in another country (Miss Armstrong, 5/3/'38) lies not with the employer, but with the girl herself.

Living in a strange country, and totally dependent on herself for a livelihood, she puts everything she has into the job on hand, and so wins advancement. The girl with home and relations, however, feels that she always has someone to "fall back on," and hasn't the same incentive.

Miss J. Grant, Ballara, 399 Lower Malvern Rd., East Malvern, Vic.

Employer Explains

AS an ex-employer, I can answer the query of Miss Armstrong (5/3/'38).

Experience has proved her assumption to be correct. The young girl (and youth also) who has the courage to migrate, in 99 per cent. of cases possesses initiative, confidence, and ability, which are the chief attributes necessary in a competent employee.

Such people could just as readily secure appointments at home as they can abroad.

C. J. Chalmers, c/o Royal Hotel, Gympie, Qld.

No Home Ties

PROBABLY the reason why the outsider seems to gain a position more easily than the local worker is attributable to the fact that it is more imperative for such a girl to obtain a position immediately, and so she takes whatever she can get—and works hard. Lacking friends and ties, she can concentrate on her job.

The home girl, with her family to fall back on, has not the same interest in her work.

Still, I know many gifted people have had amazing success abroad, although at home they could get no recognition. No man is a prophet in his own country.

Sybil Wright, Tarrant Street, Prospect, S.A.

CHEAPER TRANSPORT

TRANSPORT services are public utilities, and should not be looked upon entirely as revenue-producing concerns. It would bring more patronage and more benefit to the public if there was a standard fare for trams and buses.

Should a standard rate of 2d. per person be declared, it would encourage people to live further out of town, and thus relieve the cities.

If it were possible for the average person to travel to and from the city whether to work, shop or for pleasure, without having excessive fares to pay, I'm sure they would move out to the suburbs, where they could enjoy more healthy surroundings.

The transport services would not lose much in the long run, as travellers would increase 200 or 300 per cent.

Even if the services lost money, the public stands more expense than that for less benefit. What do readers think?

C. Kelly, Boundary Rd., Cardiff Heights, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

NEGLECTED ADVICE

MUCH of our excellent reading matter to-day deals with methods of acquiring perfect grooming, advice on clothes and what to wear, so that it is surprising that so many people quite evidently disregard this advice.

There are far too few well-groomed, smartly-attired women to-day.

Judging from the way they pore over such articles, they find them extraordinarily interesting. But why don't they profit from their reading?

H. Rhode, Llewellyn Street, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

✣ ✣ ✣

AFFECTED MANNERS

IT is a pity that such a large number of girls, on leaving school-days behind, assume an artificial manner which is so irritating compared with natural charm.

There is at least one characteristic about each and every one of us which is worthy of cultivation, something attractive and appealing. It may be a happy smile or a pleasant manner of speech. Yet with young girls to-day the smile becomes a grimace and the pleasant manner of speech is hidden behind a mask of affectation.

To be natural is to be charming.

Mrs. E. Charleston, 50 Waitara Parade, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552K, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

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HOW TO KILL YOUR ENEMY IN 30 SECONDS!

YOU have an enemy. A deadly enemy. This enemy is always trying to ruin you . . . while you walk, talk, sleep. This enemy is those deadly dental decay germs that live and breed in your mouth. They undermine your health and ruin your teeth. Kill them!

Kill them this quick scientific way. Change to Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Euthymol Tooth Paste kills dental decay germs within less than 30 seconds' contact. It's more than just a polishing agent or cleanser. It's a germicidal dentifrice.

Every batch of Euthymol Tooth Paste is guaranteed to have a definite bacteriological power.

And every batch of Euthymol is given a strict bacteriological test.

Ask for Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Use it twice a day, your breath will be sweet, and your teeth will be clean and sparkling.

Euthymol Tooth Paste is 1/3 everywhere. When you buy your tube of Euthymol ask for a free copy of the new authentic booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth." This booklet was published to help stamp out the growing menace of dental decay in Australia.***

'DON'T HAVE FADED FAIR HAIR'

ADVISES MARY ROSE of the "Daily Sketch" LONDON

Tells How to Restore Glamorous Colour to Darkened, Faded Fair Hair—

"Yes, she was pretty a few years ago but you know how those blondes fade." . . . Poor girl, she actually overheard this remark about herself. She came to me heart-broken. "It was catty," I said. "But there was also a certain amount of truth in what she said. Your hair used to be so lovely and it is so dull and faded-looking now—it makes your very complexion look dull and muddy." "That's the worst of blonde hair," she wailed—"it goes off in colour . . ." "It need not," I said firmly. "Come with me—I'm going to buy you the most marvellous shampoo—it'll bring back all those golden lights—make your hair soft and fair and pretty—without any harmful dyes or bleaches. It's called Sta-blond."

Without mysterious bleaching you can have much darkened fair hair 2 to 4 shades lighter and not change the natural appearance.

Later I met my friend—her hair had regained all its shining blonde beauty—it seemed to make her complexion look fairer—more pink and white—her eyes looked bluer too! . . ."

Sta-blond (pronounced—Stay-blond) does everything promised by every other shampoo (whether soapless or otherwise). But, it does something more! It washes money, darkened, fair hair 2-4 shades lighter, brings back its golden beauty—keeps light hair from darkening. And its precious Vitol stops and prevents brittleness, and dandruff.

Like Mary Rose, Beauty Editors of many newspapers and magazines advise their "fair" readers to use this fair hair shampoo.

Your perm. holds longer too—Get your Sta-blond today.

Have you tried Sta-blond wave-set yet? It doesn't leave the hair sticky—dries quickly and actually lightens the hair.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

INTIMATE LIFE STORY *of The* DUCHESS *of* KENT

WHILE England was plunged at that time of the year into cold fogs and rains, bright sunshine and blue skies shone over Greece.

The skies reflected themselves in the transparent water of the sea, and the sun slid its rays over the sundial clock of the paved garden of Prince Nicholas' villa in Athens and lit up the bougainvillia over the wall with a purple glow, while the dark cypress-trees whispered quietly in the slight breeze.

It was quiet in the garden, and it was quiet in the house. The household was very quiet, too, and in the room with lowered sunblinds white-veiled nurses and white-clad doctors moved silently to and fro.

I need not describe this room, it is imprinted in the memory of every mother, and I need not describe the feeling in the house where silence and suspense reigned instead of the usual happy tranquillity.

There was silence in the cheerful sunny nurseries where laughter and fun and sometimes noisy disputes were usually heard, and where two little girls, one fair and one dark, smiled and pouted in turns at their English nurse. The nurseries were empty to-day. The games and the quarrels were forgotten.

National Joy

ON a large sofa in their father's study two lively little girls were trying to be good. They were sitting side by side holding each other's hands, because their "mamma" was very ill and this word needed no explaining to the little Royal Princesses any more than it does to the humblest children playing in the village street.

The fact was enough, and the two little girls were trying to be very quiet and good while the whole house, plunged into expectant silence, was waiting and praying for God to spare the life of the Royal mother.

At last, in the room with the lowered sunblinds where white-robed doctors and white-veiled nurses moved silently to and fro, there was a little cry. A small feeble sound, perhaps not stronger than that made by a little bird or a kitten, but it broke the stillness of the air with its welcome sound.

It broke the stillness, and presently it was taken up by the silver bells in the gilded domes of the churches and by the shining guns firing the Royal salute. It was taken up by the busy newspaper sellers and by the crowds in the streets who rejoiced with Prince and Princess Nicholas and gathered outside their home.

The King and Queen rejoiced and came to call on the Royal mother, while, in her tiny cot, utterly oblivious of the excitement she was creating, of the danger she had caused to her mother's life, and the desperate anxiety to which she had submitted her father, Princess Marina was fast asleep.

When she woke up and opened her large golden-brown eyes and looked at this vast world into which she had just come, she saw only love, beauty, and harmony.

Her two small sisters, Princess Olga and Princess Elisabeth, hailed her with joy, and her numerous little cousins learned with excitement of the ar-

Continued from Page 11

rival of the new little baby girl into their intimate and friendly circle.

Princess Olga, Princess Marina's eldest sister who was then three and a half, took charge at once of the little newcomer, and as her own mother was still very ill she decided to replace her.

Since that first day a close friendship sprang up between the three sisters which lasted through all their young lives.

Very soon, however, Princess Olga discovered that she could mother Princess Marina, but she could not boss her and Princess Elisabeth had no power either to command her young sister.

Her nurses and her parents found out, too, that the little newcomer who gurgled so happily in her cot could be induced by kindness to anything, but would not be driven.

She loved dolls, she loved the little princesses' mongrel dog and above all she loved life. She enjoyed her sisters' pets such as their family of rabbits, she enjoyed their games. Very soon, however, instead of joining in them she began to be the leader, and the bigger children obeyed her.

At an early age she started noticing things and asking questions. She noticed various objects of beauty in her father's and mother's home, and on one of her daily visits to her grandparents, she noticed the beautiful Bavarian frescoes in the Royal Palace.

She told me once when we were discussing the subject of what attracted children that she remembers the way the sun used to shine on them, which she thinks really attracted her attention first.

Her father, delighted at her early artistic sense, started explaining and pointing out beautiful things to her. Being an artist himself it gave him great pleasure when his tiny daughter picked up a pencil and began to draw.

First, of course, they were just shaky lines drawn at random over a sheet of paper, but soon the Acropolis, which had evidently made its imprint on the tiny brain, was reproduced, and from that day Princess Marina began really to draw.

Soon, however, drawing was not enough for her and her artistic sense craved for color.

She made splashes with her sisters' paints, and when she became a proud possessor of a paint-box of her own she started to paint.

Curiously enough, unlike most children she never made messes with her paints, but almost from the first took to coloring frocks on the people in magazines. One of her favorite occupations was to cut out little people from a sheet of paper and then paint their faces and their clothes.

Likes Dancing

THE tunics of the "Tanagra" maidens especially attracted her. In fact, something in the appearance of these graceful statuettes with their alluring smiles fascinated her. Later on, in a tableau organised by her father, she appeared as a most charming and lovely Tanagra maiden herself.

Acting and dancing came naturally to Princess Marina, but at the age I am recording her she was old-fashioned enough to like dolls.

One of them was called Mary, and Mary was a great person, and played a prominent part in the small Princess' life. Mary was taken for walks and Mary was put to bed. Mary had to be dressed and undressed as any other child. Her bed had to be made in the correct way, and therefore the sheets and blankets had to be exactly right.

She also had to have the necessary amount of clothes, and it gave great pleasure to her owner to add to Mary's wardrobe. Why Mary was the favorite no one could exactly tell, but Princess Marina would very seriously explain, "I like her very much. I like her face."

Mary had occasionally also to do the bowing for her small owner as sometimes when Princess Marina had to bow and wave to the cheering crowds she would get bored with it and would say, "It hurts my neck to bow, and Mary will do the bowing now," and Mary was held up by her small owner and acknowledged the salutes and everyone was delighted.

Generally she took all her dolls very seriously and paid a lot of attention to their clothes and their comforts. She treated them, in fact, as if they were her own children.

This love of dolls and idea of treating them as real children soon turned into an adoration for babies, and it was wonderful to see the change in the expression of the determined little Princess Marina when she came in contact with a real baby.

When playing in the garden she might catch a glimpse of a perambulator outside the Palace gates. She would at once abandon her occupation and run as fast as her sturdy little legs would carry her to have a peep at the tiny passer-by.

In those early days she was already a little traveller and contrary to most children, who dislike being uprooted from their surroundings and generally are very tiresome on journeys, Princess Marina loved it. She would carefully pack her dolls' clothes into a box, which was then placed into her own trunk.

In later years Princess Marina often packed her own things and became a very efficient packer. In fact, she prides herself on being able to pack more things into one box than anyone else, with less creases to her clothes.

Kept Up With Sisters

DURING the winter months she generally lived in Athens, but when the King moved to Tatoi Prince and Princess Nicholas took their little daughters as well, sometimes driving there in an open carriage.

The name Tatoi is dear to all the members of the Greek Royal Family and holds many happy memories of a sunny childhood and care-free days. It also brings back memories of many pranks and sometimes punishments, for discipline in the Greek Royal Family was strict.

Swimming and riding were two of the sports which little Princess Marina learnt before any other. The youngest of the three girls, she had to learn everything at an earlier age than the others if she wanted to keep up with them.

This little Princess Marina has always done, except in lessons which she did not like. And if Princess Marina did not like something she simply did not do it, and in those days in Greece Princess Marina's education was not what her father and mother would wish.

It is true that her lessons had to be interrupted when she went to stay with her maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, in Russia or Paris, though she always had a German or French governess to teach her the language. Sometimes, too, the children were sent with their English governess to an English seaside place.

This they enjoyed very much and the bracing air of England proved an invaluable tonic after the hot climate of Greece. As a child the Bognor sands were one of her favorite places, and later on at the time of her family's second exile she stayed in the country at Warlingham, which she enjoyed very much.

At the time when she used to visit Bognor a curious situation arose in little Princess Marina's education. She already attended the Greek Orthodox Church, but as her first language was English she still said her prayers in English.

To Be Continued

AN OLD WOMAN AT 30

Her heart aches as she faces that mirror. Life's not fair to this woman of thirty who is looking old, *old!*—when she has every right to be young. She's paying the penalty. Harsh medicines are at last taking their toll.

The Truth about Constipation

Constipation is mostly the result of insufficient "bulk" in modern over-refined foods. Many people try to cure constipation by taking harsh habit-forming medicines. Once started the intestines depend on this unnatural daily stimulus. The peristaltic action of the intestines weakens. Many intestinal disorders of middle-age are directly traced to this constant use of harsh medicines.

A Safe, Quick Relief

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies the *natural* "bulk" needed to provide regular elimination. It absorbs moisture in your body, forming a soft mass that gently cleanses the intestinal walls. Kellogg's All-Bran is not a "cure-all"—but it does relieve common constipation.

Serve two tablespoonfuls of All-Bran just like a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Your Grocer sells Kellogg's All-Bran.

When Eczema Drives You Mad

Get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil.

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days—Guaranteed.

This wonderful surgeon's prescription, now known all over the world as Moone's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application.

A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is overcome, never to return.

Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practising surgeon, and every penny of your money will be refunded if results don't completely satisfy.

All good chemists keep it in stock.

Quality is in this tin!

B-R-A-S-S-O! A small quantity of Brasso gives your brass great quality. This safe, swift polish gives a deep, rich shine, lustrous and lasting. There's only one BRASSO, sold in a tin like this.

Brasso
LIQUID METAL POLISH

A Reckitt's Product - Made in Australia

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2 NEW KNITTING BOOKS FROM VIYELLA HOUSE

★ THE LATEST DESIGNS FROM ANNY BLATT AND OTHER WORLD FAMOUS KNITWEAR STYLISTS.

★ FIFTY EXCLUSIVE NEW GARMENTS FOR CHILDREN UP TO EIGHT YEARS.

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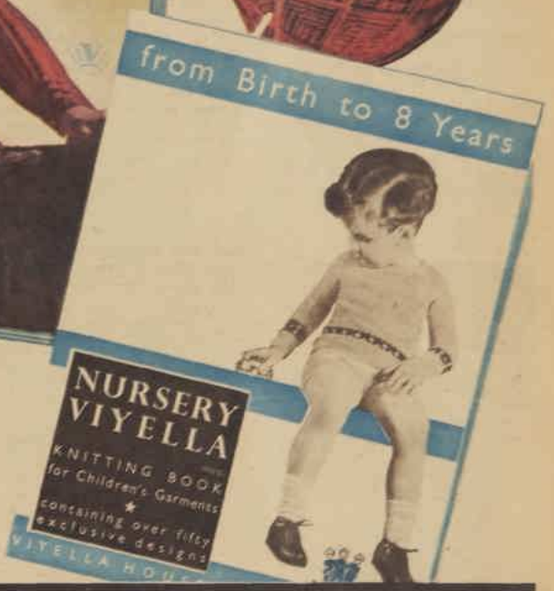

In the Viyella House Knitting Book you will find fascinating designs from Paris, Vienna, London specially created by Anny Blatt — world's foremost knitwear stylist, Sari of Paris and others; twelve new, easy stitches for use in garments you may design for yourself; and an exclusive Viyella feature — the Ann Seymour colour guide to help you choose the shades of yarn most suited to your colouring. The Nursery Viyella Knitting Book in its 48 pages gives you instructions for over 50 new and delightful garments for children from birth to 8 years — each one designed by a children's wear expert.

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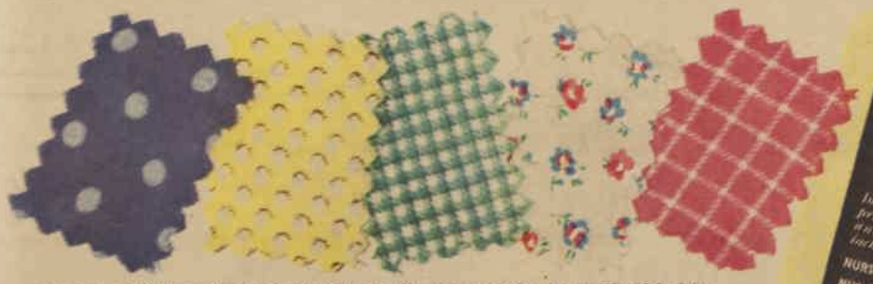

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For kiddies' garments use

NURSERY VIYELLA (REG'D)

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In cream, pastel shades, printed floral designs and woven checks. 27 inches wide.

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Yes, they wash

No, they never shrink

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If unable to obtain your knitting book locally send 8d. in stamps to 'Viyella' Box 3335PP, G.P.O., Sydney for EACH book required. State whether you require the 'Viyella House' Knitting Book, the Nursery Viyella Knitting Book, or both.

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Real Life Stories

NEAR DEATH, *then* DANCED

How Girl's Ready Mind Saved Her Own Life

Gaiety and tragedy are often strange companions in real life. This week's guinea prize is awarded to Miss Dorothy Barr, Hamilton, Victoria, for a story of a gay party setting out in evening clothes for a country dance, and of a girl's instinct for self-preservation which saved her own life and enabled the party, in spite of its nerve-racking ordeal, to go on to the dance.

WHEN I was about 16 I had a very narrow escape from death. A party, including two of my sisters, set out by car to a dance near Hamilton, Victoria. Two miles from home the car got bogged in a big mud hole.

The more we pulled and pushed the car the deeper it sank. Taking off our shoes and stockings and pulling up our skirts we stood in the mud and water and pushed the car again without success.

A passing motorist helped us with a tow-rope tied to his car, but still our car refused to move.

In a second attempt I, trying to be smart, lent my weight to the rope. Our car came out of the mud with a rush. Trying to get out of the way I slipped and fell right in its path. The others, seeing what had happened, yelled to the driver in our car, but thinking they were urging him to speed up he accelerated the engine.

Some strange instinct made me roll over just as a front wheel grazed my shoulder. I often think what a lucky escape from death I had that night, but in spite of it all we had a wash and went on to the dance.

£1/1/- to Miss Dorothy Barr, Hamilton, Vic.

"OUR CAR came out of the mud with a rush. Trying to get out of the way I slipped and fell right in its path."

"Oh-h ... Lovely Soap!"

Your guests are thrilled to find Cashmere Bouquet, their own beloved soap, in your bathroom! This pure, finely-milled soap is gentle as the touch of a flower, yet lasts quite amazingly. For generations, lovely women have cherished their complexions with Cashmere Bouquet, and to-day modern women may give their skin the same dainty care, and revel in the rare perfume that enchanted the gallants of last century. Modern fashions, inspired by Edwardian and Victorian modes, find their perfect complement in fragrant Cashmere Bouquet.

COLGATE'S

Cashmere Bouquet

The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (*Crème or Compact*), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (*Liquid or Solid*), Skin Tonic Astringent, Skin Lotion. 7/138

Indian Tiger

WHILE principal of Dakka College (affiliated with the Calcutta University), my father had an experience worthy of the annals of a "big game" hunter.

The natives rely very much on the protection of the whites, "pukka-sahibs," and so it was that one day a boy from a neighboring village came to the "chummery" with the story of a man-eating tiger which had been ravaging the native compounds.

The men of the "chummery" set out on elephants attended by boys to the mouth of the forest, where they disbanded to seek the tiger along different forest tracks.

My father, passing along one of these tracks, caught sight of the tiger lying partially concealed by a thorny tropical creeper.

By pure chance the elephant had not smelt an enemy, but my father, knowing what to expect when it did, immediately took aim.

It happened quite suddenly —the tiger sprang, the elephant bolted, the howdah slipped, and my father was precipitated on to the long trails of thorny creeper, but not before his shot had found its mark.

He lay there, caught up in that uncomfortable creeper, an inch or so above the spot where the tiger had fallen.

He was so close he could feel its panting breath and could smell the acrid odor of sweat and blood of the wounded animal.

For eternities he waited fearfully till the tiger should discover him and wreak a violent revenge.

Plucking up enough courage to investigate he found the tiger to be dead, from a head wound. He immediately rushed to where the native boys were bewailing his fate to the other sahibs, who had reassembled outside the forest.

The natives incidentally christened him "The man who rode on the tiger."

The skin of the tiger was prepared as a rug, and the shining ivory claws mounted on gold were long worn by my mother as a brooch.

5/- to Margaret P. G. Garrett, 13 Queen St., Nth. Essendon W5, Vic.

Away in Time

WHEN I had been married only two years my parents left the old home to live on another piece of land they had bought. They left a few fowls and four draught horses and a shed of hay. One day, thinking the horses might like a sheaf of hay each, I took four sheaves out for them. The horses were biting each other, and I looked round to see if they were close, and tripped over a piece of wood.

The horses were fighting to get to the hay; one bit the other and sent him right over me. He trod on my arm and shoulder.

As I was lying across the sheaves the elasticity of the hay prevented my arm from being smashed to pieces, and as he was moving I did not get his weight. He hit the back of my head, my mouth hit the ground, and the gum was taken from my front teeth.

I jumped up from my perilous position and ran about 30 yards, and looked back. I just remember saying, "Thank heaven I wasn't killed." I was a long way from anyone. Had I been rendered unconscious I would have been trampled to death.

5/- to R. M. Knowles, Post Office, Hodgson, Qld.

Prizes for Stories Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

Narrow Escape

WHEN I was eleven years old my father and the local medical man went out duck shooting, and on returning home they put the guns in the dining-room.

On seeing the guns I started to play with one of them. I cocked it and looked down the barrel to see if I could see the needle move that strikes the cartridge when the gun is fired, but something I couldn't understand seemed to stop me from pulling the trigger.

There was a photograph of father on the wall. I then took aim at it with the cocked gun, but still something stopped me from firing.

I then lowered the weapon and unbreached it, and there was a live cartridge in the gun.

On making this discovery I screamed with fright.

My parents raced in, but I was that dumbfounded that it was some minutes before I could explain what had happened.

There is no need to explain what would have happened to me that day if the hands of destiny had been against me. Even as I write this, thirteen years later, a cold shiver runs down my spine.

5/- to J. Westwood, Hillside, Back Yamma, via Parkes, N.S.W.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

BRIDE: Jack discovered my guilty secret to-day!
FRIEND: You mean he found your old love letters?
BRIDE: No, my birth certificate.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I wish you were like Nancy—look how sensibly she acts and how modestly she dresses."
"Aw—she'll do anything to attract attention."

"Daddy, give me back my water pistol."

PUBLICITY MANAGER: When the reporters called for a description of the ballet girls' dresses, what did you tell them?
SECRETARY: Nothing, absolutely nothing.

WEARS "W" SIZE FROCKS AGAIN

Saves cost of Youth-O-Form on first frocks as she

Loses Ugly Fat

"The Youth-O-Form treatment has really cost me nothing," said Mrs. W.A.L. yesterday. "Before I was married I was never more than 8st. 12, but after my babies came I went up to 13st. 9. I felt absolutely old, and seemed to have lost all my energy. I always used to wear women's size frocks, but now I couldn't get anything to fit me. When you are fat you can never get much of a selection, you know, and when I did happen to fluke something that fitted me I never looked anything. I noticed that several of my friends who used to be fat had reduced with Youth-O-Form, and they looked marvellous. So I decided to take a course of Youth-O-Form myself. I just followed the directions, and, really, I am getting so marvellously. Do you know, I have taken four inches off my bust and waist, and two and a half inches off my hips. When I started three months ago I was 13st. 9, and now I am 9st. 5. I went into F——'s yesterday. They have a lovely lot of frocks, and I found that any of the Women's Size fitted me beautifully. I bought three lovely little frocks for the same price as I used to pay for one, as that the Youth-O-Form treatment really didn't cost me anything. I feel ten years younger, too—so much more vitality. In fact, my husband tells me we'll have to go for another honeymoon. I think Youth-O-Form is marvellous."

Get New Vitality . . Safely, Quickly!

Don't put up with ugly, unhealthy fat any longer. Keep your body young. Hold your youthful vitality. Enjoy the clinging slender beauty of the loveliest frocks. Enjoy life to the full as thousands of women are doing to-day. Go to your chemist and get a carton of Youth-O-Form (small cartons are 3/6, continuous treatments 20/-), and just take one small, pure Youth-O-Form capsule each day. See how you lose ugly bulges of fat from your neck, chin, bust, waist, hips — or wherever it is spoiling your figure. See how your skin clears, your eyes brighten, as you gain new youthful vitality . . . new joyous energy.

GO TO YOUR CHEMIST TO-DAY AND GET A 5/6 CARTON
FULL SIX WEEKS TREATMENT 20/-

Refuse worthless substitutes. Get genuine YOUTH-O-FORM to-day FROM YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST. Full six weeks' treatment for 20/- is enough to show definite results. Or you can get a smaller carton for 5/6. If you are far from a Chemist, send a postal note with your name and address to British Medical Laboratories, 49 Clarence Street, Sydney, and YOUTH-O-FORM will reach you by return mail, with full directions. AC.1.Y

YOUTH-O-FORM

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHAT do you think would go well with my purple-and-green golf socks?"

"Hip boots."

"THERE'S plenty of time for Joan to think of getting married," said the husband. "Let her wait until the right man comes along."

"I don't see why she should wait so long as that," answered the wife. "I didn't."

"WHAT a quaint little village you have here," said the visitor to a small country town. "Truly, one half of the world is ignorant of how the other half lives."

"Not in this village, mister," answered the local; "not in this village."

SCHOOLBOY (to father): Can you tell me how far it is from the earth to the moon?

Father: No, I can't.

Boy: Well, don't blame me if I'm punished to-morrow for your ignorance.

"MARRIED life has its problems."

"Yes, especially when the wife complains about not having enough wardrobe room, and nothing to wear at the same time."

THE two boxing managers were discussing the forthcoming fight.

"At the end of the second round," said one, "your man will hit mine and he will go down for the count."

"No, no," expostulated the other. "Not in the second round. In the seventh or eighth. We mustn't cheat the public."

There's no reason why you shouldn't have one either. You can buy the latest Hoover Model "375" for £1 down and small weekly payments. Then start to enjoy a new life—freed for ever from the endless, ageing work with dust pan and broom, or the futile, half-hearted "cleaning" of an out-dated machine.

Hoover is the world's best cleaner—you know that. It removes more dirt per minute than any other machine, and its exclusive "POSITIVE AGITATION" is the only method which cleans carpets completely of dust, fluff, threads, and, most important of all, embedded grit. Put aside a one-pound note—and to-morrow have the Hoover you've always wanted.

The HOOVER
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JOHN S. DRYSDALE PTY. LTD.
Sydney, N.S.W.
Sole Australian Agents

Look for the registered trade mark — "The Hoover."

★ Model "375," with POSITIVE AGITATION and streamlined beauty in red, black and silver, £18/18/- cash.

(Dusting Tools, £2/2/- extra.)

Terms: £1 down and 4/- weekly.

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An Editorial

MARCH 26, 1938

OLD KASPAR

WE belong to a nation and an empire which has had a settled and peaceful way of living for so long that we regard peace and freedom as a natural part of civilisation.

That is not so in Europe.

To understand what is happening in Austria to-day we must look back over the centuries.

Europe has been a perpetual cockpit, and its map has been ever changing.

In every country of Europe for many centuries there is always the familiar figure of old Kaspar sitting in the sun, ruminating on the skull of some poor fellow who fell in the "great victory."

"But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out."

Thus old Kaspar in the poem soliloquises to his little grandson.

The only two nations which have been stable for any lengthy period have been England and France.

The little kingdoms and principalities of Germany, as late as last century, were warring independent groups. Only within living memory were they welded in unity by Bismarck and Frederick the Great.

Just as recent is the rise of Italy as a unified nation.

Most of Europe has been a patchwork of races and small nations living under a different flag from one generation to another.

Naturally these despotic governments gave no chance for democracy to develop.

After the Great War, fought to make the world "safe for democracy," efforts were made to set up parliamentary rule in Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, and other countries in Europe.

But the time was not ripe.

Many years will elapse before we find throughout Europe that settled peace and freedom which British, French and American people have come to regard as modern civilisation.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

O.K. For Sound

BERNARD SHAW, in refusing to join a radio spelling bee between English and American teams, said that he placed no importance on conventional spelling. Bad spelling, he said, was sometimes a sign of genius.

Well, we suppose it's a case of every man to his trade. Bernard Shaw may be able to get away with it, but it mightn't be so easy for a city typist who tried phonetic spelling in an important letter dictated by the boss.

Anyway, every man his own speller might be carrying a Shavian joke too far.

No Martyrs

NOWADAYS there are no martyrs in the cause of beauty. Melbourne candidates at the hairdressing examinations found no volunteers for the dyeing of hair in various shades, which was one of the tests.

In the other sections family loyalty prevailed, and the students' sisters and cousins and aunts were on hand for the "perms," hair cuts, face massages, and marcel waves.

Which makes it appear that in the matter of experiments in beauty women feel that discretion is still the better part of valor.

Real Australians

AN Anglican bishop says that the real Australians are to be found in the country rather than in the big cities.

Doesn't the same argument apply all over the world? People in the cities become patterned, which makes the tourist complain that every city is alike.

It is only in the country that one gets the essential differences of races. The cities will supply thousands of typical Australians, but the country gives them background as well.

The country man and woman are splendid examples of Australianism. As a nation we would not mind being judged on their standards.

Overdone Make-up

AT last Australian girls have found a champion on the question of make-up.

Marie La Varre, English actress returning to Australia, said our girls were far ahead of their English sisters in the matter of make-up for the street.

"Many London women," she said, "appear in the streets wearing extravagant make-up only suitable for the films. They use strange colors which seem to be laid on with a palette knife."

A little criticism of someone else must be a very welcome change to our girls.

In the past returning visitors have been most eager to put the Australian girl wise on how far she was behind the rest of the world in the matter of restraint in make-up.

Now we discover she was right all the time.

LYRIC OF LIFE

IN SHADOW

The blue flames have burned low;
Only the dying embers glow . . .
And then a sudden draught beneath the door,
A sudden startled tongue of flame
Lights the room, ending the sweet, sad game
Of make-believe. Memory is no longer there,
There only stands an empty chair,
And, dear God, the emptiness,
The emptiness of air.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Slums and the Future Generation

IT'S a rather pathetic commentary on things in general that while Australia is celebrating its 150th anniversary it is also grappling with the problem of slums.

Mr. Ryan, a State Cabinet Minister, put the position plainly when he said: "We cannot rear an Imperial race in the slums."

Slum clearance is as vital as child welfare work in planning better things for the future generations.

Out of ugliness, only ugliness can arise, and we must remove the ugliness of slums if we are to survive as a sane and healthy nation.

Another thing. Overseas statistics show that when slums are removed there is a sharp drop in crime figures.

A ROYAL FAMILY GROUP, Princess Juliana, of Holland, and her husband, Prince Bernhard, with their new nine-pound baby.

—Air Mail photo.

The Gipsy's Secret

WHAT makes a woman happy?

Some say freedom and equality. Some say a home of her own and a settled, secure existence.

Rosa Sterio, queen of one of the biggest gipsy bands that wander over Australia and New Zealand, declares the life of the gipsy women is the best of all.

Yet they have no freedom, being bound to their men and to the tribal laws in everything, even dress.

They have no equality—the men rule, proving their authority by a blow now and then.

They have no homes and no security, being wanderers.

Is it that we have all cultivated a craving for security and independence as a desperate gesture against the dullness of being cooped up in towns?

Or have some of us no gipsy in us at all?

Melody and Malady

OPERA singer Giovanni Martinelli, one of the most romantic Italian tenors since Caruso, recently collapsed on the stage—from indigestion!

Disillusion, maybe, for the thousands of women who dream of the silvery songsters as men far above earthly things.

But in honest fact, opera and eating seem to go together like poetry and beer—whether it's the song and sausage of the Wagnerians, or the song and spaghetti of the Italians.

"Where Can We Park the Baby?"

By A PARENT

"What can we do with baby?"

In thousands of homes this is the first thought when a young couple receive an invitation for an evening out. A general scheme of parking stations for babies is an idea that would find favor with many parents.

THOUSANDS of young wives, when their babies arrive, face several years of almost harem-like segregation because they cannot afford a nurse, can find no one reliable to leave in charge while they are out, and there is nowhere they can leave the baby while they are at the pictures or a dance.

Sympathetic court-workers say that dozens of the depressing maintenance cases that come up in suburban courts are directly traceable to this home problem.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had a good time before they were married. They belonged to a church or a tennis club, they had a small circle of intimate friends they liked to visit; they enjoyed going to the pictures once or twice a week. And all these things they always did **together.**

When "Dad" Goes Out

WHEN the baby first arrived Mr. Brown was rather intrigued, and liked to stay at home in the evenings to watch the baby grow.

But he soon got bored, and started going out **without** Mrs. Brown. After a while Mrs. Brown felt rather bitter about it, and very soon made it quite plain how she felt.

And so Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who were so very much in love not very long ago, face each other coldly and distantly across the court-room, while young Brown, the innocent cause of it all, snoozes outside in his go-cart with a burly policeman as temporary nurse-maid.

Several organisations in Australia have tried to solve Mr. and Mrs. Brown's problem in a small way, but no attempt has been made to banish the problem altogether.

In several cities there are "Universal Aunts" who will come to a home for a few hours in the evening to watch the baby, but because it is an individual service it is not always within the means of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, however modest the fee.

Several big stores have creches for shoppers' babies, but these are only available in the daytime.

One modern picture theatre in Melbourne provides the nearest to an ideal solution of the problem.

Theatre Creche

IT contains a sound-proof glass-fronted creche with nurses in attendance, so that children can be left there and their mothers can see them from their seats in the theatre.

Apart from these, the only alternative is to ask long-suffering auntie or grandma to spend the evening with the baby with varying degrees of good or bad grace, or to pay a fee to a local girl.

The problem could be solved in a comprehensive way with creches on a big enough scale to make the fee small, in central areas in cities and suburbs, where Mr. and Mrs. Brown could park their baby in much the same way that rich Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown can park their car.

Nearly 120,000 babies are born in Australia every year. Of these, more than half (over 60,000) are born in city, suburban, and provincial town homes, and of these probably more than 40,000 belong to parents who, because they cannot afford home help, say: "What can we do with baby?" when they want to go out at night.

Added to these are another 30,000-odd mothers who already have other children.

So the baby-parking areas would always be assured of plenty of customers.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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L. W. LOWER LOOKS *Into the* X-RAY AGE

A scene in the parlor in the X-ray age as visualised by L. W. Lower.

When the Human Race Will Look Like Walking Xylophones

I've had my photograph taken. You'd hardly recognise me. It's an X-ray photo, and after one good look at the results I have decided that I need filleting.

How I have managed to get around all these years with all those bones in me is going to be the subject of a paper I intend to write for the British Medical Association.

By

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

I HAVE an equal number of ribs on each side. This upsets a lifelong belief on my part that Eve was made out of one of Adam's ribs. It has rather upset my domestic life, too.

Before I gained this new knowledge I used to mumble Kipling's description of a woman (under my breath, of course) "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." And when I got extremely bitter I could regard the manageress of our house as a mere cast-off rib.

At times I could even tell her that she was a bone-burgling beast, and point out that if it wasn't for me she wouldn't be here.

Now all that is changed. Afternoon tea parties are enlivened by the production of X-ray pictures of my skull.

"Oh, I must show you this, my dear! This is Lennie's head. All bone. I've suspected it for a long time, but up till now I've lacked actual proof."

The only come-back I've thought of so far is to mutter something about not being soft in the head like some people, not mentioning any names, and anyhow what about these hard-headed business men you read about?

"And as for you, if your head were X-rayed you'd have to wear a brass helmet before you could see anything at all." That's one I thought about too late. Still it'll keep.

Once, I used to muse on the wonderful things one could see if one had X-ray eyes.

I'm cured now. I can stand on a corner watching the girls go past during the lunch-hour and say to myself, "There goes a heap of safety pins, tape, elastic, buttons, hooks and eyes, and snap fasteners. What do I care?"

The New Terror

PERHAPS in a more scientific and enlightened age when you can switch off the wireless and turn on the X-ray plant while you're sitting on the sofa with the girl friend we may get a new mode of love-making.

"Darling, I adore the way your tibia articulates with your astragalus. Do you notice, dear, that the relative positions of both the tibia and fibula to the astragalus are perfect? The bones of the leg and the astragalus form a hinged joint!"

"You flatterer!"

"But really, dear."

"I know you don't mean a word of it. How many other girls have you said that to?"

"Honest; no other girl has ever entered my life!"

"Well, you're either a big mug or you're joking. Is that your heart or your fare home I can see near your top vest pocket?"

"It's my heart. If you only knew . . ."

"Kathleen!"

"Yes, mother?"

"Hasn't that young man gone yet? How do you expect to get up in the morning in time to get to work? You'd think he'd have a little more consideration, and switch that X-ray plant off, or has your young man got a pull with the electricity department?"

"All right, mother."

"I suppose I'd better go, dear?"

"I suppose so, darling. You can take that ash-tray out of your pocket because I saw you taking it, and, anyhow, it belongs to father."

"How silly of me! When I'm with you, darling, I seem to forget what I'm doing."

"I understand, dear. Don't make a noise and don't fall over the milk jug like you did last time. Good-night, sweetheart. I wish you wouldn't smoke that rotten pipe."

"What's wrong with it? I paid three and six for that pipe!"

"It smells like anything."

"Oh, so I smell, do I? I bet I don't smell half as much as your silly-looking brother with his hair soaked in scented oil and stuff."

"Don't you talk about my brother like that! You wouldn't say that if he were here."

"KATHLEEN!"

"All right, mother!"

"I'll be waiting for you in the tram waiting-shed to-morrow night in case it rains."

"Same time?"

"Yes, dear."

"KATHLEEN!"

"I'm coming now, mother."

And now you want to know what that's all got to do with X-rays. I've been wondering about that for the past few minutes, myself.

I suppose the moral is that if I'd been born a radiologist I'd have led a very lonely life.

I still have my illusions, but I've got them all pinned down and labelled. That's why I'm such a sink. Or should I say cynic?

If ever you're feeling haughty about yourself, just remember that if you had all the meat taken off your chest you'd look like a xylophone.

LIDO—29/6
Black Suede

Wherever You Go,
My Pretty Maid . . .
You'll Be Smartly Shod,
in a Styl-EEZ *Suede!*

The swank new suedes will captivate you. The whole fall collection is extremely smart! And how beautifully you'll *walk* in these shoes! Know why? Because of the exclusive *Flare-Fit* innersole that cradles your arch gently . . . holds your foot firmly in the line of grace and beauty. Come see them . . . soon!

Styl-EEZ
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VICTORIA. Melbourne: Fay & Gibson Pty., Ltd. The M o t h e r s' Store, Ltd. The Myer Emporium, Ltd.

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* * *

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SOLVOL cleans hands in 30 seconds!

FORGOTTEN SUMMER

Continued from Page 5

SUSAN TREGONNING would go to live with her only relation, her widowed sister who lived in Cornwall. And that sister had a child, Vera, who was seventeen years old. As pretty as you could wish to see. And when Susan Tregonning went to Cornwall to her sister's, Vera would go to London and learn what she had set her heart on learning, how to curl up ladies' hair and how to paint beautiful complexions on cheeks that had grown faded and pale. That was what she had chosen to do, and Susan would bring it about. She could give happiness to Vera; make her dreams come true. She might have five hundred pounds; she imagined herself telling Vera; saw the child's eyes grow round with excitement, heard her laugh, thinking of to-morrow and of London town and adventure.

She had been thinking so deeply of Vera that she had never heard slow footsteps coming up the bare staircase. Now, as she turned, Mr. Leigh was in the doorway. He said, "Well, Susan," and looked away from her out through the window to where, beyond the garden, the field ran steeply up to the horizon.

She said, "Shall we be going?"

He nodded. "No use staying any longer." He was a small man with eyes deep-set in a weather-beaten face. She had known him almost all his life. He spoke in queer, jerky sentences. "Where are you going, Susan?" he asked.

She was surprised. "But, Mr. Leigh, you know. I'm going to my sister down near Bodmin."

He said, without looking at her. "In her cottage — has your sister room for you?"

She thought, he's getting old; he forgets. Laughing, she said, "Vera, her daughter, is going to London to learn this thing they call Beauty Parlor work."

He said, "Isn't it expensive?"

"Yes," she answered, "but I shall be able to make that possible."

He turned and looked at her then. Her voice was so confident, so full of happiness, and he wondered how he could ever tell her that there had been no mention of her at all in the will he had been reading downstairs; that there had been no remembrance for all those years of unselfish service. That Susan Tregonning was left nothing. How could he tell her, who had once been the prettiest girl in the village, that only charity was left to her?

The bleak wording of Miss Mathieson's will came back to him: everything to the nephew who was the only one who bore her name. And he, ungrateful, had not spared even one day to attend his aunt's funeral. "Too far," he had said, and sent his lawyer.

There was nothing to do. He had spoken to the lawyer, even telephoned to young Mathieson in London, explaining the situation, telling him that after forty years' companionship there had been no mention of Susan Tregonning in the will. But as it had been understood, could he see his way to settling something on her for all her services?

The voice, thin as his aunt's voice had been, came to him across the wire: "Is the will legal?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "quite legal." Then the voice had said shortly, "That's all I want to know. I see no reason to make any gifts." And he had heard the click of the receiver being replaced.

"Well," thought the lawyer, "I can't tell her that." Suddenly he seemed a very old man, and ingratitude seemed too mighty to fight against.

THE late afternoon sunshine slid slowly across the unstained floor.

He said, because he could no longer bear her eager eyes on his face, "But Susan, listen. I have something unexpected to say to you." Still her eyes did not change, so certain she was. He said harshly; "Miss Mathieson left everything she possessed to her young nephew; she made no provision at all for you."

The sunlight crept towards him. He saw Susan's face change: suddenly he saw the spirit retreat from her eyes that, still blue, stared back at him empty of understanding.

"But——" she said.

"I know," he answered. "Nothing After all these years. And, Susan, I can't change anything."

For a minute they stood quite still. Susan's fingers, black-gloved, raised to her throat. Her heart turned over quickly in terror. She could never have imagined this. Desolate after so long.

It seemed as if this morning, when she had packed her bag ready to leave for Cornwall, was already a year's time away. In the silence between them there was dread. All her dreams tumbled upside down; too desperate to explain.

The stillness pressed in against her. A voice said, "Well, Mr. Leigh, I think I've been over everything." The young man down from London. She turned away, watching him unconsciously through the mirror, sticky black hair falling across his forehead.

He said, "I'll say good afternoon, Miss Tregonning." And then, to the lawyer, "There wasn't much of value, only the small walnut table and the set of chairs from the dining-room and two prints. Those should sell better in London." He paused, and then, "So I'll be going now." He looked round the room. "Sometimes he said, "one finds valuable things in old houses like this. Best always to keep one's eyes open."

Mr. Leigh nodded. He was watching Susan.

Vera, she thought, as she stared into the mirror, little Vera, to be so sick with disappointment: to be denied London and all the delights of adventure in a city. Poor Vera, with her eyes eager for the years ahead.

Vera had yellow hair; she was like what Susan Tregonning had once been that summer long ago when she had run away each afternoon, down past the lilacs, to the little wooden gate. Her fingers crept around the gold-edged miniature. Reflected in the glass she could see the blue eyes and the corn-colored hair. Not so very different from Vera.

She started in surprise when she heard, "Excuse me, Miss Tregonning, but may I look at that locket?" The young man's hand was stretched out. Without speaking, she lifted the ribbon over her head and gave it to him.

THE lawyer was still standing by the door; in the strong light his face seemed lined. He was an old man; his face was sad with the passed years. And she was an old woman. And there was still no happiness.

But the young man was speaking. "Tell me," he said, "this was painted by Paul Morel?"

She nodded.

He went on. "It's the same face as his 'Girl in the Gingham Dress'—the picture that made him famous."

She said, "It's a painting of me. I used to be pretty like that—he sent it to me; a very long time ago." She held out her hand. Everything seemed such a long time ago, and everything was almost forgotten and even memories seemed useless. All her life stretched out behind her, barren.

Mr. Leigh said, "Susan Tregonning was the prettiest girl in the countryside." It was as if he followed his own thoughts.

The young man answered, "I can believe it." He could still see her blue eyes. Funny, he thought, to have had so much loveliness and let it fade away. The country, he knew, was a sleepy place and all opportunity came in London.

"Well," he said, "if ever you want to part with that locket let me know." He took a card from his pocket and held it out to her. "This is my firm," he said, "and my name." And then to Mr. Leigh, "I'll be off now. Good afternoon."

At the door he turned. "Remember, Miss Tregonning, if ever you want to make a lot of money, don't forget what I told you."

She turned round then and looked at him with the locket lying in her hand.

"What do you mean?"

"It's valuable," he answered, "that's what I mean."

She shook her head. "It was painted so long ago. June afternoons when the sun was shining."

"You could sell it for a lot of money."

But she only smiled. That was silly; money was a difficult thing. You didn't come by money easily. Not like that. You spent all your life in service; doing your duty well and truly — and that earned you no money. The young man was foolish. But Susan Tregonning understood all about it. Service of forty years brought no money. She knew.

He said, "That miniature is worth all of five hundred pounds."

Mr. Leigh stepped forward. "What's that you say? Did you hear that, Susan?"

She nodded, but she paid no heed.

The young man answered. "It's true what I say. Didn't you know?"

She could hear them talking as if from a long way off. They seemed satisfied between them. They made some explanations to her. It seemed that she could have five hundred pounds if she would sell the miniature. Well, and why not? Memory of a summer.

The sunlight faded slowly from the room; evening drew towards them.

But Susan Tregonning, as she stood there, wondered whether she would ever understand how one summer could buy for Vera more happiness than forty years of service could obtain.

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

GOING PLACES...

INSTRUCTIONS for knitting the four models sketched here are given in the accompanying free knitting supplement.

● At left: THE OLYMPIC. An athletic jersey which features a cable-stitch design.

● At right: THE LILAC. An attractive jumper for active or spectator sports wear.

● Above: THE PETUNIA. A cosy cardigan for morning wear, knitted mostly in stocking-stitch.

● At left: THE BELINDA. A charming little jumper of the dressy type, suitable for afternoon wear.

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The Fashion Parade by Petrov

"The ASTER" . . . A Modish Cape

"The WALLFLOWER" . . . A Simply-knitted Dress

"The BEVERLEY" . . . A Dashing Jumper

"The NASTURTIUM" . . . A Delightful Frock

MODELS from VIENNA

● The svelte lines of these aristocratic knitteds make them especially good for youthful figures

THE elegant knitwear sketched on this page by Petrov comes direct from Vienna. These models were specially selected by our London Fashion Editor, Mary St. Claire.

Their smart lines tell their own story of being absolute "tops" in fashionable knitwear. Yet they are all easy to knit.

Full directions for knitting them will be found in the knitting supplement given with this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Each model is named, and the photograph of it, correspondingly named, is given with the directions.

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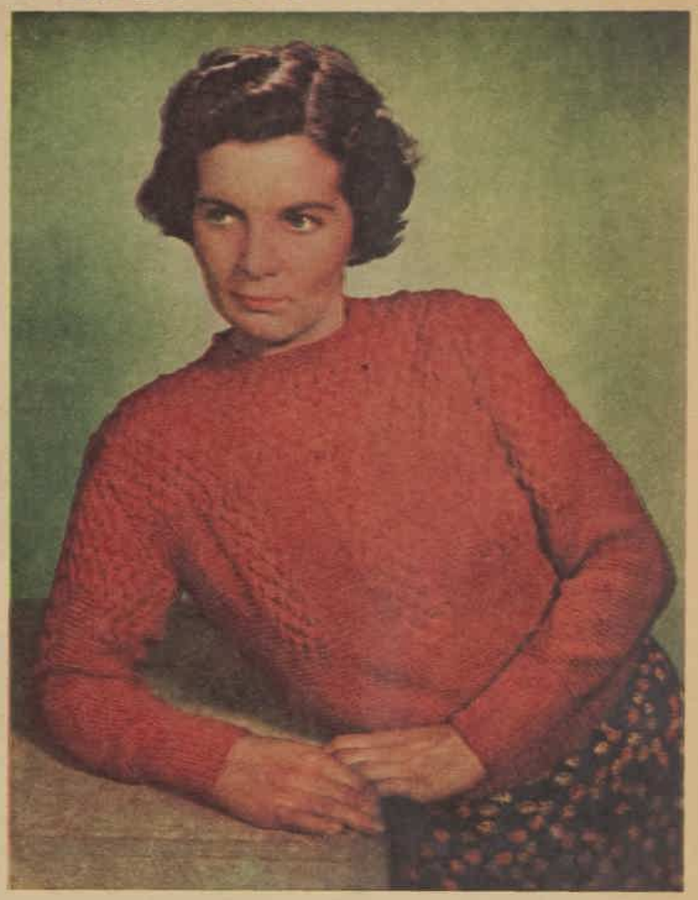
JUMPERS IN ARTGRAVURE

DIFFERENT...



● The "ROSAMUND." Top right: A pretty pleated effect in yoke, sleeves, and bodice stripes is achieved in this red jumper. Much of it is done in plain stocking-stitch.

● The "ZINNIA." Above: In this model gaily-colored stripes cleverly worked in a novel check design, on a dark ground, give a distinctive note.

● The "BORONIA." Lower right: A smart and useful waistcoat done in a nubbly stitch with attractive touches of color on the pockets, tie, and edges.

● The "POPPY." At right: An attractive jumper in a fancy design, which is very easy to do.

FULL instructions for knitting these jumpers are given in the free knitting supplement enclosed with this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

—Natural Color Photographs.

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FASHIONS IN ARTGRAVURE

Next-of-kin . . . to Knitteds

● MATITA creates the grey jersey dress with the new wrapped bodice line. It has a lovely royal-blue suede belt with a novel clasp in the shape of a hinge done in hand-hammered antique silver.

● THE SMART edge-to-edge coat is in a herringbone tweed worn over knitted coat and skirt in the new autumn shade of mahogany. Scarf and flower are pale green. The coat has a narrow stitched belt of the frock fabric.

● NEW "sculped" jacket blouse by Schiaparelli in viyella. The closely-moulded line, stand-up collar, spherical leather buttons, and long hipline are all points of interest. This model is done in scarlet, lined with very soft silk.

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A Velmol *damp-set* keeps the hair fastidiously fresh . . . keeps waves so firm and smart . . . yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes 'perm.' last a lot longer.

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Spoilers of Good Looks

FAT, SPOTTY FACE, DULL EYES

Whatever your looks, remember that attractiveness is more due to fitness and health than to beauty of features. Pimples are ugly, and so is unhealthy fat. When your eyes are dull, breath bad and you suffer sick headache and depression you cease to be fit and attractive.

The bringer of these troubles is usually constipation. Congested bowels and liver accumulate digestive wastes which gradually seep into and contaminate the blood stream. Clear away these poisons by taking Pinkettes and you disperse the pimples, banish unhealthy fat tissue, sick headache and billous attacks. Pinkettes are compounded of safe, laxative ingredients that exercise and strengthen lazy bowels, and stir the liver. So effective that you reduce the dose as they make you regular. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.***

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist today. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2381

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY PLUNKET, whose premonition of death came true. (See story below.)

DEATH *Warning Came* TRUE

"Life is so grand . . . it cannot last," said Lady Plunket before fatal air crash

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in Europe.

"It's an odd thing that I always have the feeling that I will die young," said the vibrantly beautiful Lady Plunket not long before she crashed to death in the plane tragedy in Los Angeles in February.

"Life is so grand and I am so happy with my husband and my sons that I have a feeling it cannot last . . ."

DID a premonition really warn this lovely peeress that the end of her "too happy" life was near? Some say nonsense . . . but only a few months later she was to die in an air crash, and the husband she loved so much was doomed as well.

Daughter of the famous actress, Fanny Ward, she was regarded as the best amateur dancer England possessed, and was ever ready to give the services of her art to aid any charitable object.

It is not only London and the whole of England which are shocked and grieved by this tragedy.

Lord and Lady Plunket had a host of friends on the Continent and in America.

It has been said that no one ever heard Lady Plunket say an unkind thing of anyone . . . and it has been said that Lord Plunket was one of the finest men you could meet.

Friends of Royalty

FOR years, even before they were married, they had each been close friends with various members of the Royal Family. The King is godfather to their youngest son.

Lady Plunket inherited her mother's beauty, magnetism and spirit of eternal youth.

Her father was Mr. Joseph Lewis, one-time multi-millionaire. One of the South African diamond firm of Lewis and Marks, he was known as "Diamond Joe."

Second Marriage

SHE was first married at the age of seventeen to Capt. Jack Barnato, R.A.F. He died a year later, and four years afterwards, in 1922, came her wedding to Lord Plunket. They have three sons, the eldest of whom is now at Eton, and inherits the title.

She was interested in flying, in speed, in prize fights, and was a brilliant dancer, often giving exhibition dances for charity affairs in the West End.

Her husband was an ambitious portrait painter and caricaturist, and had exhibited his work frequently in London.

Their deaths took place in the midst of holiday gaiety, as they were flying from Los Angeles to Mr. Randolph Hearst's ranch at St. Simeon, two hundred miles from the city, in a privately chartered plane.

They were thirty-eight and thirty-nine years old, respectively . . . too young to die.

. . . your Easter Frocks are easily made on the "BARKLY"

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VIENNA—*the* CITY *of* MUSIC *and* SONG

Life in Strauss Waltz Time

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH,

Representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, who visited Vienna during her recent trip to England and Europe.

Vienna, lovely city of gay romance and laughter, of music and song. I wonder how it is faring to-day?

When I saw it less than six months ago, it was still a city of dreams, the gayest capital in Europe.

THE TRADITIONAL spirit of gaiety is shown in this picture of Viennese disporting themselves in national dress. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were among the first to adopt similar attire when visiting Austria.

THE gaiety of the Viennese is traditional, and I found life there flowing to the lilt of a dreamy Strauss waltz.

If the Viennese have troubles they do not show them.

Nobody wears a heart on the sleeve, and everybody seems to live for the day and the joy it can bring.

With Paris and Rome, Vienna forms the trinity of cities which are identified with art, philosophy, and science throughout the history of Europe's culture.

The music of Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn, and Liszt is the glorious accompaniment to the drama of Austria's history.

The lilting waltzes of Strauss are so truthfully the expression of Vienna's romantic atmosphere that it is difficult to know whether Vienna made Strauss or Strauss made Vienna.

In modern times, following a long line of distinguished philosophers, Sigmund Freud, explorer of the subconscious and pioneer of psychoanalysis, discovered sex-appeal even before Elinor Glyn.

In the world of the theatre, Vienna has given the world singers, actresses, screen stars, and ballerinas.

Street of Glamor

MARCH is a picturesque month in Vienna. The last of the winter snow makes a fairyland of the great baroque palaces and Gothic spires.

An exhilarating breeze from the snow-covered mountain tops adds a rosy glow to the glorious complexions of the Viennese women, under their little fur caps.

In the Ring, the glorious sweep of wide roads that encircles the city through a belt of parks and gardens, tiny sprigs of first spring-green are showing on the old, old trees.

Hundreds of people skate in the open-air skating rinks, and every Sunday there are exciting sleigh races in the snow in a section of the Ring.

Industrial Austria is working at high-pressure preparing for the great trade fair held in March every year, when buyers from all over the world come to see the very individual fashions, the suits, frocks, hats, handbags and accessories that add bright color to department stores in every country.

The Kartneering is Vienna's Park Lane, the luxury street of the city.

It's a street of glamor where visiting millionaires sit at the outdoor cafe tables chewing their cigars, and screen stars pass by followed by admiring glances, and Duchesses step out of enormous cars with their pet dogs, their uniformed chauffeurs, and their colorful luggage in their wake.

Live Gracefully

NO one is rich in Austria, but Austrians are a cultured, well-educated people, and their daily life is a lesson in graceful living.

They eat good food and drink good wine, and in the evenings in the cafes and night clubs they are to be found in their hundreds.

In spite of its huge tourist traffic, Vienna's night life is not a costly entertainment. In the night clubs frequented by the Viennese themselves you can see a two or three-hour floor show as entertaining as any in the great vaudeville theatres of the world for the price of a bottle of wine—about four or five shillings.

Everyone who can find a job works in Vienna.

One-time Countesses work in frock shops, and handsome young Princes, the glories of their houses departed, work in diplomatic offices or act as guides in the tourist agencies.

Because everyone works, many families live in huge blocks of flats, with community services that sprang up during the Dolfuss regime. But there are others who cling to the spacious splendor of a more spectacular epoch.

I visited a Countess, whose husband holds a minor diplomatic post, in her home on the leafy outskirts of the city. To a visitor from a young country, it seemed almost theatrical in its richness.

The huge pillared reception room was panelled in crimson velvet, the furniture upholstered in purple, fur rugs made islands on the mirror shine on the parquet floor, and framed in the long windows were peacocks mincing past on terraced lawns.

But the Countess herself had prepared the meal for her guests, removing her gay apron and giving her perfectly-groomed blonde hair a final pat into place just before the first of the guests arrived.

In spite of their comparative poverty, the Viennese women are probably the best-groomed in Europe, and Vienna, even more than Paris, is the home of the "little black frock."

Nearly all of them blondes, their hair shines with good grooming, and their hair styles are very personal, rather than standardised.

Deeply Religious

THOUGH black is almost uniform at night, their frocks are designed individually, and they express their personalities in their accessories and the chic little black hats perched on their blonde curls.

It is typical of the Austrians that, in spite of their revolt against Imperial rule, they take a tremendous pride in the Empire's history, and the treasures in music, painting, sculpture and architecture that it left behind.

Many of the local population are to be found among the tourists from all parts of the world who visit the Imperial Palace, the Summer Palace at Schonbrunn, the magnificent National Theatre and the Opera House.

A deeply-religious people, Austrians visit their churches regularly. At any hour of the day in the stained-glass gloom of the twelfth century St. Stefan's Church you will find housewives with their market baskets beside them, children, old men, working men and working girls at services at the different shrines.

Otherwise there is gaiety everywhere, and in Vienna you can sit for hours reading the world's newspapers and listening to stringed orchestras for the modest price of a cup of coffee with two inches of cream on the top.

And there is singing and dancing in the heurigers—the old wine taverns on the slopes round Vienna—at Grinzing, Sievering, Dornbach—where the vines grow right to the door, and visitors drink heady, old wine.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor have helped to build up the popularity of Austria as a tourist resort.

For several years the Duke has visited the snowfields of Kitsbuhel and Innsbruck for winter sports, and both he and the Duchess were among the first visitors to "go native" in the gay peasant dress of Austria.

SHEARER'S REMARKABLE CURE

"Twenty years' torture from Rheumatism was ended by R.U.R.," writes Mr. P. S. Byfield, The Cedars, Casilla, N.S.W. "Shearing wet sheep brought on Rheumatism of the most severe kind and only your Remedy could cure me." R.U.R. Rheumatic Remedy is sold with genuine money-back guarantee certificate by All Branches of W. H. Soul, Pattinson & Co., all Chemists, and Moran and Cato's Stores. Ask for FREE book.

Lady Ruth says

"You'll like the comfort of this Practical Front . . ."

HERE is a corset that doesn't ride up, but stays in place until you take it off. The elastic inner belt is further reinforced by adjustable front lacing, and round the waist there is a comfortable elastic section which ensures snug fitting. Gives medium hip control to sizes 22-30. No. 1420.

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What Women Are Doing

Warden at Work

MISS THORA HAWKES, of Melbourne, the newly-appointed Warden of the University Settlement, Sydney, went into residence at the Settlement House, Chippendale, last week and is already immersed in her new duties. Miss Hawkes is a nurse, having trained at the Royal Melbourne Hospital, and has organising and administrative abilities that will be of value to her in her work, which is largely connected with the mothers' clubs and children's clubs organised by the Settlement.

✦ ✦ ✦

Sampling National Dishes In Each Country

ON a visit to Australia is Mrs. Agnes O'Dea, one of the pioneer dietitians of the United States.

Mrs. O'Dea —Broothorn.

Mrs. O'Dea comes from New York City, and is travelling round the world, and in each country hopes to sample national dishes and discover how they are made.

She trained as a dietitian at the Columbia University, at Simmons College, Boston, and at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana. The four-year course includes an internship of from six months to a year at a hospital recommended by the American Dietetic Association, of which Mrs. O'Dea is a member. The Association inspects the hospitals to see if they are up to the required standard and can give a student full practical training after she has taken her B.Sc. degree at College.

For seven years Mrs. O'Dea was chief dietitian at the John Hopkins Hospital in Boston. She then went to New York to be organiser of the Fifth Avenue Hospital, the first hospital to undertake central service of food.

With a staff of students to assist her, she worked there for some years.

Now a consulting dietitian, she has organised diet kitchens and staffs for numerous New York hospitals, and students from various parts of the world who go to New York hospitals to study have also come under her supervision.

✦ ✦ ✦

Supervises Felling of Her Forest Trees

AS her winter home is situated in the middle of a forest in Central Sweden, Baroness Hedwig Rappe, who is at present visiting Australia, has many interesting hobbies. Her chief winter occupation lies in personally supervising the felling of her forest trees, and overseeing the planting of new ones.

Baroness Rappe

Cooking and domestic science are branches of learning that every woman in Sweden pursues, according to the Baroness. The social status of a domestic worker is much higher there than in many other countries, and many women will take a position in a big home as a sort of apprenticeship, before they are ready to run their own homes. Swedish girls live a very simple life and take a great pride in their work. As a result of this one may find the homes in Sweden among the cleanest and most comfortable in the world.

The Baroness, who is accompanied by her son, Baron Caei Predrik Rappe, travelled to Australia by the Orcades, disembarking at Adelaide to stay with Miss Olive Moller and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Moller, of Glenelg. Miss Moller was also a passenger by the Orcades, after spending more than four years in Sweden.

Treasury Official

FOR the first time in Great Britain, a woman, Miss Myra Curtis, has been appointed Assistant-Secretary at the Treasury. The appointment carries with it the directorship of women's establishments in the Civil Service, which has hitherto been a special "women's post" of much honor, but lying outside the recognised line of promotion to the highest offices.

Miss Curtis has already held several important posts in the Civil Service. Women's organisations in England are rejoicing over her new appointment as it is a striking example of the process of equalising men and women officials, which has been going on since the Government accepted a Royal Commission's recommendation of "fair play and no favor" for women in the Civil Service.

Sydney Girl Masseuse at Hobart Hospital

MISS BETTY WHITE, of Wollongong, New South Wales, who has just graduated in massage at the University of Sydney, has accepted an appointment as masseuse at the Hobart Hospital, Tasmania. Miss White, who was educated at Santa Sabina College, Sydney, will take up her new duties at once.

A keen tennis player, another of her hobbies is painting. She is a clever water-colorist.

✦ ✦ ✦

Has Won Coveted Blue Cord For Guiding

NEWS has been received from England that Miss Jean Wood, a South Australian Guider who is at present in England, has been awarded the blue cord diploma, a coveted honor among all Guides. Miss Wood was one of the five Guides chosen to represent South Australia at the Coronation Camp last year, and later she attended a world camp in Norway.

Miss J. Wood

Selected to try for her blue cord—this test is only open to those especially chosen to take it—Miss Wood spent a week at Foxlease doing numerous tests in both the practical and the theoretical sides of Guiding, and was successful in them all. Before leaving for England Miss Wood was in charge of the Guide Company at Woodlands Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Glenelg, and she plans to return to South Australia at the end of April.

✦ ✦ ✦

Takes Portable Piano on Tour

MISS URSULA MALKIN, the Canadian pianist, who will shortly complete her tour of Australia with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, always takes along a portable piano for practising on when she is touring.

Well known throughout Canada as a broadcasting artist, Miss Malkin's home is in Vancouver, and her musical studies have been done there and in Vienna, where she spent two years. Before returning to Canada Miss Malkin will spend a holiday in the Western Districts of Victoria.

✦ ✦ ✦

Two Hundred Signed C.W.A. Visitors' Book

THERE is widespread regret in the ranks of the Country Women's Association in Tasmania at the news that the State president, Mrs. W. C. J. Peart, will shortly leave Tasmania to reside at St. Arnaud, Victoria. Mrs. Peart was the first president of the association in Tasmania, and with her knowledge of the C.W.A. work in Victoria she was able to pilot the organisation to its present success.

The need met by the C.W.A. restroom has been demonstrated by the use made of it by members, including country visitors, during the three months it has been open, and many expressions of appreciation for the accommodation provided have been received by the committee.

Probably not nearly all those who call at the room sign the visitors' book, but more than 200 have done so already, including visitors from Kalgoorlie, West Australia, and the northern towns of Queensland.

Lecturing About Her Social Work

DUE to arrive in South Australia on March 19, Miss Evelyn Gedge is to address three meetings at the Adelaide University. At a meeting of University women, Miss Gedge will speak on "Indian Women in the New India," and her address to the Political Science and International Relations Club is entitled "Third Class Across Europe."

She will also speak to the Adelaide members of the Student Christian Movement, which organisation has undertaken to arrange the programme for her tour of Australia. Miss Gedge, who is a Bachelor of Music, has travelled extensively in Europe and has done social work in India and Rumania.

She was connected with the missionary settlement of university women at Bombay for over twenty years, and more recently has been working among the Jewish children in Bucharest.

✦ ✦ ✦

Chosen From Applicants From All Over Australia

CHOSEN from applicants from all parts of the Commonwealth, Sister Dorothy Sneyd has been appointed by the Mothers and Babies' Health Association of South Australia as matron of its new infant welfare training school, now under construction at South Terrace, Adelaide.

Although she will not go into residence at the training school until the middle of August, Sister Sneyd will be on hand to assist the association's committee with details about equipment and construction.

Sister Sneyd did her general and midwifery training in Adelaide, and has since been connected with the Tresillian Mothercraft Hospitals in Sydney, first at Petersham and more recently as senior sister at the Vaucluse Hospital. She returned to her home in Adelaide early this year after four and a half years in New South Wales.

✦ ✦ ✦

Has Seen a Great Deal of the World

VARIETY has been the lot in life of Miss E. Bishop. Always fond of travel, Miss Bishop, who is an Englishwoman, saw a great deal of the world during the war as a nurse on hospital ships. She trained at the Dunedin Hospital, New Zealand, and soon after war was declared joined up with the New Zealand Army Nursing Services for hospital ship duty.

Miss Bishop —Sidney Riley.

After the war Miss Bishop went to Samoa as matron of the Samoan Government Hospital. An interesting part of her work there was training Samoans for medical work in villages which had no other medical service. Miss Bishop found the natives good students and very fond of study.

Later, Miss Bishop joined the Colonial Nursing Service in Rhodesia, and went to Tanganyika, where she worked among Europeans and also had native patients. At present Miss Bishop is in Queensland, in charge of the boys at St. Christopher's Lodge, Brooklands, a job she finds interesting and quite different from anything she has previously done.

Coaching Others To Be Champions

MISS MABEL SPRINGFIELD, of Brisbane, who was swimming champion of Queensland for over 16 years, is now coaching others to be champions. Her experience, allied to her study of the art of present day swimming, is of great value to her pupils. This has been proved by Iris Tubman, who, at 14 years of age, is Australia's junior champion.

Miss Springfield —Dorothy Coleman

Miss Springfield was in charge of the women's section of the Australian Olympic team to the Olympic Games in Amsterdam and to the Tailtea Games in Ireland in 1928.

During these tours she was able to study the technique of such swimmers as Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, and D. Schrader. Besides taking a limited number of private pupils Miss Springfield teaches at several State schools in Brisbane, and also at Somerville House.

✦ ✦ ✦

Bringing Joy Into Lives of Crippled Children

INAUGURATED under the auspices of the extension branch of the Girl Guide Movement, and the Society for Crippled Children, in Victoria, the newly-formed Craft Club is doing a very necessary and splendid work in providing creative activity to many crippled and physically handicapped young people.

Miss Cynthia Wettenhall is hon. secretary of the club, and has a committee of seven enthusiastic members with headquarters at the Primrose Pottery Shop, Little Collins St., Melbourne.

Voluntary work is being done by a group of young people who give up their time to visit the children in private houses, and occasionally institutions, to teach them the various crafts.

Some of the children are already quite skilled workers, and the club hopes that eventually they will be able to go on to outside jobs. In cases where a child shows special promise, the club arranges to have it attend either part or full-time classes at a technical college, and if necessary will arrange for transport to and from the college.

Sang Contralto Lead in New London Opera

SUCCESS in her musical career in England is being achieved by Miss Diana Herring, of Sydney. She made a successful appearance in the leading contralto role in Vaugham Williams' new opera, "Riders of the Sea," recently produced in London.

Last year Miss Herring took the degree of Academician of the Royal College of Music for singing and the piano, and has also won an opera scholarship.

With Mr. Hugh McLean, a young Australian violinist, she gave a concert in London a short time ago. Miss Herring, who is the daughter of General and Mrs. Sidney Herring, shares a flat in London with another Sydney girl, Miss Vera Blackburn, who is studying art.

✦ ✦ ✦

Studied Home Science in America

A NEW ZEALANDER, Miss Lorna Orr Campbell, recently took up the position as senior assistant at the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy, Melbourne. Miss Campbell completed the Home Science Course at Otago University, N.Z., and spent a year at International House, Chicago, learning how the Americans solve the problem of institutional management.

She then made a tour of America and Canada, visiting many large institutions and catering establishments.

✦ ✦ ✦

Ex-students Present Gymnasium to School

IN commemoration of the jubilee year of the school, ex-students of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Croydon, N.S.W., have presented a gymnasium, and the equipment for it, to the school. Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor of New South Wales, officially opened the gymnasium, which was presented, on behalf of ex-students, by Mrs. Clive Inglis, and accepted by Mr. Frank Thompson, chairman of the college council.

The ceremony took place on "Jersey Day," held each year at the school in commemoration of the opening of the new school building in 1891 by the Countess of Jersey. Congratulatory messages received from all over the world and from all parts of Australia included a cable from the Dowager Countess of Jersey.

An interesting visitor was Miss Frances Fraser, first lady superintendent of the P.L.C., who came from Melbourne to be present.

Sour Temper or Sour Stomach

The wretchedness of continued stomach trouble has its reaction on the temper. Nerves get frayed by the pain and misery. Petty annoyances, which would be borne with patience by healthy individuals, seem unendurably irritating.

The time has come to put a stop to the cause of this wretchedness. De Witt's Antacid Powder will not only give *instant* relief to your unhealthy stomach, but will also go right to the cause, and remedy it.

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Other ingredients in this remarkable powder tone up the whole digestive system. Once again you can digest with comfort the whole of the nutritious elements of the food you eat; you enjoy your food, and your outlook on life becomes immeasurably more pleasant.

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The Australian Women's Weekly Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, March 23.—11.45 a.m.: Serial, "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, March 24.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, March 25.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, March 26.—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Louis Levy and his Gaumont British Orchestra and Hildegarde (vocalist.)

SUNDAY, March 27.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Gladys Moncrieff. 6.10 p.m.: Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Alexander Kipnis (bass.)

MONDAY, March 28.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, March 29.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

RADIO *Story-teller Tells* HIS STORY

People Like Sincerity

Everyone loves a good story, and the housewife, after she packs the kiddies off to school, finds a story on the radio an ideal break in the routine of housework and an inspiration that lingers throughout the day.

A STORY over the air must be told well to carry conviction to the thousands of unseen listeners.

Mr. Ellis Price, 2GB story-teller, has the gift of narration which makes a good story better in the telling.

"With a varied experience of all types of radio entertainment," said Mr. Ellis Price, "I have a greater affection for the story-telling session than any other, because I think a story is so intensely human. There is nothing synthetic about it, as there is about acting.

"You certainly have to introduce flashes of histrionic ability into a story, and the better you are able to do this the better your story will go over, but the essential thing in telling a story is sincerity.

"A story such as one would select for a radio audience generally is about people that you really meet, while naturally in radio plays characters are dramatised or caricatured just sufficiently to carry them outside the orbit of absolute plausibility, but whatever the characterisation one puts into a story it still remains quite normal.

"The idiosyncrasies of a character may be magnified, but not exaggerated, and I do believe that most listeners find in the majority of stories something that very nearly touches their own lives."

Mr. Price said he gathered from the letters he received that there is an intimacy in story-telling, a more evident connecting link between the story-teller and the listener than exists in any other type of entertainment.

ELLIS PRICE, 2GB story-teller, who says that sincerity is the first essential of the radio tale.

"Quite recently," said Mr. Price, "I read a story over the air about a husband and wife who thoroughly misunderstood each other. As a matter of fact it was quite a humorous story.

"I received a letter from a lady who said that she and her husband had listened to this story and for the first time for many years their sense of humor bridged a gap that was ever widening between them.

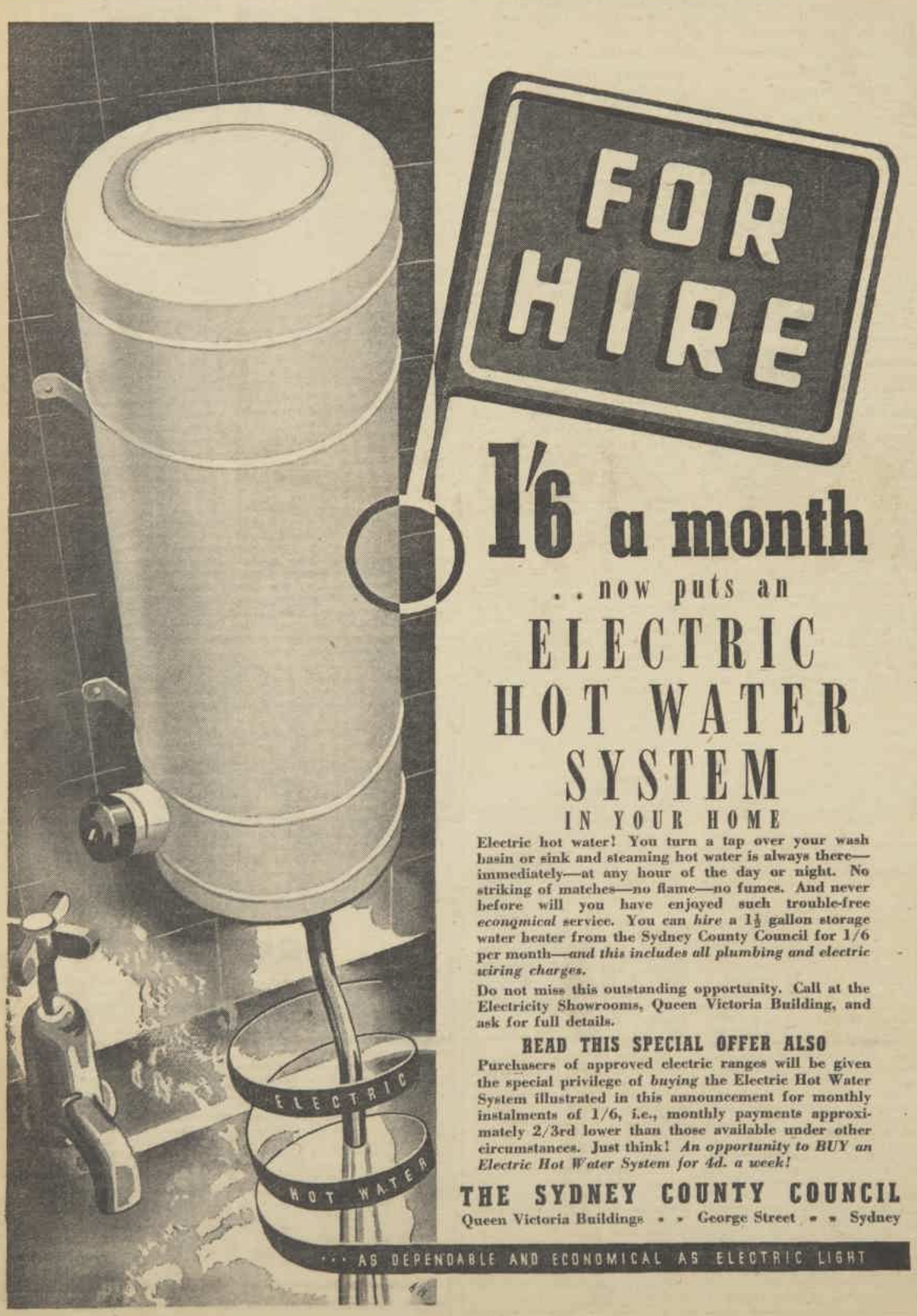
"After a hearty laugh they compared themselves to the characters in the story, saw how ridiculous their attitude to each other was, and felt that henceforth they would be much better pals."

It is quite easy to conceive the gratification of receiving a letter like that, but all letters point to the fact that the stories have an intimate and personal appeal to the listeners which takes them beyond the realms of ordinary entertainment.

In addition to the story told by Ellis Price at 9.30 each morning, Monday to Friday, from 2GB, he devotes a quarter of an hour to a session conducted for the older folk.

"The nicest thing that has happened to me in connection with this," he said, "is a letter received from Mrs. A. Stevens, whose late husband, Captain Stevens, had won such a large and affectionate following in a similar session.

"Mrs. Stevens wrote wishing me luck and telling me what happiness it gave her to think that a great friend of her late husband was going to take up the work that he was so fond of."



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Intimate Jottings by Caroline

DID YOU KNOW—

That Ada is a much-favored name in the MacCormick family. It is Lady MacCormick's christian name, and now it is chosen for the Malcolm MacCormicks' new baby. Ada is also the name of Sir Alexander's yacht that he sailed during his recent stay in Sydney.

Smart Fashions in Country

IT'S not a bit of use imagining that your latest models from a big city will cause a sensation at picnic race meetings. You can be quite sure that the newest fashion fancies will be parading the courses well ahead of you. At the recent meeting at Yass, winter fashions were well ahead of schedule, and wearers extremely smart, though a trifle warm.

Margaret Mack, very smart in brown tweeds, and Gordon Triggs, whose engagement was recently announced, were congratulated by many country friends who had not seen them since hearing good news. President Mr. Ernest Merriman and Mrs. Merriman had cheery greetings for all visitors and entertained in lavish fashion at luncheon and tea parties.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Newmarch are down from the Northern Territory and are staying with Mrs. Newmarch, sen., at Rose Bay. Johnny has spent many hours flying with the "Flying Doctor," Clyde Fenton, and is now putting in the necessary hours to gain his certificate in Sydney.

* * *

Booked for India

HERSEY BROOKES, of Melbourne, is tripping off again to the other side. She intends visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Bessemer Clark, in London in August. She also has a date to stay in India with Betty Lawrence, of Melbourne, whose marriage to Denis Doxford will take place in Bombay quite soon.

* * *

Sunday, April 3, has been chosen for the afternoon party on board the Empress of Britain. Guests are invited to go on board at Woolloomooloo, and Captain W. G. Bush-Wood will do the honors.

* * *

Appeal for Children

IN full swing is the £10,000 appeal for the Children's Hospital. The Shipping Ball held on board the Show Boat on Thursday night was one of the many parties arranged for the good cause.

The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Norman Nock, is arranging an afternoon tea and mannequin parade at the Trocadero on April 6, and Dot Browne is putting her energies into organising yet another dance on board the Show Boat, on Wednesday. A parade of lovely ladies wearing sumptuous furs will be a feature of this party.

* * *

Bridesmaid from Sydney

BETTY HAGON will leave for Melbourne in plenty of time to attend the pre-wedding parties for Saidie Saddler.

Saidie will be married to Ross Ramsay Piggin on April 16 at All Saints' St. Kilda, and Betty will be one of the four bridesmaids. Betty and the bride were school chums at Ascham.

* * *

Red Cross Festivity

RED frocks and white frocks will predominate at the dance to take place on board the Narkunda at the end of the month. A prize will be given for the loveliest. The committee has Lady Street as president, Lady Owen, honorary secretary, and Lady Gordon and Mrs. Penfold Hyland as strong support.

Red Cross will benefit and the organisers are trusting to the "box-office" appeal of dancing at sea to swell the coffers of their pet charity.

* * *

On the Way Home

MRS. MINTON TAYLOR gave a large bridge party at the Queen Mary Club, Hobart, to bid farewell to her many Tasmanian friends last week. She sailed in the Orontes for Melbourne, and will remain in Victoria some weeks visiting country friends before returning to her home in Sydney.

Vice-Regal Tours

THE Governor-General and Lady Gowrie leave this Tuesday on the Nieuw Zeeland for Java, where they will be ceremoniously received by representatives of the Dutch Government. From Java they will fly to Allahabad, and travel by car to Jodhpur, where they will spend a week with their son, Pat Hore-Ruthven, who is with his regiment in India.

Lord Wakehurst, too, is doing a great deal of travelling at present. He is visiting country districts by train and car. He arrived back from Albury on Saturday and left again for the Anniversary Celebrations at Bathurst on Sunday.

A RECENT STUDY of Mrs. Eric Erle Smith, formerly Miss Peggy Ross Nott, who has come from her home, Indooroopilly, Queensland, for a short stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Nott, Bickley, Strathfield. —Poulsen.

Honeymoon in Sydney

VERY attractive was Mrs. P. R. Jackson when she stepped ashore on Thursday from the Narkunda. Her white linen suit was worn with a pale blue blouse, which toned with the gay peasant kerchief on her head.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, who are on their honeymoon, are at the Hotel Australia while in Sydney. Hobart was their last port of call, and Perth is their home.

Music Week Pageantry

I DO think Roland Foster piloted the Music Week Pageant most successfully through its first matinee on Wednesday.

Dressed in heavy red velvet robes and a quaint black velvet cap trimmed with jet, Mr. Foster gave a running commentary of the musical history of the State, in between the scenes on the stage.

Among the many well-known musicians who appeared in the different scenes were Frederick Hyde, who took the role of Governor Bligh at Sydney's first Musical "At Home." Margaret Chalmers in the same act, who played splendid accompaniments on a very modern piano; Heather Kinnaird, Godfrey Stirling, Gwladys Evans, and Raymond Beatty.

* * *

Sailing for England

WINIFRED CHANNON and Rev. Alan Walker have planned their marriage for this Saturday at the Methodist Church, Hornsby. The couple will sail in the Esperance Bay a week later for England, where they intend to spend a year.

It is an interesting coincidence that the mother of Joan Bryant, one of the bridesmaids, acted as bridesmaid for Winifred's mother in the same church thirty years ago.

* * *

Marie de Launay, who recently announced her engagement to Sidney Cross, is the guest of Sheila Pring at Woollahra. Both girls are helping with the organisation of the cocktail dance to take place at Elizabeth Bay House this Friday in aid of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution.

* * *

Week-end Entertainment

MUSICAL and artistic events entertained us at the week-end. Dino Borgioli sang lovely operatic arias with orchestral accompaniments to a distinguished audience at the Town Hall on Friday. Lady Gowrie was present with a Vice-Regal party.

The following night Lauri Kennedy appeared with the Sydney Symphony orchestra in the Saint-Saens Cello Concerto, also at the Town Hall.

Mrs. Hubert Fairfax opened an interesting Group Exhibition of pictures at the Grosvenor Galleries on Friday afternoon. Eliotb Gruner, Hans Heysen, James Jackson, Robert Johnson and Margaret Preston were among the artists represented on the walls.

Claire Pitman's Plans

MRS. LANCE PITMAN (still Claire McMahon to Sydney friends) was so disappointed that her mother is not able to go to England to see her this year that she has decided to come out here in a few months' time for a short stay.

Claire, you remember, was married in London shortly after the Coronation festivities to Colonel Pitman, a cousin of Lady Murray Anderson.

Claire's flat at Chelsea, overlooking the Thames and Chelsea Reach, has a magnificent view. One day, Claire tells me, she counted sixty-three white swans gracefully wending their way along the river.

* * *

Vida Ross and Margaret Waterhouse have returned home full of enthusiasm for New Zealand, where they have spent the past month.

* * *

Shearing Shed Frolic

EDGAR ROFE and Dr. Billy MacDonald recently spent a few days with the Duncan Sinclairs at Fraser's Creek. They were present at a sports meeting held on the station in aid of a local philanthropic venture and had the best of good times.

They entered for most of the events and collected several prizes. Jessie Stirton, crack equestrienne, was another member of the house party.

Great fun was had in the shearing shed at the Grand Ball held at the conclusion of the sports.

* * *

Invitations are out for the marriage of Evelyn Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall, of Dulwich Hill, and Senor Franco Izal, at St. Stephen's Church, on April 9. The reception will be held at the Forum Club.

* * *

Motored Across World

WITHIN the last six months "Cam" Cameron and "Cappy" Kidd have motored across the world and are at present in Sydney enjoying a well-earned rest. They have had all sorts of adventures, and met a host of entertaining people.

They stayed ten days in Northern India and were entertained by Dorei Rajah of Pudakota, brother-in-law of the former Mollie Fink, of Melbourne. They went big game hunting in Ceylon, but used their camera instead of a gun when their prey came in sight.

The motorists had more punctures crossing Australia than during the rest of their travels, which included tours of Europe Syria, Palestine, Arabia and India.

* * *

Tasmanian Holiday

SIR MUNGO AND LADY MacCALLUM were guests of honor at a recent large afternoon party given by Mrs. Hungerford at Hathaway House, Holebrook Place, Hobart. The MacCallums are very well known in Tasmania, as they make for the Fern Tree each year to spend the summer months.

* * *

Keen on Racing

THE Governor's daughter, Henrietta Loder, just loves a day's racing, and is very much at home on our courses.

At a recent meeting, Henrietta spent very little time with the Vice-Regal party, so engrossed was she with her own sporting ventures in the ring.

Henrietta is an all-round sport and likes a spot of tennis-playing and swimming whenever she has a spare minute.

* * *

I LIKE—

The immaculate white linen suits that Colonel Moore Cosgrove wears to cocktail parties.

The cockade of black and yellow coq feathers worn in the front of a smart black breton hat by Mrs. Cyril Shepherd.

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

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Conducted by .. LESLIE HAYLEN

"THE RAINS CAME" to India . . . and brought rebirth of a nation. That is the theme of Louis Bromfield's magnificent novel.

"THE RAINS CAME" is a story of which no swashbuckling Clive or magnificent Lawrence is the hero, no English woman pining in the vapors of Bombay the heroine. It is a story of India . . . India is the theme, plot, hero, almost author. Louis Bromfield, American, is the creator.

There is something more than drama in the title. Here is the epic of the rains as Bromfield tells it: "The branches of the mango trees whipped black against the wild glare of the lightning, and the water fell in torrents on to the parched thirsty earth. To-morrow it will be green again, miraculously green with the miracle of the monsoon . . .

"It was like being reborn. The weariness went suddenly out of his soul." And so you see an Indian monsoon bring a great and burning baptism to a State, its rulers, its people, and the stranger within its gates.

Some of the men and women of "The Rains Came" are reborn only in death.

Ranchipur, a native Indian State, is presented in the glare of its summer sun, in the torrential downfall of its monsoonal rains, in the throes of the great flood which follows the bursting of its Great Tank, in all the horror of disease and death which follow the flood.

An Era Crumbles

THERE is something symbolic in the bursting of the dam. It had been built by a rascally Swiss engineer to mark the march of Indian progress, and it represented the taking up of the white man's burden just as much as the iron statue of Queen Victoria on the bridge over the river did.

The dam, badly built, burst, and in this breakdown of the vaunted civilisation which was the white man's gift to India an era crumbles.

You envisage the Maharanee, cynical widow of the native ruler, rebuilding a new Ranchipur on the muddy ruins of the old. Her instruments not the might of England and the sword of Christian righteousness.

In the flood or the earthquake which preceded it, or the pestilences which succeeded it, perished Major-General Agate, the representative of the might of England, and most of his staff. . . perished also Simon, American Baptist missionary, representative of Christian righteousness.

The material the ageless Maharanee finds at her hand with which to refashion her world seems perhaps poor enough stuff . . .

Ransome, divorcee, drunkard, debauchee, remittance man, once English, once American, but now not even cosmopolitan, just a cynic and a defeatist.

Lady Heston, whose dying husband's last act was to list a dozen or so of her lovers . . . Major Safka, by way of contrast.

Aunt Phoebe, from Iowa, young at 82, aunt of the little mission schoolmaster Smiley, who has been spending his days and nights teaching the untouchables.

Heat-stricken Land

FERN SIMON, film-struck daughter of the Baptist missionary, whose love for the dissolute Ransome transforms her into a woman with a purpose, and her outlook on life into a genuine altruism in high and striking contrast with the utterly selfish flapperishness of her previous existence.

You are shown the unlovely life of Ranchipur in the sweltering heat of its summer; the suburban outlook of its few foreigners—missionaries, officials, hospital workers, and teachers. The class-hates, caste-hates, creed-hates and race-hates which entrammel its entire population, European, American, and Asiatic.

Into this melee are projected Lord Heston, a self-made industrial English peer . . . ruthless and utterly sealed against any idea but that of making money.

He is a commercial traveller transformed into a newspaper magnate and an armament king, a millionaire childishly indignant because a Maharaja won't sell him a couple of horses.

His wife, Lady Heston, once a poor little society beauty . . . is a post-war neurotic.

Contrasted with the figures from another civilisation and the Oriental magnificence of the Maharaja's entourage is the grinding poverty of India, with its reeking filth and disease which Imperialism and righteousness have alike failed to alleviate.

When "the rains came," Lord Heston died of plague.

Ransome, who had been indifferent to the importunities of Fern, the missionary's daughter . . . whose sole ambition was to get out of the place . . . sees a new and better side to her.

Rebuilding Ruins

THE Maharanee, with cold, assessing eye, quickly sums up all the survivors, separating the sheep from the goats, shipping off the useless to safety and civilisation, retaining the rest as rebuilders.

It is the bursting of the dam which at once makes and mars all the characters in the story and silhouettes Indian and European alike in the white light of a lightning flash.

"The dam had been in a way a kind of symbol, the symbol of Oriental faith in Occidental practical achievement and honesty, organisation and superiority, a faith which, like the dam itself, had long since cracked and fallen."

They may rebuild their Ranchipur, but in the end will they not be defeated by India herself, India the continent, the unconquerable?

But if India is unconquerable, so is this amazing woman, the Maharanee, "The last Queen."

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VOTE COUNTRY PARTY

(Authorised by E. J. Munro, General Secretary, United Country Party, Bridge Street, Sydney.

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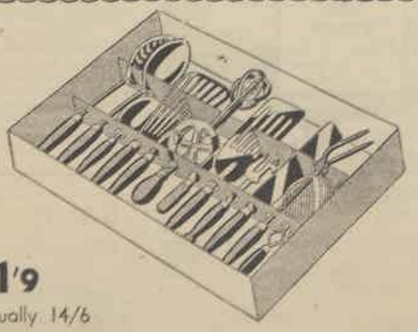

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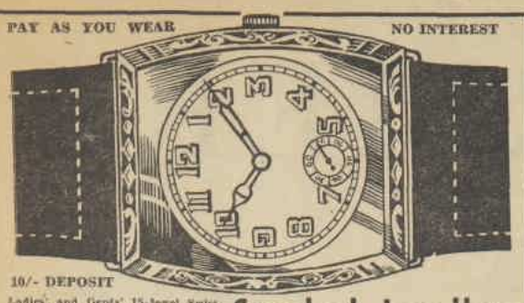

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AN INFORMAL STUDY of Alexander Kipnis, the famous singer engaged by the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

FAMOUS *Singer Here* THIS WEEK

MILDRED KIPNIS, wife of the singer, who is travelling with him on his Australian tour.

FOUR STUDIES of Kipnis in various operatic roles that express his amazing versatility.

Fate Turned His Steps From Vienna

ALEXANDER KIPNIS, one of the few world-famous bass singers to visit Australia, arrives in the Strathaird this week.

He is accompanied by his wife, who was formerly Mildred Levy, of Chicago, daughter of the noted pianist, Heniot Levy. Their young son, Igor, and a nurse accompany them.

Because the great singer prefers a quiet domestic life, the family will live in an apartment in Sydney.

If it had not been for four other famous artists who have visited Australia — Lotte Lehmann, Borgioli, Elisabeth Rethberg, and Ezio Pinza—Kipnis and his family might have been in Vienna at present, amid all its turmoil.

But at the Salzburg festival last year Lehmann and the others were so enthusiastic about Australia that Kipnis asked the Vienna State Opera to give him leave of absence from his three-year contract so that he could accept the Australian Broadcasting Commission's offer to tour Australia.

In the Balance

DESCRIBED as the finest bass singer in German opera, Kipnis is as well known on the concert platform as he is in opera.

Born in the Ukraine, on the borders of Russia, the son of poor parents, Kipnis studied as a youth at the Warsaw School of Music to become a conductor.

When he graduated he looked around for his chance as a conductor.

But it was discovered that he had the makings of a fine bass voice, and so, in spite of the terrific financial struggle during his music school years, he decided to become a singer.

Where to study was his next problem. Vienna or Berlin.

As he stood on the railway platform at Warsaw, fate decided for him. The Berlin express came in first, so he climbed aboard, carrying all his worldly possessions in a small suitcase.

Now at 42 his life is an annual luxury tour around the world from opera house to opera house—New York, Chicago, Covent Garden, La Scala, the Teatro Colon, at Buenos Aires, Vienna, Bayreuth and Salzburg.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

March 26, 1938. | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | Page One

Calling Australia

Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

Frances Guarded

FRANCES FARMER is one of the few movie stars who has made a hit this season in a Broadway play. She is appearing opposite Luther Adler in "Golden Boy," a play by Clifford Odets, the husband of Luise Rainer.

Six months ago, in Hollywood, Luther Adler caught sight of Frances Farmer and immediately decided he ought to know the girl. He arose and introduced himself to her. Now they are playing love scenes together nightly.

But Frances' husband, Leif Erikson, is also in the cast. He has a "walk-on" part, unlisted on the programme, merely to be near his wife.

Luise Rainer Wins

LUISE RAINER and M.-G.-M. bickered for a long time over their new contract, but it is signed up now and little Luise emerges the victor. Luise held out for permission to have five months off each year for a Broadway stage play. The studio hesitated because when a play proves a failure the star's stock goes down. However, Rainer won her point, and she is looking forward to doing a play written for her by her husband, Clifford Odets.

Welcome Home

HOLLYWOOD is making a great fuss over Richard Bartheimess and his wife, who are back in town after a year's absence. Mary Pickford threw an elaborate cocktail party in their honor — the most successful festivity of the week.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., was among the guests. He and his ex-stepmother have remained great friends.

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard gave an hilarious demonstration of "The Big Apple."

Harlow's Dressing-Room

JEAN HARLOW'S all-white dressing-room suite at the Metro studio has been unoccupied from her death until this month. Nearly all the M.-G.-M. stars have refused the suite. For film people, like stage people, are very superstitious.

But Margaret Sullavan, now back in Hollywood after temporary retirement, is about to use the suite.

● RUSSIAN SINGER MAKES HER BOW. Mara Losseff (top right), Russian singer-actress, is introduced to films by Jack Buchanan in "The Sky's the Limit," the second of the productions of his company. Jack plays an aeroplane-designer. Top left: David Hutcheson and Sara Allgood. Top centre: Mara Losseff and H. F. Maltby. Below left: Mara and Jack Buchanan. Below centre: Athene Seyler. Below right: Jack.

Joan Bennett May Wed

WALTER WANGER, one of Hollywood's most important producers, is being sued for divorce by his beautiful wife, Justine Johnstone, once glorified by Ziegfeld in his "Ziegfeld Follies." She is charging him with mental cruelty.

This means that the road to the altar will soon be cleared for Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, whose warm interest in each other has been well known for some time.

Having made all preparations for the divorce through her attorneys, Mrs. Wanger is leaving for a tour of South America. In recent years, she has lent her ardent support to scientific research in the field of cancer.

HEPBURN TURNS SWEET

● Katharine Hepburn has called off her long blood feud with the Press. Some ascribe the change to the sweetening influence of her friend, Ginger Rogers, her co-star in "Stage Door."

Katharine has promised that from now on she will grant interviews to certain specially selected pressmen. She has also promised that she will not hit them with tennis racquets.

Claire Luce's Hands

CLAIRE LUCE is currently teamed with Judy Kelly in London in a film version of "Over She Goes."

Since her laceration by the critics for her acting opposite Spencer Tracy in "Up the River," she has concentrated on improving the use of her hands.

To this end she was coached by the famous Indian dancer, Shan-Ka, who has been boosted by praise from Bernard Shaw.

The coaching is said to have improved her technique a great deal.

Fay Wray Seeks Divorce

FAY WRAY'S ten-year-old marriage has gone the way of Hollywood matches. John Monk Saunders, her author-husband, has been spending most of his time the last few years in England, so that he and Fay have seen very little of each other.

He wrote "Yank at Oxford," Robert Taylor's last picture, which was filmed in England.

It has been well known in Hollywood that Fay was very unhappy over the continued separation.

No plans for a divorce have been announced, but Fay is certain to take her troubles to court and to seek the custody of their child, Susan Cary.

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● THE Younger Set got together over a pumpkin-ice-cream-soda to celebrate Lana Turner's film contract. From the left: Anne Shirley, Carol Stone, Rosina Lawrence, Lana Turner, Vicki Lester, Natalie Draper.

HOLLYWOOD PARTIES

. . . Are Less Wild Than They Once Were, And Much More Glad To Be Photographed

● ABOVE: Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey, were guests of Jeanette MacDonald, at the Trocadero.

● LEFT: Two famous Bobs—Montgomery and Benchley—call a halt in the revels to wonder what on earth it is all about.

HOLLYWOOD parties! Echoes of them have been drifting, sometimes thundering, round the world ever since the village became a film capital.

For film-making has always been a high-tension business, and people in it have always tended to ease the strain at times by reckless celebration.

There is no doubt that the recklessness is nothing to what it was in the old days of the silent films.

To-day, the film city lets itself go in a more guarded way, usually with an eye on the business side. Even more important than having a good time is having a profitable time.

And that means meeting the people who can pull the wires to have your contract improved, or who can wangle you a big break of Press publicity.

Soup Gets Cold

IT'S not easy to be abandoned to the carnival mood when you are thinking hard about your salary.

Nor is it easy, moreover, when at any moment a cameraman is liable to jump from behind a bush. Not that cameras, candid or otherwise, are unwelcome—at the larger parties, anyhow.

A hostess here never worries much if the soup at her dinner-party gets

● By JOAN McLEOD from Hollywood ●

cold while the photographer arranges his flash bulbs.

One of the more blatant publicity tricks is sometimes played at fancy-dress parties, of which film people are extremely fond.

At these functions stars not infrequently turn up in costumes which they are wearing in their latest films.

Not long ago Virginia Bruce arrived at a frolic in an old-fashioned gown from Metro's "Bad Man of Brimstone." Unfortunately, the corsets were too tight, and after the first half-hour Virginia had to borrow pyjamas from her hostess to wear for the rest of the evening.

The ordinary snobberies of social life in other towns do not work out in Hollywood. Ancestry is not important. Even money is not important, except money made from films.

No, it certainly does not matter a hoot to Hollywood whether you are in the Social Register or not. What does matter is a film contract.

To be a member of Hollywood society a woman must have a film contract or a male friend who has one. And vice versa.

Society in other towns is largely run by and for the idle. But film society is essentially a society of workers.

As a rule parties here are of three distinct kinds. Cocktail parties, formal dinners or suppers, and big "binges," with plenty of fancy dress, fireworks, and candid photographers.

At the dinner-parties nobody is very interested in the food, which is usually much the same as it was last time. Chicken and green peas is the customary bill.

Champagne and whisky-and-soda are the dominating drinks. Flowers are more conspicuous for quantity than for taste.

Four Hours Late

THE organisation of these dinner-parties would cause any hostess of the old school to swoon. I mean the hostess who likes the gentlemen to escort the ladies in to dinner, in a courtly procession, and then to have a bishop say grace.

At a Hollywood dinner guests turn up anything to four hours late and each course is served to suit the convenience of each guest.

Most hard-working hosts in Hollywood for the bigger sort of "binge" are the Basil Rathbones.

Their celebration of their eleventh wedding anniversary was one of the most gilt-edged shows in recent local history. It was held at the Victor Hugo restaurant, and two rooms were draped entirely in wedding satin.

There were gasps when Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald entered as a gold-and-white Romeo and Juliet. Jeanette wore the gown that was used in Norma Shearer's film.

It was at one of the Rathbones' lawn parties that a photographer got a group picture of Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, and Jeanette MacDonald.

For the Rathbones belong to the most arty of Hollywood sets—the "opera crowd." Society in the celluloid village is broken up into sets and cliques of people who share hobbies.

The noisy night club set is mostly composed of radio stars who have only recently come into Hollywood and the big money, and have not got used to the feeling.

Ginger On Skates

IN the tennis set Ginger Rogers is prominent. With young socialite Alfred Vanderbilt she threw one of the town's most happily informal parties recently, when they hired the rollerdrome for an evening.

The guests all fell flat, but the party did not. Ginger herself fell down 17 times, and enjoyed herself more than anybody. Joan Crawford and Kay Francis slithered and whizzed through the most inelegant routines.

The Younger Set keeps very much to itself, and its amusements are mostly small parties in private homes.

Anita Louise, the Bill Henrys, Dixie Dunbar, Anne Shirley, the Dick Forans, Betty Grable, Jackie Cooper, Ida Lupino, and Louis Hayward are all in the gang.

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A Cowboy Went to Town

● And Gary Cooper Became as Smooth in the Parlor as He was Rugged on the Prairie.

By Jean Spaulding
from Hollywood

FROM two-gun rancher to urban hero, from man-about-cows to man-about-town — that was the strange transformation of Gary Cooper.

But few people would guess what the experience was that effected this change.

Something happened to Cooper that no other actor can parallel—he was diverted to indoor roles by a big-game hunting expedition.

In his early days in pictures Gary was an extra in westerns. Brought up on the plains of Montana, he took to the work easily. But he didn't make much headway for a year or so, till Sam Goldwyn picked him out of the crowd.

Then for years he was Paramount's prize cow hand. And didn't he look the part!

But round 1930 there was a slump in two-gun pictures. It looked as if the boot and saddle boys were headed for the last round-up.

At the box-office the days of the west were through, and the days of the east-side gangster were beginning.

Gary's future was not too reassuring when, in 1931, he went on his six-months' excursion to South Africa on the trail of the big game.

The leader of the party was Jerome Preston, a mighty hunter, who made it an iron rule that no animal might be shot until it was charging.

Veldt Matured Him

SO life on the veldt for those six months was hard and hair-raising. And it had a deep effect on Gary Cooper's character.

When he came home he had a background. The quiet strength of his manner was more marked. He was more independent, self-reliant, humorous—in a word, mature.

His new career in more polite roles began with "The Devil and the Deep," that fine film in which Charles Laughton first gripped the world public. Cooper, you remember, was the interloper who saved Tallulah Bankhead from an insane husband.

From that time Cooper's importance has increased steadily, until now he is one of the five most popular male stars in the world, according to statistics supplied by motion picture exhibitors.

He has been in that position since his biggest triumph, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

The days are past when his name figured in Hollywood's romantic gossip—but that does not seem to affect his status with the female fans.

Years ago he used to be a close friend of Lupe Velez, now Mrs. Johnny Weismuller.

The Countess Di Frasso, one of the film city's most famous hostesses, was also a playmate of Gary in his bachelor days. The Countess is an American-born member of the Italian aristocracy.

But since his marriage to Sandra Shaw, Gary has been a happy stay-at-home. The couple have a superb ranch-estate. Recently a daughter was born, and a deeply-devoted father has shown the keenest vigilance in keeping her out of the sight of photographers.

When Gary has finished his next two pictures, he and Sandra are going back to his beloved South Africa for a holiday. With them will be their chief friends, Cedric Gibbons, art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and his wife, Dolores Del Rio.

Stylish Acting

AS an actor Cooper is one of the great individual stylists.

A director knows that if he has a promising subject on hand Cooper is an actor who may be relied upon to lift it out of the ordinary.

He cannot make a bad picture good; but he can make a good picture great.

It has taken more than six-feet-three of lanky manhood and a charming smile to handle everything from "horse opera" to subtle comedy to grim melodrama with equal success.

He turned from romantic adventure in "Bengal Lancer" to comedy in "Mr. Deeds" and "Desire."

The "projection of one's own personality" is the major problem and secret of film acting.

Gary Cooper's technique, which has proven equally effective in all types of characterisations, is to simplify. His method of exaggeration is not to pile on the agony but to delete from a situation everything but the bare essentials—to pack his meaning into a few economic gestures.

He is not eager to hold the eye of the camera a second more than is absolutely necessary.

It is a technique which consists of under-emphasis and precise timing. It gives the impression of acting simply by virtue of a transparent integrity over which every shade of expression passes sensitively and as effortlessly as if we were watching the actor think.

Most of Hollywood's best actors employ a method which is, broadly speaking, similar to Cooper's.

Consider Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni, Fredric March, William Powell—they are widely different in other respects, but they are all very easy for directors to handle, because they have learnt the importance of economy.

Like those stars, Gary Cooper is more than a good actor. He is an extremely sensible man—a man who has his feet firmly planted on the ground, where the glamor of Hollywood can't sweep them from under him.

In fact, he detests glamor.

Recently, when I interviewed him on the set of "The Adventures of Marco Polo," he took glamor for a verbal ride. Somehow this word and its special cinematic meaning ruffles Gary's sensibilities.

"Glamor," he said, "is a phoney state of mind. I hate glamorous people; they annoy me for the simple reason that they are kidding themselves and expect everyone to believe they are not.

"This sounds like sour grapes, because no one has ever said I was a glamorous person. I'm not, and don't expect to be. I've had enough time to figure out this picture business and learn on which side my bread is buttered.

"You can take or leave this pet idea of mine, but those who need glamour the most are the beginners and the has-beens.

"The arithmetic of success demands that these people have it in liberal quantities. I can understand and approve that.

Hates Egotism

"BUT I don't like to see exaggerated airs and exploding egos in people who are already established. They owe too much of their success to the fans and producers who made their position possible.

"No player ever rises to prominence solely on his or her extraordinary talent. Players are moulded by forces other than themselves.

"They should remember this once they're established, and at least twice a week drop down on their knees and thank Providence for elevating them from cow ranches, shop counters, and bookkeeping desks."

Gary believes that too much glamor enslaves one much as does a drug.

"It's all right in liberal quantities to ease the pains of disillusionment during the beginning of a career, but it drugs the brain during success.

"How do I know? I sort of tried it once, and discovered in time how much of a fool I was making of myself."

And Gary slipped his legs more comfortably over the two chairs provided for his elongated comfort, pulled Marco Polo's helmet over his eyes—and went to sleep.

In "Marco Polo" Cooper has returned to work for the producer who gave him his first chance—Samuel Goldwyn.

The title role of "The Adventures of Marco Polo" is his most colorful part since "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—and the most unusual.

That he will handle this role expertly, and extract every ounce of entertainment from the written script, we can be assured. It is a new type of characterisation, even for versatile Cooper.

Marco Polo, the Venetian merchant, is a clever, witty, self-confident fellow, lightning with repartee, and above all a super-salesman. He can sell chop-suey to the Chinese.

As well as this costume work as a great commercial traveller of 400 years ago, Cooper has just finished a modern comedy for Paramount.

In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" he has Lubitsch for director and Claudette Colbert as co-star.

Pretty sophisticated company—but Cooper the ex-cowboy, is quite at home.

GALLERY OF PLAYERS

Gary Cooper

"The Adventures of Marco Polo" (Goldwyn) and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (Par.) are his latest films.

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Memories of Cecil De Mille

The great producer tells how Hollywood was born, how Gloria Swanson was discovered, and why he made "The Ten Commandments."

Told by Cecil B. De Mille in an interview with BARBARA BOURCHIER, at Hollywood.

ONE of the biggest personalities in cinema history, Cecil B. De Mille, will soon complete his twenty-fifth year of Hollywood production.

Out at the Paramount studio, where much of his famous work has been done, De Mille delved for my benefit into his vast store of screenland memories.

Hollywood, he told me, might never have been the capital of the industry if three pioneers had not chosen it as their terrain back in 1913.

Those three were Jesse Lasky, former trumpet virtuoso in vaudeville; Samuel Goldwyn, whose failing profits in the glove business warned him to try something else; and Cecil B. De Mille, then 31 years old.

"Our first full-length film was 'The Squaw Man'," said De Mille.

"It cost £5500, and made £50,000. The Lasky Feature Play Company was suddenly a going concern and, within the next few years, Dustin Farnum, star of the film, was the most dejected man in Hollywood.

"His refusal to accept a quarter of our company in lieu of a salary cheque had cost him untold millions of dollars.

"About this time, a rival writer, producer and director named Wallace Reid was making pictures, and completing them in less than seven days.

"Striving for the artistic, Jeanie Macpherson, ambitious young director, was taking ten. The executives of her company, piqued at such arty behaviour, fired the girl.

"Then she came to me at a salary of £5 a week.

"She has now been with me 23 years, has written many originals, and did much of the research work on my latest film, 'The Buccaneer.'

"Soon after came artificial lighting. I obtained a spotlight from the old Mason Opera House in Los Angeles, and, with it, cast the glow of a lamp on a wall for a scene in 'The Man From Home.' That is the first time artificial illumination was ever put on the screen.

"The legend and the glamor that is Hollywood started with Wallace Reid—the first great matinee idol of the screen. He created the aura that now surrounds the private lives of the stars and makes them the most imitated and envied of human beings.

"Yet, despite the amazing triumphs that were ultimately his, they called me crazy when I was willing to gamble on Wallace Reid as a leading man. His elevation from the extra ranks was the result of an experiment.

"In 1915, Geraldine Farrar, most romantic and intriguing operatic prima-donna of the time, consented to do her first work for us at a figure which staggered the world—£4000 for three pictures.

"For such an undertaking we had to have a superior cast. Either Thomas Meighan or House Peters, already established as leading men, would have been a suitable choice for the role opposite Miss Farrar.

"But I preferred to capture the popular fancy with a new face, if possible.

"So I gave the part to Wallace, who had been directing two reel 'quickies,' and was then an extra.

"With their film, 'Joan the Woman,' which scored a tremendous hit, the age of big spectacles was under way.

"The super-colossal epics, however, began later with 'The Ten Commandments.' To put this on I had to quarrel with almost all my associates.

"However, I had my way, and took 3000 extras on location in the desert. Nothing of that magnitude had ever been attempted before. For ten days we remained on location—at a cost of £10,000 a day. The expense was justified. It is now in its fifth million—the largest grossing film ever made!

"'The Ten Commandments' was made to combat the 'star system.'

"Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Valentino, Gloria Swanson and a few others were the reigning favorites when Paramount executives first began to feel the studio slipping from their grasp.

"These stars were demanding so much money that the studios could not afford to pay them without risk of bankruptcy.

Gloria Arrives

"SENSING the danger, I went to Adolph Zukor and my other associates and told them we could make a picture that would be a sensation at the box office, without any high-powered star to draw the crowds. They were interested but sceptical. However, we made 'Old Wives for New,' with Florence Vidor, as an experiment and it was a huge success.

"I remember vividly how Gloria Swanson, the screen's first real glamor girl, was elevated to stardom because I liked the way she leaned against a door.

"It was in a Mack Sennett comedy that I saw her.

"The brunette's casual and languorous indifference to a comedian's tumble downstairs fascinated me.

"She was a sensation in her first picture for me, 'Don't Change Your Husband.' In 'For Better, For Worse,' she added to her laurels.

"This was followed by what was perhaps her greatest personal triumph, 'Male and Female,' a picture which boosted not only Gloria, but Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels and Lila Lee into the top rank of box office attractions.

"Then I reverted to the Bible. Choosing the life of Jesus of Nazareth as the most dramatic and appealing story known to man, I set about making 'The King of Kings.'

"H. B. Warner had the role of Christus, and he signed a contract that even regulated his private life during the term of his commitment to me.

"Sign of the Cross"

"HE could not be seen in cafes or theatres, or smoke in the studio, or be seen in make-up, eating or drinking. He could not appear in public as the escort of anyone, and, in effect, was forced to live the life of a recluse.

"My first fling at a talking picture was 'Dynamite.' The male lead, Charles Bickford, was an actor on the Broadway stage whom I brought to Hollywood.

"After 'Dynamite,' I made 'The Sign of the Cross,' which brought Charles Laughton to the attention of American audiences, and established Claudette Colbert as a dramatic actress.

"'Cleopatra' gave further impetus to Miss Colbert's career, and introduced Henry Wilcoxon, whom I cast after seeing a test of him made abroad.

"I am now planning a series of pictures that will make American heroes better known. The story of Jean Lafitte, which is to be called 'The Buccaneer,' is now completed. A polished, fascinating gentleman and patriot, though a privateer, Lafitte led one of the most colorful and daring lives of his time.

"After a lapse of years Fredric March returned to the Paramount studio to play the lead. For the feminine role I have chosen Franciska Gaal, a young and beautiful Hungarian.

"I have hopes that she will rise to heights reached by some of my previous stars."

● LEFT: Anna Q. Nilsson, one of De Mille's early stars, making up for a scene in "Adam's Rib."

● ABOVE: De Mille (centre) at work on the set of "The Buccaneer," his latest Paramount film. The actress is Franciska Gaal, a Hungarian, who makes her debut here.

● RIGHT: Funny hats were worn by Bebe Daniels and Thomas Meighan in "Male and Female," one of De Mille's hit films.

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE	Normal ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE	Moist ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
	Dark ☐	If hair is Grey, check type above and here	

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

Here's Hot News from All Studios!

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bourchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London.

LUISE RAINER and Spencer Tracy have been acclaimed by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the finest performances in 1937.

Luise Rainer won the highest honor, for the second year in succession, for her performance in "The Good Earth."

Tracy's acting in "Captains Courageous" earned him the award among the male stars.

"The Life of Emile Zola" was voted the best film of the year.

The award for the best achievement in directing went to Leo McCarey for the film, "The Awful Truth."

William Wellman and Robert Carson won the award for the best original movie story, "A Star is Born."

"Sweet Lelanie" was voted the best song written for the films.

* * *

HARDLY a week passes in Hollywood without some rumor, of unknown origin, to the effect that a famous star has been injured or even killed in an accident.

The other day we were on the set of Carole Lombard's picture, "Food For Scandal," when word of a rumor came that Clark Gable had been critically injured in an automobile accident.

Carole, in a terrible state, rushed to the phone and clung to it for half an hour, trying to locate Clark.

He happened to be out of town, and her sigh of relief when she finally reached him and learned he was perfectly safe could be heard all over the stage.

* * *

ACCORDING to Billy Rose, his girl friend, Eleanor Holm, is an ardent admirer of his wife, Fannie Brice. He says that Eleanor never misses Fannie's "Baby Snooks" performance on the radio.

* * *

SINCE starting his spectacular movie career, Errol Flynn has been swinging back and forth between historical and modern screen roles with the regularity of a pendulum.

Completing "The Prince and the Pauper," he hopped into up-to-the-minute comedy in "The Perfect Specimen."

Then he again donned Olde English garb for "Robin Hood."

The moment that is finished he will return to the twentieth century for "Sister Act"—screen version of Fannie Hurst's yarn about four sisters all in love with one man.

Lined up for the sister roles are Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay, and Gloria Dickson.

HELEN GAHAGAN has finally persuaded husband Melvyn Douglas that they ought to build a home. They have acquired a beautiful 3-acre spot in the Hollywood Hills not far from Una Merkel's home. Their plans call for a rambling one-story structure with ten rooms.

"There will be no rumpus room, no bar and no swimming pool," explain the Douglas'. "We're building a home, not a clubhouse."

* * *

A NEWCOMER to British films is Betty Lynne, blonde, of the Anna Neagle type, Londoner born, who speaks with a foreign accent.

Her father is in the diplomatic service, and Betty has lived in nearly every European capital.

She understudied Bergner, but as Bergner was far too healthy for Betty's Thespian ambitions she set out on her own and already she has got on the rungs of the celluloid ladder.

* * *

ARTHUR HORNBLOW is in the hospital, and wife Myrna Loy has taken a room there to be near him.

* * *

LIONEL BARRYMORE is back from England, where he worked with Robert Taylor in London in "Yank at Oxford."

"Bob is a splendid boy," he said, "no vanity whatever."

Much investigation as to the beginnings of the Stanwyck-Taylor romance discloses that Zeppo Marx was responsible for the original introduction.

Barbara, who is a good friend of the Marx boys, was introduced by Zeppo to Robert Taylor at the Trocadero.

Bob asked for her telephone number, but he didn't call her for two weeks.

When he did call, she gave him the appointment then and there and he came round that evening.

They sat stiffly in the parlor until 11 o'clock, and finally, to break the ice, Bob suggested they go out for a drive.

Barbara was delighted. They drove out to the amusement park at the beach and Bob suggested that they go on the roller coaster.

When they got back to the house, exhausted but happy, Barbara said:

"How would you like to do it all again?" And that is how the Stanwyck-Taylor romance began.

* * *

CLAUDE RAINS' wife has presented him with a baby girl. Her name will be Jennifer.

PRIVATE VIEWS

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

★★ THE HURRICANE

Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour. (Goldwyn-United Artists).

(Week's Best Release.)

THE biggest storm in the history of the films blows through the last and most interesting stages of this picture. A whole island community is destroyed by it.

These 20 minutes of storm are an exciting technical achievement. The alarming amount of wind and water which smites the characters is made much more alarming by queer sound effects.

Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour, to whom Goldwyn entrusted the two big roles, have done well, although neither of them has tackled work of such importance before.

They portray a native couple whose idyllic happiness is first broken by the nastiness of white men, especially Raymond Massey, the local Governor, and is further broken by the stormy nastiness of Nature.

They both wear less than the Spooner bathing costume throughout the film, but have the physique to get away with it. With his exceptional looks and competence as an actor Hall should soon be in command of a big fan-mail.

The film was made from a story by the Nordhoff-Hall partnership who wrote "Mutiny on the Bounty." Jon Hall is author Hall's cousin.

The picture's version of native life is strictly a streamlined one. That is to say, there is no realistic squalor, and there are lots of pretty girls and garlands.

But the gradual fall of shadows across this paradisal society is conveyed in a story of rising tension that hangs well together.

The more familiar Hollywood figures who get blown about include Mary Astor, as the wife of Governor Raymond Massey. The indomitable C. Aubrey Smith is also present, a saintly priest who stays beside his flock in all weathers.

The real stars of the film, though, are the ingenious fellows on the technical staff who raised the wind for Goldwyn.—Century; opening Wednesday, March 23.

★ TOVARICH

Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer. (Warner Brothers.)

PICTURES, like puddings, often disappoint in spite of the most careful mixing. Here is an example.

"Tovarich" is adapted from a famous stage success. It is directed by an eminent Continental visitor to Hollywood, Anatole Litvak. Charles Boyer recently put Garbo in the shade. Claudette Colbert is a first-rate comedienne.

Yet the whole thing did not jell.

It is about two exiled Russian aristocrats who are penniless in Paris and take work as butler and housemaid in a French family.

All members of the employing family fall in love with either Charles Boyer or Claudette Colbert, who before long dominate the house.

The best part of the picture is the most serious part near the end. Because in this part Basil Rathbone makes a belated entry as a silky, menacing Soviet commisar, who in earlier days had butted a cigarette on Boyer to make him talk. Rathbone steals the picture.

Various moments in the film are amusing, but the laughs are too few for a comedy so luxuriously made.

There is a lot of slapstick. Claudette Colbert sits on a bed and it collapses. A young man who loves her barks like a dog.

The standards of knockabout comedy which we filmgoers demand these days are pretty high. Inevitably, when really funny pictures like "Double Wedding" come our way. And the slapstick of "Tovarich" is below standard.

Also, Claudette Colbert is miscast. In typical American backchat comedy she is a winner. But she does not look or act like a Russian aristocrat. —Regent; showing.

★ LANCER SPY

George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio. (20th Century-Fox.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX introduce their new hero, George Sanders, in a so-so spy picture. It is the first time Sanders has been allowed to exhibit any virtue on the screen. Formerly, in "Slave Ship" and other shows, this burly Englishman was a "badie."

Here he has a complex assignment, and goes through with it well.

A German officer is taken prisoner and it is discovered that a British officer is his double. The Britisher goes to Berlin, masquerades as the German, and carries out intrepid espionage. Sanders takes both roles.

The film will undoubtedly be banned in Germany with great enthusiasm. The German officers who make up most of the cast are satirically treated. They bellow and grunt and gurgle like guttural clowns.

Also the German Field-Marshal is played, ironically, by that most Jewish of Hebrew actors, Maurice Moscovitch. The scene where he dies of indigestion in Dolores Del Rio's flat would make Nazis chew their rubber truncheons with rage.

The plot is mildly interesting, but thrills are sparse. Partly because the situation of Sanders in Germany becomes incredible. Dolores Del Rio is a dancer who does a bit of counter-spying. Love complicates her espionage, according to the familiar formula, though it is not likely to make the dress circle feel feverish.—Plaza; showing.

★ PARADISE FOR TWO

Jack Hulbert. (London Films.)

THERE is no doubt that Jack Hulbert is one of the most delightful people on the screen. As a medium for his funning this picture is far inferior to "Jack's the Boy" and other shows he was given a few years ago.

But Hulbert himself can still make ordinary lines pleasant and make good lines uproarious.

A pity English actors of the serious school haven't more of his virile gustiness. There's no Mayfair mincing about Jack.

Until he enters it is lamentably dull —an English imitation of the American backstage musical. The real thing is usually bad enough, let alone the imitation.

Hulbert puts life into it as Rene Martin, a Parisian millionaire who pretends to be someone else who pretends to be Rene Martin. In this intricate plight he has some very comic scenes with Patricia Ellis.

When Hulbert is off the screen the comedy is in the hands of Arthur Riscoe and some nondescript persons. Watching the film, you feel as if your sparkling hock has been removed and replaced by stale beer.

But Hulbert is there often enough to compensate, if you feel like that about Hulbert.—Embassy; showing.

★ BOY OF THE STREETS

Jackie Cooper. (Monogram Films.)

THE child star who moved audiences deeply in "The Champ" is now a hefty lad of fifteen, and he has come back quite effectively in this picture.

He is shown as a tough boy who leads a gang and is well on the way to criminality when he decides to go straight . . . and go into the Navy, where reformed characters in pictures frequently finish.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★ **Wells Fargo:** Joel McCrea, Frances Dee; historical Western. Prince Edward, 3rd week.
- ★★ **Under the Red Robe:** Annabella, Conrad Veidt; costume melodrama. Mayfair, 3rd week.
- ★★ **Double Wedding:** William Powell, Myrna Loy; madcap comedy. St. James, 2nd week.
- ★ **The Bride Wore Red:** Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone; romance in Middle Europe. State, 2nd week.

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AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 6

"YES, I cannot tell you all, but you must not blame him! Mine was the fault. I allowed myself to be swept off my feet. The marriage took place in Sussex. George was in the expectation of gaining his promotion——".

"Ah, I begin to understand you! My grandfather was to have given him the purchase-money, eh? Instead he was obliged to spend it in hushing up the Carroway affair, and was disinclined to assist George further."

"Yes," said Lucy. "Everything went awry! That scandal—but all that is over now! Indeed, indeed George loves me, and there can be no more such affairs!"

"My poor innocent!"

"Had it not been for Colonel Audley's promising to send me word if he could, I must have become demented."

"Then Charles knew?" Judith exclaimed.

"Yes! On the very night that his engagement was put an end to he found me in great distress, and persuaded me to confide in him."

"Good Heavens!" said Judith blankly. She raised her eyes from Lucy's face, and looked at Barbara. She gave an uncertain laugh. "Oh Bab, the fools we have been!"

"Yes! And the wretch Charles has been! Infamous!" Barbara walked up to the sofa, and laid her hand on Lucy's shoulder. "Dry your tears! Your marriage is in the best tradition of my family, I assure you."

Lucy clasped her hand. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"What the devil has my forgiveness to do with it? You have not injured me. I wish you extremely happy."

"How kind you are! I do not deserve to be happy!"

"You are very unlikely to be," said Barbara, somewhat drily. "George will make you a damnable husband."

"Oh no, no! If only he is not killed!" Lucy shuddered.

COLONEL AUDLEY reached the village of Waterloo a few minutes before midnight.

At Waterloo, lights burned in many of the cottage windows, for there was not a dwelling-place in the village, or in any of the hamlets nearby, which did not house a General and his Staff, or senior officers who had been fortunate enough to secure a bed or a mattress under cover. The tiny inn, owned by Veuve Bedonghien, opposite the church, was occupied by the Duke, and here the Colonel dismounted. A figure loomed up to meet him. "Is it yourself, sir?" his groom inquired anxiously, holding up a lantern. "Eh, if that's not his lordship's Rufus!"

The Colonel gave up the bridle. "Yes. Rub him down well, Cherry!" The faint crackle of musketry-fire in the distance came to his ears. "What's all this popping?"

Cherry gave a grunt. "Proper spiteful they've been all evening. Pickets, they tell me. Well, I said, we didn't do such in Spain, that's all I know."

The Colonel turned away, and entered the inn. An orderly informed him that the Duke was still up, and he went into a room in the front of the house to make his report.

THE Duke was seated at a table, with De Lancey at his elbow, looking over a map of the country. Lord Fitzroy occupied a chair on one side of the fire, and was placidly writing on his knee. He looked up as the Colonel came in, and smiled.

"Hallo, Audley!" said his lordship. "What's the news in Brussels?"

"There's been a good deal of panic, sir. The news of our retreat sent hundreds off to Antwerp," replied the Colonel, handing over the letters he had brought.

"Ah, I daresay! Road bad?"

"Yes, sir, and needs clearing. In places it's choked with baggage and overturned carts. I spoke to one of our own drivers, and it seems the Belgian cavalry upset everything in their way when they galloped to Brussels."

"I'll have it cleared first thing," De Lancey said. "It's the fault of these rascally Flemish drivers! There's no depending on them."

Sir Colin Campbell came into the room, and upon seeing Audley remarked that there was some cold pie to be had; the Duke nodded dismissal; and the Colonel went off to a room upstairs which was occupied by Gordon and Colonel Canning.

Next morning, letters all written and despatched, his final dispositions checked, the Duke sent for his shaving-water, and Thornhill, his phlegmatic cook, began to prepare breakfast. His lordship was notoriously indifferent to the food he ate (he had in fact, once consumed a bad egg at breakfast before one of his battles in Spain, merely remarking in a preoccupied tone, when he had finished it: "By the by, Fitzroy, is that egg of yours fresh? for mine was quite rotten") but Thornhill had his pride to consider, and might be trusted to concoct a palatable meal out of the most unpromising materials.

The Duke set out to join the Army at an early hour, and was accompanied by a numerous suite. In addition to his Aides-de-Camp, a brilliant Corps Diplomatique rode with him, in all the splendor of their various uniforms. Prussia, Austria, Russia, Spain, the Netherlands, and little Sardinia were represented in the persons of Barons Muffling and Vincent, Generals Pozzo di Borgo and Alava, Counts van Reede and D'Aglie, and their satellites. Orders and gold lace glittered, and plumes waved about his lordship, a neat plain figure, mounted on a hollow-backed horse of little beauty and few manners.

The position which the Allied Army had taken up on the previous night was some two miles south of Waterloo, before the village of Mont St. Jean, and immediately in rear of the hollow road which led westward from Wavre to the village of Braine l'Alleud.

The country was undulating, and to the east of the Charleroi road a valley separated the Allied frontline from the ridge, where, as soon as day broke, French troops could be seen assembling. To the west of the chaussee, the banks of the hollow road became less steep; behind Hougoumont, and overlooking it, was a high plateau, bounded on the right by the ravine through which the Nivelles road ran. Across this road, another plateau was occupied by Lord Hill's Corps, drawn back en potence, and occupying the villages of Braine l'Alleud and Merbe Braine.

At five o'clock, drums, bugles, and trumpets all along the two-mile front sounded Assembly. Staff officers were seen galloping in every direction; brigades began to move into their positions; here a regiment of Light Dragoons changed ground; there a battalion of blue-coated Dutch-Belgians marched along the hollow road with their quick, swinging step; or a troop of horse artillery thundered over the ground to a position in the front line.

At nine o'clock the Duke rode from end to end of the position, inspecting the disposition of the troops, and making some final alterations. There being as yet no sign of the Prussians advancing from the east, two brigades of light cavalry, Sir Hussey Vivian's Hussars, and Sir John Vandeleur's Dragoons had been posted to guard the left flank until the Prussians should arrive to relieve them.

While the Duke, accompanied by his military secretary, his aides-de-camp, the Prince of Orange, Lord Uxbridge, the Diplomatic Corps, and their train, was inspecting his position, the French columns were mustering on the opposite heights.

The bulk of the French army had bivouacked about Genappe, but at nine o'clock, just as the Duke started to ride down his lines, the heads of the columns began to appear above the ridge to the south. Drums and trumpets were first heard, and then the music of the bands, playing a medley of martial tunes.

It was an hour and a half before the movement which brought the French Army into six formidable lines, forming six double W's, was completed, and during that time the Duke of Wellington was employed in inspecting his own position.

An inspection of the Nivelles road, and the country to the south of it, resulted in his lordship's drawing in his right wing a little, raising a battery to sweep the road, and posting some infantry in the rear. Several Aides-de-Camp went galloping off with the messages scrawled on leaves torn from his lordship's pocket-book, and the Duke turned his attention to the wood to the south of the chateau, which was occupied by Saltoun's Light Companies of the Guards. His lordship altered this arrangement, withdrawing the Guards into the garden and orchard, and desiring the Prince of Orange to send orders to Prince Bernhard to despatch a battalion of his Nassau troops to occupy the wood. Colonel Audley was sent at the same time to bring up a detachment of Hanoverians, and rode off in a spatter of mud kicked up by his horse's hoofs.

Upon his return to the Duke, who had moved towards the centre of the position, he passed by the 1st Guards, and caught a glimpse of Lord Harry Alastah looking rather tired, but apparently in good spirits. He called a greeting to him, and Lord Harry came up, and stood for a moment with his hand on the Colonel's saddle-bow. "Enjoying yourself, Harry?" asked Audley.

"Lord, yes! You know we were engaged at Quatre Bras, don't you? By Jove, there was never anything like *it*, was there? Good-bye! the best of luck, Charles!"

"Thanks: the same to you!" said the Colonel, and waved and rode on.

BY ten o'clock the Duke had completed his inspection, but the French Army was still deploying on the opposite heights, and guns, their wheels up to the naves in mud, were being dragged into position along the ridge. A little before eleven o'clock, a Prussian galopin arrived with a despatch for General Muffling, who had only a few minutes before rejoined the Duke, after making an examination of the ground beyond Papelotte, on the left wing. He had been driven back by a French patrol coming up from the village of Plancenoit, to the south, but not before he had satisfied himself that a Prussian advance by the plateau of St. Lambert would not only be possible, but extremely beneficial. He wrote down his views on a sheet of parchment, read them to the Duke, who said, in his decided way: "I quite agree!" and was in the act of sending an Aide-de-Camp to Wavre, with the despatch, when the Prussian galopin found him.

The despatch he had brought was from Marshal Blucher, and was dated 9.30 a.m. from Wavre. "Your Excellency will assure the Duke of Wellington from me," wrote the Marshal Prince, "that, ill as I am, I shall place myself at the head of my troops, and attack the right of the French, in case they undertake anything against him."

Please turn to Page 39

Kill Kidney Germs Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel older and more rundown than Kidney and Bladder trouble caused by Germs developed in your body during Colds or from Bad Teeth or Tonsils or during other infections or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help you much because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble and get rid of the health-destroying germs.

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Everyone's talking about this "new way to wash hair."

See the magic new lustre . . . the new *silky-clean* appearance of your hair. Watch how waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling . . . easy to dress!

BLONDES . . . Colinated coconut oil Shampoo preserves true gold color.

BRUNETTES: Find new highlights.

Make your next shampoo a real *"beauty wash."* 2/6 bottle gives 14 shampoos. All Chemists, Stores or Hairdressers.

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Dust and germs settle in the pores below the surface of the skin . . . and then spots and blemishes start! Once started, it takes the specially medicated Rexona lather with its remarkable healing properties to clear them away, and leave the skin smooth and healthy again. Every type of skin needs Rexona Soap daily for the cleansing that protects against skin faults.

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AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 38

THE deploying movements of the French had been completed by half-past ten. The music and the trumpet-calls ceased, and the columns stood in a silence that seemed the more absolute from its marked contrast to the medley of martial noises that had been resounding on all sides for the past hour. As the village clocks in the distance struck eleven, the Duke took up a position with all his staff, near Hougoumont, and looked through his glass at the French lines.

It was just past eleven o'clock when the flash of cannon-fire flickered all along the ridge, and the silence that had lain over the field for over an hour was rent by the boom of scores of great guns trained on the Allied position. The scream of a horse, hit by round-shot, sounded from a troop of artillery close at hand; a cannon-ball buried itself in the soft ground not three paces from where Colonel Audley was standing, and sent up a shower of mud. His horse reared, snorting; he gentled it, shouting to Gordon above the thunder of the guns: "What do you call this?"

"Confoundedly noisy!" retorted Gordon.

The flashes and the puffs of smoke continued all along the ridge; suddenly a deafening crash, reverberating down the Allied line, answered the challenge of the French cannons, and a cheer went up: the English batteries had come into action.

The French, after their usual custom, had opened a cannonade over the whole front. Behind the quick-set hedges the first lines of British infantry remained lying down, while the second lines of cavalry, drawn back on the downward slope to the north, suffered little from shot which for the most part fell short of them.

The Duke was standing by Maitland's brigade on the right, critically observing the effect of the French cannonade. The shots tore up the ground beside him, and hissed over his head, but he merely remarked: "That's good practice. I think they fire better than in Spain."

The cannonade continued until twenty minutes past eleven without any movement of infantry attack being made by the enemy. Their hottest fire was being directed upon Hougoumont, but the wood on the southern side of the chateau to a large extent protected it. At twenty minutes past eleven, Prince Jerome Bonaparte's division of infantry, belonging to Reille's Corps, on the French left, began to advance in column towards the wood, with a cloud of skirmishers thrown out in front. These were met by a blaze of musketry-fire from the Hanoverian and Nassau troops posted among the trees. The Duke shut his telescope with a snap, and galloped down the line, with his Staff streaming behind him, to where Byng's brigade was drawn up on the high ground behind the chateau.

IN the wood, the skirmishers were already engaged with the Hanoverian and Nassau defenders. Twelve pieces of Horse Artillery of Reille's Corps were pushed forward, and a heavy counter-cannonade was begun. The column of infantry recovered, and pressed on, leaving its dead and wounded lying on the field. A well-directed fire from Sandham's and Cleeve's batteries again threw it into disorder, but it re-formed, and reached the wood, driving the defenders back from tree to tree. The popping of musketry now mingled with the roar of the cannons; and a steady trickle of wounded men began to make their way to the shelter of the British line.

Colonel Audley, who had been sent off to the left wing with instructions to Sir Hussey Vivian not to fire on any troops advancing from the west, did not see the start of the fight in Hougoumont Wood. By the time he returned to the Duke, it had been in progress for half an hour, and the Nassauers, after contesting the ground with a good deal of courage, were giving way. More of Reille's Corps had moved to Jerome's support, and the skirmishers of the Guards, pressed back through the Great Orchard, were being driven into an alley of holly and yew trees separating it from the smaller orchard surrounding the garden.

The Nassauers, retreating in disorder, poured out on to a sunken lane forming the northern boundary of the Hougoumont enclosure.

The howitzer shells, falling thick in the wood, drove Jerome back. The swarms of French infantry rallied, and came on again; the Hanoverians were forced back and back, through sheer weight of numbers, into the orchard. A glimpse of red showed through the trees; Jerome's troops hurled themselves forward at what they believed to be a line of British soldiers, and were brought up short by the brick wall enclosing the garden. They tried to scale it, but the Coldstream Guards, posted on the inner platforms and at the loop-holes, poured in such a murderous fire that the blue-coated infantry recoiled. The ditches lining the alley separating the wood from the orchard became choked with dead; in the orchard, Saltoun's Light Companies began to press back the invaders; but the 1st Leger Regiment succeeded in setting fire to a hay-stack, and, under cover of the black smoke, crept round the western side of the chateau. A British battery, raking the Nivelles road, was assailed by a storm of tirailleurs, and suffered such loss of men and horses that it was forced to retire. A horse battery attached to Pire's Lancers who had come up as an Observation Corps to the south-west, opened fire on Bull's Troop, and the Guards posted on the avenue leading from the high road to the north gate of the chateau saw, through the smothering whorls of smoke, hundreds of Jerome's men advancing on them.

The north gate was open, and it was down the avenue of elm-trees that reinforcements of men and ammunition were being passed into the chateau. The Hanoverians defending the approach to the avenue were overwhelmed, and flung back in confusion. The Guards, attacked on all sides, stood shoulder to shoulder, fighting off the waves of the French that broke over them, and retreating, step by step, to the gateway. The French saw Hougoumont almost within their grasp; one of their Generals spurred forward, shouting to his men to prevent the closing of the gates. They surged after him, but a sergeant of the Coldstreams dashed forward, right into the mass of the enemy, and hurled himself at General Cubieres. Before the French had had time to realise what was happening, the General had been dragged from his horse, and Sergeant Fraser, brandishing a blood-stained halberd, was up in the saddle and riding hell-for-leather towards the gate. The momentary check caused by this diversion enabled the handful of Guards to reach the courtyard, but a party of Sapeurs, recovering from their astonishment at Fraser's daring, rushed after him, led by a young sous-lieutenant of ferocious mien. The Guards, fighting their way backwards through the gateway, heard above the rattle of musketry and the thunder of artillery, a yell of: "En avant, l'Enfoncoeur!" and saw the Sapeurs come charging through the smother of black smoke. They made a desperate attempt to shut the gates, but with a roar of rage and triumph the Sapeurs flung themselves against the heavy doors. The Guards, reduced in numbers, suffocated by the smoke, could not hold them. Amid the crash of timbers and crumbling masonry, the French burst through into the courtyard, and fought for possession of the gate-house.

The noise reached the ears of Macdonnell, directing the defence of the garden wall. Shouting to three of his officers who stood nearest to him, he raced, drawn sword in hand, to the inner yard, and across it to the wicket leading to the main courtyard. There the most appalling sight met his eyes. The courtyard was full of Frenchmen; some of the Guards were fighting to defend the cow-shed, where their own wounded lay; from every ambush of shed, or window, or cellar, a steady musketry-fire was holding the surge of men through the gateway in check; while in the chateau, the Guards besieged on the staircase had hacked away the lower steps, and were firing down upon the French trying to storm up to them. By the gate, the paving-stones were slippery with blood, and cumbered by the dead and wounded who lay there; a heroic little band, under the command of two sergeants, was still fighting to prevent the gate-house from falling, but in the gateway itself the French were massed, and outside reinforcements were advancing down the avenue.

ROARING at his officers to follow him, Macdonnell launched himself across the courtyard. Hatless, with nothing but a sword in his hand, he fell upon the French in the gateway, and with such force that they broke involuntarily, as they would have broken before the charge of a mad bull. His officers and a few sergeants rushed to his support. For an instant the French were scattered; and while a couple of ensigns and two sergeants held them at bay, Macdonnell and Sergeant Graham set their shoulders to the double doors, and forced them together, the sweat pouring down their faces, and the muscles standing out like corrugations down their powerful thighs.

Yells of fury sounded outside, as Graham, while his Colonel held the doors together against every effort of the Sapeurs to force them open, slammed the great iron cross-bar into position. Bayonets and hatchets beat upon the unyielding timbers; and the French trapped in the courtyard tried to set fire to the barns before being shot or bayoneted by the Guards who were round them.

A few brave men managed to scale the wall, but were shot before they could even leap down into the courtyard. Fresh columns were being moved down by Jerome, and had carried the avenue. Colonel Audley, his right sleeve torn by a musket-ball, was sent flying to bring up two guns from Bolton's battery, and arrived above the north alley enclosing the orchard just as Colonel Woodford led forward four companies of the Guards to the relief of the garrison.

Please turn to Page 40

GIRLIGAGS

"THERE ARE right-handed, left-handed, and even offhanded people."

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Amazing New Prescription Controls Blood Pressure
Clears Blood-stream . . . . . Improves Circulation

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1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
4. Flushes of blood to head.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Irritability and depression.
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11. Loss of will power.
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13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

If you suffer in this way, start a course of MENTHOIDS to-day. Get a flask of MENTHOIDS from your nearest chemist and take one MENTHOID at meal times. MENTHOIDS contain no drugs and cannot harm the most delicate patient.

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AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 39

"THERE, my lads; in with you! Let me see no more of you!" the Duke called out to them.

The Guards gave him a cheer, and went in at the charge. They drove the French before them at the point of the bayonet, sweeping them away from the chateau walls; and Woodford managed to reinforce the garrison through a side-door leading into the alley. The Light Companies reoccupied the ground they had lost, and Jerome drew off to re-form his mutilated battalions.

Several officers of the Staff Corps had galloped up with messages for the Duke from time to time; of his personal staff, Lord Arthur Hill and young Cathcart were both mounted on troopers, their horses having been shot under them; and Colonel Audley had suffered a contusion on his right arm from a glancing musket-ball. Fremantle, returning from the left wing, found him trying to tie his handkerchief round the flesh wound with one hand and his teeth, and pushed up to him, saying: "Here, let me do that!"

"Any news of Blucher?" asked Audley.

"Not so much as a sniff of those Prussians! You've got a pretty shambles here!"

It was now nearly one o'clock, and for an hour and a half the most bitter struggle had been raging for the possession of Hougoumont. The Duke, who seemed to have been everywhere at once, cantered back to the centre of the position, to where an elm tree stood on the highest point of the ground, to the west of the Charleroi chaussee. He had no sooner arrived there than an artillery officer came up to him in a great state of excitement, stating that he could clearly perceive Bonaparte and all his staff before the farm of La Belle Alliance, and had no doubt of being able to direct his guns on to them.

This suggestion was met by a frosty stare, and a hasty: "No, no, I won't have it! It is not the business of general officers to be firing upon each other!"

"Just retire quietly," said Gordon, in the chagrined officer's ear. "Forget that you were born! You had better not have been, you know."

During the struggle about Hougoumont, battery after battery had been brought up on the French side, covering the whole of the Allied centre, from Colin Halkett's brigade on the right of Alten's division, to Prince Bernhard's Nassauers at Papelotte.

Nearly eighty guns had been massed upon the ridge, and at one o'clock the most infernal cannonade broke out. Shells screamed through the air, ploughing long furrows in the ground as they fell, blowing the legs off horses, exploding in the Allied lines, and scattering limbs and brains over men crouching behind the meagre shelter of the quick-set hedges. The infantry set its teeth and endured.

Shortly after one o'clock, Reille's guns, away to the right, succeeded in setting fire to the haystack in the yard of Hougoumont. In the centre of the line smoke was beginning to lie thickly in the valley between the opposing ridges. The air was hot and acrid; and a curious noise, like the hum of a gigantic swarm of bees, was making novices ask anxiously: "What's that? What's that buzzing noise?"

Baron Muffling, after a short colloquy with the Duke, rode away to take up his position with the cavalry brigades on the left flank. Messenger after messenger went galloping off to try and gain some intelligence of the Prussian advance, for it was plain that the cannonade was a prelude to an attack upon the Allied centre, which, held by Picton's and Alten's divisions on either side of the chaussee, was the weakest part of the line.

AT half-past one the cannonade slackened, and above the diminishing thunder could be heard the French drums beating the pas de charge.

"Here comes Old Trousers at last!" sang out a veteran, uncorking his muzzle-stopper, and slipping off his lock-cap. "Now for it, you Johnny Newcomes!"

On the ridge of La Belle Alliance a huge mass of infantry was forming, flanked by squadrons of cuirassiers. Sharp-eyed men on the Allied front swore they could discern Bonaparte himself. That he was there was evident from the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and the dipping of colors, as the regiments filed past the group beside the chaussee. The rubadub of drums and the blare of trumpets now mingled with the roar of artillery.

Four divisions of infantry, led by Count D'Erlon, began to advance down the slope of the hollow road, in ponderous columns at 400 pace intervals, showing fronts from 160 to 200 files. The battalions of each division were deployed, and placed one behind the other, except on the French left, where Allix's division was formed into two brigades side by side, under Quiot and Bourgeois.

These moved forward to encircle the farm of La Haye Sainte, Quiot branching off to the west of the chaussee and Bourgeois advancing on the east of it. A determined musketry fire from the orchard and the windows of the farm met them, but Baring's Germans were soon driven from the orchard and gardens into the building itself. While the other divisions moved in three columns down the slope towards the Allied left centre, the Luneberg Field Battalion was detached from Count Kielmansegge's brigade, and sent forward to try to reinforce Baring.

Upon the eastern side of the chaussee the three other columns, led by Donzelot, Marcognet, and Durutte, moved steadily down upon the Allied line. As each column cleared its own guns on the ridge behind it, and descended the slope into the valley, these began firing again, until the thunder and crash of artillery drowned the roll of the drums and the shrill blare of the trumpets.

To the eyes that watched this tidal advance, it seemed as though the whole slope was covered with men. European armies had seen these columns, and had broken and fled before them, appalled by the sheer weight of infantry opposed to them. The British had time and again proved the superiority of line over column, but Count Bylandt's Dutch-Belgic brigade, badly placed on the slope confronting the French position, already demoralised by the heavy cannonading, could not stand the relentless march of the columns towards them.

THEY had suffered considerably at Quatre Bras, had had no rations served out to them since the morning of the previous day, and had seen Count Bylandt carried off the field. The men in their gay uniforms and white-topped shakos began to waver, and before the head of the column immediately in their front had reached the valley below them they fled.

The exertions of their officers, frantically trying to check the rout, were of no avail. The men, some of them flinging down their arms, broke through the hedge in their rear, and retreated in the wildest confusion through the interval between Kempt's and Pack's brigades. Byleveld's battery was swept back in the rush, and a great gap yawned in the Allied line.

The Dutch-Belgians were met by derisive cat-calls from Pack's Highlanders. Not a man in the 5th Division caught the infection of that mad panic; instead, the Scots helped the terrified foreigners to the rear with sly bayonet-thrusts, while the men of Kempt's left, until called to order by their officers, fired musket-balls into the retreating mass.

The three companies of the 95th Rifles, posted on the knoll and in the sandpit in front of Kempt's right, were firing steadily into Bourgeois' and Donzelot's columns, advancing on either side of them; and two of Ross' nine-pounders, guarding the chaussee, caused Bourgeois' brigade to swerve away from La Haye Sainte to its right where it was thrown against Donzelot's division, and advanced with it in one unwieldy mass.

The Riflemen stood their ground until almost hemmed in by the sea of French, but were forced at last to abandon the sandpit and retreat to the main position.

Bylandt's men had forced their way to the rear, and, although Byleveld's Troop had extricated itself from the melee, and was in the front line again, firing into the head of the column already starting to deploy in the valley, over two thousand Dutch-Belgians had deserted from the line, leaving three thousand men of Picton's decimated division to face the charge of thirteen thousand Frenchmen.

Please turn to Page 45

but not before Luxing her undies like a true *Change Daily* girl

Are you a Change-Daily Girl? Have you discovered how delightful it feels to wear fresh undies every day . . . how easy it is to Lux them every night . . . and how much more attractive and popular you are when you're *sure* of immaculate daintiness? Men love daintiness in a woman . . . . they're charmed by your cool, serene poise when you know there's no possible risk of offending through unpleasant perspiration odour.

Day's undies Luxed in 4 minutes!

Ready for the little nightly task that brings such thrilling rewards? Then off we go!
Here's the bowl of water, lukewarm and lathery with Lux. Now the day's undies and stockings. In they go—squeeze them gently . . . rinse them carefully . . . and there we are! Finished in 4 minutes! Lots of modern undies can do without ironing. Never, *never* rub with harsh cake soaps . . . they damage delicate threads, spoil dainty colours. Use gentle Lux always. It contains no soda!

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Girdles need Luxing every week

Don't overlook your girdle—Lux it regularly for real personal daintiness . . . for fit and longer wear. Leading Corset Manufacturers recommend regular Lux care.

NOW FINER... MORE SOLUBLE in a BIG new packet at the same price

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Tough Old Cough
Yields To New Canadiol Mixture

His relief almost overnight from Bronchitis of thirty years' standing is regarded as nothing short of a miracle by his friends and neighbours. Read what Mr. Gull says:
"From the time I was a small boy until the age of thirty-two, I was never free from a hacking cough night and day. Doctors told me I was suffering from chronic bronchitis—that there was no permanent relief. One day I saw an advertisement for BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE. The word bronchitis arrested my attention. I purchased a bottle. It gave me relief. I bought two more, and my cough left me completely. That happened six years ago, and the cough has never returned."
BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE will give you the same instant relief from the strangling torture of Bronchitis. It acts like a flash on coughs and colds. Why not get a bottle today? Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada—is sold for 2/3 by chemists and stores everywhere and guaranteed.

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

IF you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment to-day.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are intent on rescuing
M. DUCHAMP: Eminent Parisian chemist, who, under the hypnotic influence of
THE COBRA: Evil genius of hypnosis, has kidnapped
SUZETTE: His own lovely daughter, and taken her off to The Cobra's cavernlands in Tibet. Mandrake and Lothar, following swiftly, encounter dragons and chasms which turn out to be illusions set up by The Cobra, who finally sends an aerie of eagles to do away with them. Mandrake saves himself by conjuring up a flock of pigeons, which the eagles pursue.
Arriving outside The Cobra's caves, they overhear, as though by accident, that The Cobra is expecting a supply team. This decides Mandrake on a plan of action to get inside The Cobra's caves. NOW READ ON—

TO BE CONTINUED

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UNUSUAL SKI-ING COSTUME.—Looking like a gigantic bat, Miss Madeline O'Reilly, of New York, is pictured as she is about to take-off on a run down a skislope. The coat, which makes wings of her arms, is designed for slowing up the skier at the end of the run, acting as a kind of brake. —Air Mail photo.

Pond's Two Creams bring to women the active

"Skin-Vitamin"

● *"I've been using Pond's Creams containing the 'skin-vitamin' and the improvement in my skin in just three weeks is marvellous. The pores are much finer. My skin is smoother. Lines are gone. And my skin glows with color."—Lady Irene Crawfurd.*

More direct aid to Skin Beauty

ONLY four years ago doctors had just learned that a certain vitamin, applied direct to skin, actually healed skin quicker in burns and wounds.

Then Pond's began to study what this vitamin might do for skin if put in Pond's creams. Today — you can have its benefits for your skin in Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream.

POND'S COLD CREAM — Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin, fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

POND'S VANISHING CREAM — Removes roughness; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "Skin-Vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old-looking. Now, with the "skin-vitamin," dried-up flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

● ● ●

● *Listen to "Your Cavalier," 2CH, 11 a.m. every Tuesday; 2UE, 9.45 a.m. every Thursday; 3DB-LK, 3.30 p.m. every Tuesday; 3AW, 3 p.m. every Thursday 4SK-AK, 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 5AD-MO-PI at 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 6ML at 11.15 a.m. every Monday and 6WB, 12.30 p.m. every Monday.*

Now—with the active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams.

Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ( ), Light Cream ( ), Rose Cream (Natural) ( ), Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ), Rose Brunette ( ), Dark Brunette (Sunlan) ( ). POND'S DEPT. X15, Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Address .....

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

"Aries the Ram" has now chased "Pisces the Fishes" off the astrological map and wise planning in the next few weeks should prove profitable for those born under his influence . . .

ALTHOUGH they will probably deny it, you will find that Arians (those born between March 21 and April 21) partake, to a great degree, of the characteristics of their astrological symbol, "Aries the Ram."

With a cheerful, happy-go-lucky air, they will take the centre of the stage at any time and in any place. Even those who pretend to be (and perhaps really are) shy, will usually find a way to force themselves to the notice of others, and take up the position of actual leadership.

They don't realise that they're doing it perhaps, but they do it just the same.

For instance, Aries folk excel as journalists, actors, salespeople, demonstrators, soldiers, and policemen. If their actions are not speaking loudly for them, their dress or authority does the job, anyway.

Does a policeman or a soldier ever slink? No. He struts proudly in his uniform. Do salesfolk and demonstrators, journalists, or actors, ever hide their light under bushels? Not they. Their job is to attract attention and show how good they are. And they love it—even the shy ones, of whom there are all too few.

Dual Characters

COMPARE Arians with Pisceans. The latter (born between February 19 and March 21) are symbolised by two fishes, one swimming upstream, the other down. This indicates the dual and rather indecisive nature of most of those born under the sign. It also shows their inborn kindliness, gentleness, and desire to serve and help others.

These characteristics are also strong in those born just as Pisces "rises over the eastern horizon" at any time of the year.

The birthdate itself shows the "individuality," and the birth-hour pictures the "personality."

When Pisces predominates in an individual horoscope, the astrologer knows that an exceedingly nice and sympathetic, even if perhaps too gullible, person has been born—a person who will be so idealistic, emotional, religious-minded, and charitable that he should choose the life of the cloisters, the research laboratory, the hospital, or some other form of total or semi-seclusion to be truly happy.

Incidentally, all Pisceans seem to suffer through deception, imposition, and the possession of too large a heart. Some of them are really not safe to be at large—they are imposed upon too easily.

Somehow they don't seem to mind much, and are generally forgiving and tolerant. Hence it is that they dodge fights, upsets, and trouble with a coward's enthusiasm, although they are not cowards in the least degree.

Born Fighters

IN fact, in their own quiet, patient, and trustful way, they are some of the bravest in the world.

The truth is that Pisceans desire peace above all things, and that they are inherently religious (not necessarily orthodox) and philosophical.

Arians, on the other hand, are always spoiling for a fight. They love a battle of any kind, from a stand-up fight on anybody's account to the pioneering of some great and almost hopeless venture.

They thrive on excitement, difficulties, and challenges of any kind. They carry a chip on their shoulders and go around praying for someone to knock it off and start something.

And because they are too brave, Aries folk are to be found holding the most difficult or dangerous positions, leading others, pioneering great enterprises, and in one way or another setting the world on fire—and loving it.

So Arians will always chase Pisceans out of the limelight, but Pisceans don't care!

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your luck should be good for some weeks, so plan ahead wisely. Don't show too much Arian over-confidence and rashness, but be optimistic and work hard. Start the ball rolling for changes or new ventures. Ask favors and seek promotion on March 22 and 23.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): March 24, 25, and 26 (to dusk), just fair. Routine best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair for small ventures on March 26 (night only), 27, and 28.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be cautious and careful this week. Risks can prove disastrous, especially on March 24, 25, or 26. Run for cover then.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Good times ahead, so get busy and make worthwhile plans. Be sure to start some new ventures, make changes, or seek advancement on March 22 and 23. Live quietly on March 24, 25, and 26.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Nothing spectacular likely this week, unless your own individual horoscope says so.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): When in doubt, don't. Don't make changes; don't take risks; don't argue; and don't be careless of your friends, money, job or possessions this week. Loss, opposition, and disappointment can afflict unwise Librans.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Just fair on March 22 and 23. Better on March 29.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Laugh, and the world laughs with you at this time. Make plans which you can put into operation next week. Start the ball rolling slightly on March 22 and 23. Go after promotion and change.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): This is the time for you to avoid changes and risks of every kind. Routine work best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Fair on March 26 (after sunset), 27, and 28.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Just fair for you on March 29. Routine work best this week.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Dancing to Escape From Reality

By Air Mail from New York.

THE popularity of the "Big Apple" and other eccentric dances can be scientifically explained in the desire of the dancers to escape from reality, to "blow off steam" and to make an exhibition of themselves, according to the analysis of Dr. Edwin R. Guthrie, American professor of psychology.

All tendencies are natural and primarily wholesome, he added.

"I'm all for such dances," he said. "They are infinitely better than the dreary circling of the ballroom floor, which often passes for dancing."

NO USE, MISS *Scrub-Hard*

No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste — Pepsodent, containing the thrilling new dental discovery, IRIUM. Irium ends Scrub-Hard disappointment. It gets you results from proper brushing, makes your teeth sparkle with a brilliant natural lustre.

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . . Pepsodent gently floats film away—instead of scraping it off. —*Thorough!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . . Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . . contains NO GRIT . . . NO PUMICE. —*Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . . Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your mouth feeling clean and wholesome. —*Refreshing!*

PEPSODENT

ALONE *among dentifrices* CONTAINS IRIUM

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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Why Not a Special Race for Lady Owners?

By BETTY GEE

Aren't there enough lady owners in Sydney for the A.J.C. to put on an occasional race confined to horses exclusively carrying their colors?

No Shananigan though! They mustn't borrow them from hubby to run in their name just for the one race.

A CONDITION would be necessary that the horse, to be eligible, must have been owned by the lady for three months.

I can see big possibilities in it, and if they held the race in the spring or autumn it would acquire an interstate flavor, for horses of lady owners in Brisbane and Melbourne would compete.

All these are lady owners of Sydney, and there are droves more: Mrs. Pat Osborne, Mrs. E. J. Watt, Mrs. M. L. Dwyer, Mrs. Del Clayton, Miss "Lorna Doone," Miss "J. Ethelred," Miss Betty Battye, Mrs. A. Hordern, Mrs. C. C. Galbraith, Mrs. C. H. Hicks, Mrs. Jack King, Mrs. J. Hewitt, Miss "H. Nolean," Mrs. E. Carroll, Mrs. W. and Miss J. Thompson, Miss Philippa Stephen, Miss Mabel M. Power, Mrs. R. Kennedy, Mrs. N. Du Maurier, Miss A. Forbes, Mrs. E. Hogan, Mrs. J. S. Bovill, and Mrs. E. M. Betts.

If they adopt this idea the A.J.C. must do it properly. Why not have a committee of the wives of committeemen to handle the proposition?

Give a stake of £500 and a distinctive trophy, something dear to the heart of a woman of taste—a rich tea or coffee service of exclusive design, for instance.

What Thrills!

I WONDER where I can borrow a horse for three months—I mean a good horse who would have a chance of winning something like this?

What a thrill there must be in ownership. I don't mean merely paying for the board and lodging of some unworthy steed who couldn't be lifted out of the maiden class with a 10-ton crane. But something good, like Ajax, for instance.

What supreme delight to hear the shouts of the multitude and to be able to say, "that's all for my darling horse, my own, my very own."

What fun you'd have, choosing first your colors, and then the combination and form of the jacket and cap.

How would this look? Shocking pink jacket, penny-tan cross-stripes, jacaranda-blue sleeves and cap to match with buttercup tassel and seams.

Then you select the name.

Robert Taylor for a man horse. Mary Maguire for a nice sweet filly.

And what about picking the jockey? I've already made up my mind. It's Darby Munro. How romantic he looks. And what a jockey, too. The best in all Australia, I'm sure.

Now all that remains is to back him and win the race.

Not So Funny

I SUPPOSE men think that's funny. But they haven't won ALL the big races.

Mrs. E. A. Widdis won the Melbourne Cup in 1915 with Patrobas. She also won the Derby at Flemington at the same meeting. What a brace of triumphs! Could you imagine a greater thrill? Surely worth a lifetime of the petty pleasures of womankind.

And a Miss Robertson won another Derby in 1906 with Alawa, and many weight-for-age and notable races. She ran her horses though in the name of "M. Gordon," and many didn't know it wasn't the nom-de-course of a mere man.

But what a curious thing that in the 78 years of the Oaks only one lady owner prevailed, Mrs. M. L. Falkiner, with Folly Queen, in 1917. And the race is for 3-year-old lady horses, too.

Not a lady owner has ever won a Sydney Cup, but Mrs. L. R. Buxton owned a great racehorse when High Syce carried her purple, white stripes, sleeves and cap, and she won the 1929 Caulfield Cup with this mammoth thoroughbred of the giant strides.

I think a noteworthy distinction is that of Dot Shiel, who in 1932 won the Grand National Steeplechase with Precocious. A thorough equestrienne, Miss Shiel trained the horse for the job, too, and frequently put him over the stiffest timber. I really believe she'd have ridden him in the Grand National race if the V.R.C. had let her.

But there's a rule against women riders on metropolitan courses in Victoria.

Well, if I ever own a horse, I don't think I'll bother to ride it. I'll just back it.

And talking of backing horses, I've got the tip to back Vestal for the Granville at Rosehill on Saturday. She's an unlucky creature, but good, and she likes Rosehill. She told the stable boy so, and he told his sweetheart, and that's how I got it.

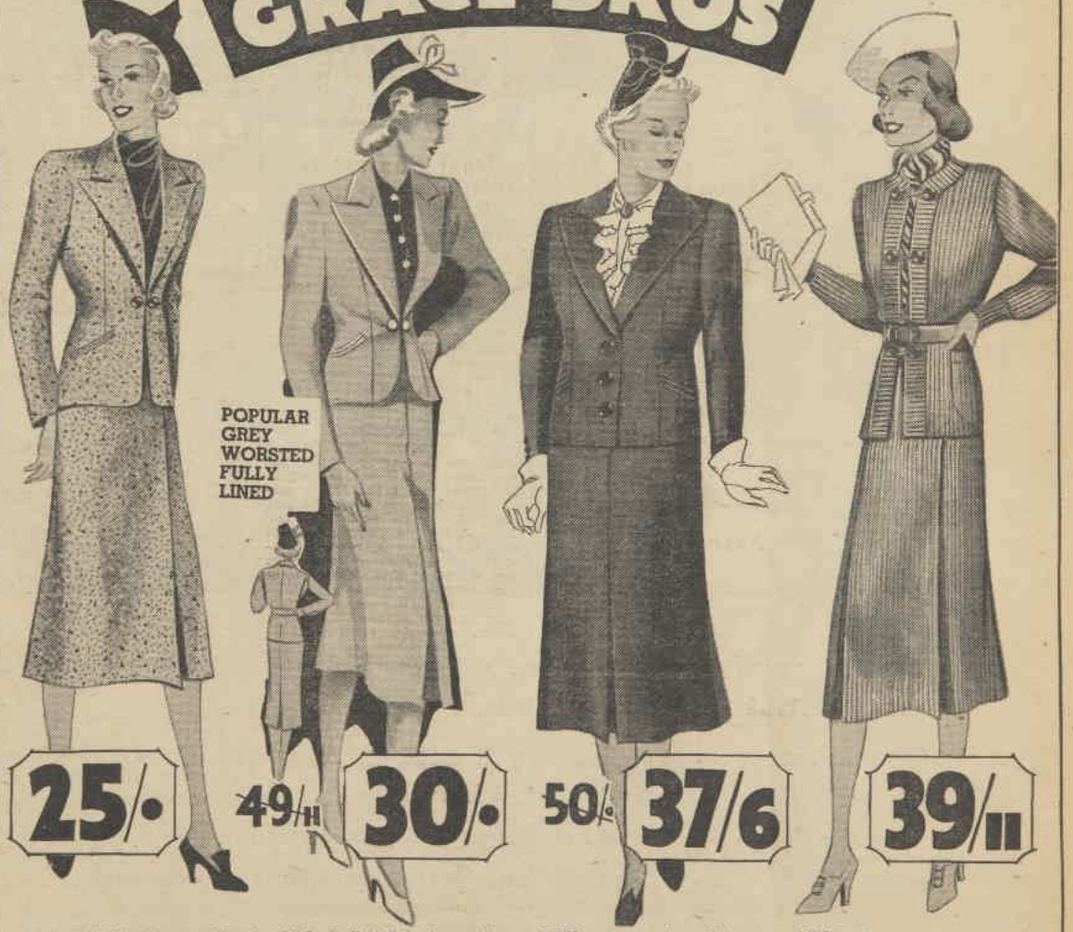
Follow up Gene Tout, too. He won at Rosebery last week, as I said he would. Or, rather, the Head Waiter did. Whatever he runs in he's good for, he declares.

And Dover's his tip for the Maiden Welter. Says he's a "bottler" in Bailey Payten's stable, and won't be long winning good races.

The Head Waiter gives out Lady Curia. "Saved up for the Juvenile, and is a flier, Miss," he declares. I hope he's right.

"IF I EVER own a horse," says Betty, "I don't think I'll bother to ride it. I'll just back it."

BE 'SUITED' IN A 'Broadway' SUIT FROM GRACE BROS



ME1—**Fully lined, man-tailored Suit of Confetti Flecked Tweed.** Well cut coat with shaped revers, with jigger button fastening; two pockets. Knife pleat back and front of skirt. Becoming multi-coloured effect in tonings of light and dark Brown. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS. **Price Specialised 25/-**

ML2—**Ladies' Suits in excellent quality Grey Worsted;** perfectly man-tailored in plain and action back. Fully lined. Inverted pockets and jigger buttons. Skirt has inverted pleat back and front. Sizes: XSW, SSW, SW. **Us. 49/11. Specialised 30/-** W size: 35/-. SOS and OS: 45/-.

MB29—Outstanding Value in man-tailored **Navy Worsted Costumes.** Coat is fully lined, has inset pockets and 3-button fastening. Skirt has inverted pleat back and front. **Navy only.** Sizes: W, SOS, OS, EOS. **Regular Value: 50/-. Price Specialised - - 37/6**

MD10—**Attractive All Wool Two-piece Suit.** Coat has link buttons to neckline and is finished with harmonising striped cravat. Skirt has pleat front and back allowing plenty of freedom. In Royal, Green, Rust, Brown, Natural, Black. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS. **Price Specialised - 39/11**

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

TWO NEW DRESSES ARE BETTER THAN ONE

Trading returns indicate that Mrs. and Miss 1938 can buy two new dresses where Mrs. and Miss 1932 could only buy one.

That, of course, is just another way of saying that things have steadily been getting better for everybody in the last six years. It is a reason also why you should vote for your United Australia Party candidate at this election—for he stands for sanity and stability in Government without which, as events have proved, prosperity is impossible.

RETAIN THE

Stevens Government

AND PROSPERITY

Authorised by H. W. Horsfield, 10 Ash Street, Sydney.

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. . . . for successful salads

Aged like a fine old Liqueur

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR

NEW TRANSPARENT COLOUR FOR LIPS

This method of lip colouring, stolen from the glamorous South Sea Maiden, makes lips positively irresistible!

Instead of coating your lips with an opaque lipstick that's more likely to repel than attract . . . TATTOO them with a transparent South Sea red that is completely irresistible! It's *marvelous*. Looks just like a part of your lips and stays on like mad. Softens lips too . . . makes them doubly adorable. Try it! See the five luscious shades of TATTOO at your favourite store.

PRICE 4/6

Introductory size, 1/-, De Luxe size, 6/6

CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO
YOUR LIPS for romance!

AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 40

PICTON, wasting no time in trying to bring Bylandt's men to the front again, deployed Kempt's brigade into an attenuated two-deep line, to fill the breach. Below, in the hollow road and the cornfields beyond it, the French columns were also trying to deploy in the constricted space afforded for such a movement. The whole valley swarmed with blue-coated infantry, struggling in the press of their own numbers to get into line. The front ranks charged up the banks of the hedge concealing the British troops, shouting and cheering, confident that the flight of the large body of troops in their front had left the road open to them through the Allied centre. Picton's voice blared above the roar of cannon: "Rise up!"

In Kempt's brigade, the Cameronians, attacked by a devastating crossfire from Bourgeois' column on their right, began to give way. Picton shouted to one of Uxbridge's Aides-de-Camp: "Rally the Highlanders!" The next instant he fell, shot through the right temple. Captain Seymour rode forward to obey this last command, but it was the Duke, watching the crash of the two Armies from the high ground in the centre, who galloped before him into the thick of the fight, and succeeded in rallying the Cameronians, and the hard-pressed Riflemen.

"Stand fast, Ninety-fifth! We must not be beaten!" he shouted. "What will they say in England?"

A ragged cheer answered him; he re-formed the 79th himself, and directed them to fire upon the column that had driven them back, only withdrawing out of the heat of the battle when he saw that they stood firm.

The guns on both sides had ceased fire as the French and the British troops met, but in the valley smoke lay thick, and muskets spat and crackled. The French were hampered by the size of their own columns, but though the men of Picton's depleted division had checked their advance by the sheer ferocity of their charge, they could not hope to hold such overwhelming numbers at bay. West of the chaussee, the Cuirassiers, having routed the Luneberg battalion, re-formed under the crest of the Allied position. Ignorant of what the reverse slope of the ground concealed, they charged up the bank, straight at Ompteda's men, hidden behind it. But the Germans had opened their ranks to permit the passage of cavalry through them. Before the Cuirassiers had reached the crest, they heard the thunder of hoofs above them, and the next instant the Household Brigade was upon them, led by Uxbridge himself, at the head of the 1st Life Guards.

WITH white crests and horses' manes flying, the Life Guards came up at full gallop, and crashed upon the Cuirassiers in flank. The earth seemed to shudder beneath the shock. The Hyde Park soldiers never drew rein, but swept the Cuirassiers from the bank, and across the hollow road in the irresistible impetus of their charge. Swords rang against the cuirasses; someone yelled above the turmoil: "Strike at the neck!" and the Cuirassiers, already a little disorganised by their encounter with the German infantry, were flung back in fighting confusion. The Life Guards and the 1st Dragoon Guards hurled their left flank past the walls of La Haye Sainte in complete disorder, and scattered Quiot's brigade of infantry assailing the farm. The right flank of the Cuirassiers swerved sharply to the east, and plunged down on to the chaussee to escape from the fury of six-foot men on huge horses, who seemed to have no idea of charging at anything slower than a full gallop. Not more than half their number had crossed the chaussee to the valley where Donzelot was driving his congested ranks against Kempt's brigade, when the rest of the Household Cavalry, coming up on the left of the Life Guards, fell upon them in hard-riding squadrons, and crumpled them up. The abattis, so painstakingly built up by the Riflemen, was scattered in an instant; the Cuirassiers were cut down in hundreds, and the Dragoon Guards rode over them to charge full tilt into the column of French infantry pressing Kempt's men back.

At the same moment, an Aide-de-Camp rode up from the rear to the hedge beyond which Pack's Highlanders were fighting fiercely with the men of Marcognet's division. For one moment he stood there, closely observing the state of the battle raging in the valley; then he took off his cocked hat, and waved it forwards.

There was a yell of: "Now then, Scots Greys!" and the next instant the whole of the Union Brigade came thundering up the reverse slope. The French, disordered through their inability to deploy their enormous column before the Highlanders charged them, appalled hardly more by the fury of the kilted devils who rushed on them than by the unearthly music of the pipes playing "Scots Wha' Hae" in the hell of blood and smoke and clashing arms that filled the valley, heard the cavalry thundering towards them, and looked up to see great grey horses clearing the hedge above them.

They fell back. In the valley, officers were shouting to the Gordons to wheel back by sections to let the cavalry pass through.

Many of the horses and their riders were brought down by musketry-balls, or the desperate thrust of bayonets, but the cavalry charge had caught Marcognet's column unawares, and in confusion. The Union Brigade rode over the column, lopping off heads with their sabres, while the Gordons, who had been carried forward with them, did deadly work with the bayonet. To the right, where Donzelot's men had fought their way through Kempt's thin lines to the crest of the position, the Royal Dragoons, unchecked by the frontal fire that met them, charged straight for the leading column of the division. The column faced about and tried to retreat over the hedge, but there was no time to get to safety before the Royals were in their midst, their sabres busy and their horses squealing, biting, and striking out with their iron-shod forefeet. Between the Greys and the Royals, the Inniskillings, with their blood-curdling howl, broke through Donzelot's rear brigades. As the Royals, capturing an Eagle, charged on over the slaughtered leading column, to the supporting ones behind it, and the Greys rode down Marcognet's men, the French, utterly demoralised, began throwing down their arms, and crying for quarter.

The Household Brigade, having broken the Cuirassiers, and smashed their way through Bourgeois' rear column, dashed on, deaf to the trumpets sounding the Rally, and to the voices of Uxbridge and Lord Edward trying to recall them, up the slope towards the great French battery on the ridge. The Union Brigade, leaving behind them a plain strewn with dead and wounded, and prisoners being herded to the rear, charged after the Household troops, and galloped up the slope to within half-carbine shot of where Napoleon himself was standing, by the farm of La Belle Alliance.

A Colonel of the Greys shouted: "Charge! Charge the guns!" and his men dashed after him, through a storm of shot, laming the horses, cutting the traces, and sabreing the gunners.

The cavalry charge had put almost all Count D'Erlon's Corps d'Armee to rout, but it had been carried too far. Ahead, solid columns of infantry were advancing from the French rear; and behind, from either flank, Lancers and Cuirassiers were riding to cut off the retreat.

On the Allied left wing, Vandeleur flung forward his Light Dragoons to cover the retreat. They cheered the Heavies as they passed them, caught the Lancers in flank, and drove them back in disorder. The survivors of the Union Brigade reached the shelter of their own lines, having pierced three columns, captured two Eagles, wrecked fifteen guns, put twenty-five more temporarily out of action, and taken nearly three thousand prisoners.

THE great infantry attack on the Allied left-centre had failed. The Household Brigade had repulsed Quiot from La Haye Sainte; Bourgeois and Donzelot had been forced to retreat with heavy loss; and Marcognet's division was shattered. The remaining column, led by Durutte, had had more success, but was forced to retire in the general retreat. Durutte had advanced against Papelotte, and had driven Prince Bernhard's Nassauers out of the village. These re-formed, and in their turn drove out the French. Vandeleur's brigade of Light Cavalry charged the column, and it drew off, but in good order.

On the Allied side the losses were enormous. Kempt and Pack could no longer hope to hold the line, and Lambert's brigade was ordered up from Mont St. Jean to reinforce them. The Union Brigade had been cut to pieces; the Household troops were reduced to a few squadrons. Of the Generals, Picton had been killed outright in the first charge; Sir William Ponsonby, leading the Union Brigade on a back-horse, was lying dead on the field with his Aide-de-Camp beside him; and Pack and Kempt, on whom the command of the 5th Division had devolved, were wounded. Lord Edward Somerset, unhorsed, his hat gone, the lap of his coat torn off, got to his own lines miraculously unscathed.

Lord Uxbridge, who, when the Life Guards and the Dragoon Guards ignored the Rally, had ridden back to bring up the Blues in support, only to find that they had galloped into first line before ever they had passed La Haye Sainte, listened in contemptuous silence to the congratulations of the Duke's suite upon the brilliant success of his charge. He turned away, remarking to Seymour with a disdainful curve to the mouth: "That Troupe doree seems to think the battle is over. But had I, when I sounded the Rally, found only four well-formed squadrons coming on at an easy trot we should have captured a score of guns, and avoided these shocking losses. Well! I deviated from my own principle: the carriere once begun the leader is no better than any other man. I should have placed myself at the head of the second line."

During D'Erlon's attack, the cannonading had been kept up on the other parts of the line, while, round Hougoumont, the struggle still raged with unabated fury, more and more men of Reille's Corps being employed in the attempt to capture the chateau. The stubborn resistance of the Guards inside the chateau and garden, and of Saltoun's Light Companies, holding the orchard and the alley to the north in the teeth of all opposition, awoke a corresponding determination in the French generals.

Please turn to Page 46

DEAD POET

We go in solitude, one heart, one mind,
Our very breath to one long thought confined
One loveliness, one deep, sweet sense of pain
And close to me, he walks, he lives again
This wooer of my mind—so great a lover—
'Tis all that I have known of him, his book
And he, the man, a face behind the cover.

—*Yvonne Webb.*

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"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

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"VIKELP" Tablets, the amazing natural mineral concentrate from the Pacific Ocean—richest source of the 12 life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE—get right down and correct one of the real, underlying causes of weakness, thinness, nervous, ailing, and run-down conditions—MINERAL AND FOOD IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands do not work properly you suffer from malnutrition and all the food in the world can't help you—it just isn't turned into flesh. The result is you stay weak, nervous, tired-out, and skinny—you "age" before your time.

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AN *Infamous* ARMY

Continued from Page 45

No attempt was made to mask the post; Jerome, Foy and Bachelu were all sent against it; and a howitzer troop was summoned up to drop shells upon the buildings. At a quarter to three, the roof of the chateau was blazing, and the Duke, observing it, scrawled one of his brief messages in his pocket-book: "I see that the fire has communicated from the haystack to the roof of the chateau. You must, however, still keep your men in those parts to which the fire does not reach. Take care that no men are lost by the falling in of the roof or floors. After they will have fallen in, occupy the ruined walls inside the gardens; particularly if it should be possible for the enemy to pass through the embers in the inside of the house."

He tore out the leaves, and folded them, and handed them to Colonel Audley, with a curt instruction.

The Colonel made his way to the right, behind Alten's division. The going was hard, the ground being heavy from the recent storm, and the smoke from the shells bursting all round making it difficult to see the way. He caught a glimpse of some squadrons of Dutch Carabiniers, drawn up considerably to the rear, with their left against the chaussee, out of range of the cannon-shots; passed by General Kruse's Nassauers, held in reserve; and arrived at length on the plateau overlooking Hougoumont. Skirting a regiment of Dragoons of the Legion, who announced themselves to belong to General Dornberg's brigade, the Colonel took a deep breath, gave his horse a pat on the neck, saying: "Now for it, my lad!" and plunged forward into the region of shot and shell-bursts. As he rode past Maitland's Guards, lying down in line four-deep above the bend of the hollow road to the south, a cannon-ball screamed past his head, and made him duck involuntarily. An officer commanding a troop of Horse Artillery, a little to the west of the 1st Guards, saw him, and laughed, shouting: "Whither away, Audley?"

"To Hougoumont, Ramsay, where the devil has Byng's brigade got to?"

"In there, most of 'em," replied Ramsay, pointing to the Hougoumont enclosures. "They tell me the ditches are piled up with the dead: don't add to their number, if you can avoid it!"

"Damn you, I'm shaking with fright already!" called Audley over his shoulder.

Ramsay laughed, and waved him on. The last sight Colonel Audley had of him was sitting his horse beside his guns, as cool as though engaged on field manoeuvres, waving his hand, and laughing.

He set spurs to his horse, and galloped forward into the smoke and the heat of the fight round Hougoumont. He found himself soon among what seemed to be a steady stream of wounded, making their painful way to the rear. The lane behind the chateau, which was flanked by ditches and elm-trees, was lined with some of the Light Companies of the Guards regiments, and in the orchard beyond a never-ending skirmish was going on. From the cover of the tree-trunks, and the ditches, the Guards, stepping over their own dead, were upholding their proud reputation. The carnage was appalling, but Colonel Audley, making his way to the northern wicket leading into the chateau, could see no signs of dismay in even the youngest face. When a man fell, with a queer little grunt as the ball struck him, those near him would do no more than glance at him in the intervals of reloading their muskets. They were intent on their marksmanship, their strained eyes staring ahead through the drifting smoke, their muskets at the ready.

Except for a shot which carried away his horse's ear, and caused the poor beast to rear up, snorting and squealing, the Colonel reached the wicket-gate without sustaining any injury, and penetrated into the courtyard.

The scene outside in the enclosures faded to insignificance before the inferno within the walls. The haystack was still blazing, and not only the roof of the chateau, but also a cowshed where the wounded had been lying, had caught fire. The heat was overpowering; shells were falling on the buildings; horses, caught in flaming stables, were screaming; a few men, unrecognisable in torn and blackened uniforms, were working desperately to drag the last of the wounded out of the cow-shed, while others, forming a chain, were pouring bucketful after bucketful of water on the smoking walls. On every side sounded the crash of falling timbers, the bursting of shells, and the groans of men, who, unable to move for shattered legs, or ghastly stomach wounds, were scorched by the fire, and driven mad by pain and thirst. A sergeant of the Coldstreams shouted to Audley above the din that Colonel Macdonnell was in the garden, and thither Audley made his way, out of the heat and the fire, into what seemed an oasis set in the middle of hell.

Reille's guns were all trained on the courtyard and the surrounding buildings, and scarcely any shells had fallen in the neat garden which Barbara Childe had planned to visit again in the summer. Roses were blooming in the formal beds; the long turf walks between were shaded by fruit trees, and perfectly smooth. The Colonel had no time to waste in gazing on this refreshing scene; but its contrast with the horror of the courtyard most forcibly struck him as he strode towards the high brick wall on the southern side. Here the defenders were for the most part gathered, some firing through the rough loopholes; others mounted on the wooden platforms, and firing over the top of the wall into the infantry in the orchard and the fringe of the wood beyond. Colonel Audley soon found Macdonnell, and delivered the Duke's message. The big Scot read it, and gave a short laugh. "He need not worry; we can hold the place. But send more ammunition down to us, Audley, if you can; we're running very short. How is it going along the rest of the line?"

"The 5th Division and the Heavy Brigades have repulsed an infantry attack on the left centre, sir. No one has it as hot as you so far."

"Ah! Well, no one has troops like my fellows. Tell the Duke there's no talk of surrender here."

Making his way back again through the house and the courtyard, Colonel Audley once more reached the wicket gate, and found his horse, which he had tethered there, apparently not much troubled by the loss of his ear. He mounted, and galloped back to the main position, crossing the hollow road just below the spot where the few companies of Byng's brigade not engaged in the struggle about Hougoumont were posted. He did not see Byng himself, but gave Macdonnell's message to a senior officer, who begged him to carry it further, to the Prince of Orange's staff. He rode on towards Maitland's brigade, where he was informed the Prince was to be found, but was told there by Maitland himself that the Prince had moved to the left, towards Alten's division.

"I'll send one of my family, if you like," Maitland said. "The trouble is to get the carts through to Hougoumont."

"You have enough on your hands, sir, by the look of it. I must pass Alten's division in any case."

Maitland had his glass to his eye, and replied in a preoccupied tone: "Very well. I don't like the look of those fellows moving up round the eastern side of Hougoumont. I wonder—no, never mind; off with you!"

The Colonel left him, still watching the stealthy advance of a large body of French Light Troops who were creeping along the eastern hedge of the Hougoumont enclosure with the evident intention of turning Saltoun's left flank, and galloped on towards the centre of the line.

The Prince of Orange, who was surrounded by numerous staff, was not difficult to pick out. He was wearing his English Hussar dress, with an orange cockade in his hat, and was standing beside Halkett's brigade on the right flank of the division, his glass, like Maitland's, trained on the advancing French skirmishers. The Colonel rode towards him, but arrived in his presence in a precipitate fashion which he did not intend. A shell, bursting within a few yards of him, brought his horse down in mid-gallop; the Colonel was shot over his head, feeling at the same moment something like a red-hot knife sear his left thigh, and fell almost at the feet of Lord March.

The explosion, and the heavy fall, knocked him senseless for a moment or two, but he soon came to himself, to find March's face bent over him He blinked at it, recollected his surroundings, and tried to laugh. "Good Heavens, what a way to arrive!"

"Are you hurt, Charles?"

"No, merely dazed," replied the Colonel, grasping his friend's hand, and pulling himself up. "My horse killed?"

"One of the men shot him. His fore legs were blown off at the knees. We thought you were gone. You are hurt! I'll get you to the rear."

"You'll do no such thing!" said the Colonel, feeling his leg through his blood-stained breeches. "I think a splinter must have caught me. I'll get one of Halkett's sawbones to tie it up. I was looking for you fellows. I've been charged by Colonel Macdonnell to see that more ammunition is sent down to him."

"I'll pass the message. Things are looking rather black at the moment." He pointed towards the hedge of Hougoumont.

At that moment the Prince cantered up, looking pale and rather excited. "March! I've ordered the Light Troops not to stir from their position! They were forming to move against these skirmishers, who are trying to turn Saltoun's left flank, but I'm sure the Duke will have seen that movement, and will make his own dispositions. You agree?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eh, mon Dieu, if one knew what were best to do—but no, I'm right! Charles, go at once to the rear; you are bleeding like a pig! My dear fellow, I have so much on my hands—ah, I was right! I knew it! See there, March! The Guards are moving down to cut off this attempt! All is well then, and it is a mercy I would not permit the Light Troops to go. March, take Charles to the rear, and find him a horse—no, a surgeon! Au revoir, Charles. I wish—but you see how it is; I have not a moment!"

He flew off again; Audley's eyes twinkled; he said: "Has he been like this all day?"

March smiled. "This is nothing. But you mustn't laugh at him; he's doing well—quite well, if only he wouldn't get excited. Good, there's one of the assistant-surgeons! Finlayson! Patch Colonel Audley up, will you? I'll get you a trooper from somewhere, Charles. Take care of yourself!"

The Colonel's wound was found to have been caused, as he suspected, by a splinter. This was speedily, if somewhat painfully, extracted, and his leg bound up, by which time one of the sergeants of the 30th Regiment had come up, leading a trooper. The Colonel mounted, declaring himself to be in splendid shape, and rode off as fast as his heavy steed would bear him.

Continued Next Week

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

March 26, 1938. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers Page One

DO YOU WORRY *About* YOUR SKIN ?

Dont! Do something about it . . . Read this article, and then follow the simple, worth-while suggestions on beauty care.

By . . . EVELYN

BEAUTY is a battle! You must often think so when you study the mirror and find this, that and the other awry with your skin or your "crowning glory."

But don't retreat; renew your courage and fight on in beauty's cause. The battle is certainly worth winning.

Now run through these suggestions and do not pass by those that sound helpful and hopeful to you:

If your skin looks rather dull and lifeless, what about giving it a tonic facial?

Here is the simple treatment: Buy a bottle of the best liquid skin tonic you can, and some cotton wool.

Brush back your hair, pin a towel around your head. Cleanse your skin thoroughly either with a cleansing cream and face tissues, or lukewarm water and a good soap. Cut layers of the cotton wool into strips, soak in the skin tonic and lay them across your face as shown in the sketch.

It is best to lie down before you place these strips of tonic - laden cotton wool across your face.

Pull out the wet cotton so that it covers the whole of your face, your throat and forehead, leaving, of course, an opening so that you can breathe comfortably.

Leave on for one hour, remove, and bathe your face with cold water.

Repeat this treatment twice a week for three weeks, and then once a week until such time as you are assured by your mirror, by the smooth "feel" of your skin, that the facial tonic has done its good deed.

An excellent tonic for the complexion—especially for those of you who discover one day that your skin shows blemishes in the way of pimples and blotches—is parsley tea.

Gather a good handful of parsley, or buy 3d. worth from your greengrocer. Wash well in salt and water and place in a jug.

Add a slice of lemon and pour over a pint of boiling water.

It's a Beauty Drink

LET it stand for a short time and then drink it like ordinary tea—minus, of course, milk and sugar.

Don't expect that the drinking of one pint will work miracles for you. Drink this parsley tea three times a week. As you know, make-up doesn't hide blemishes, so persevere with this simple and inexpensive herbal tea.

By the way, should you run out of your favorite skin lotion and are far removed from chemist or shop, you can make do with another of nature's aids to beauty.

Simply gather as many sprigs of rosemary (I assume you grow rosemary if you live in the country) as will fill a large saucepan. Pour over a pint of water, bring to the boil, and boil rapidly for a few minutes. Then simmer gently for about half an hour.

Now strain the liquor off first through a strainer and then through butter muslin. Bottle and seal against dust.

This lotion applied after cleansing your face will soften and whiten the skin.

As I write, another beauty drink comes to mind. This is made from potatoes, but not new potatoes.

Choose six medium-sized old potatoes. Wash thoroughly. Peel them very, very thickly.

Throw this thick peel (for the goodness of the potato lies near the skin) into a saucepan, and pour over six breakfast-cups of water.

Cover, bring to the boil, and simmer for half an hour. Now drain off this liquid and drink, hot (but not too hot) or cold, between meals.

Perseverance Pays

PERSEVERE with this beauty drink.

If you can't get parsley, well, you can get potatoes.

You know how a head-cold upsets your looks—affects your skin, reddens your nose, dulls your eyes? Admittedly, it is hard to escape colds and consequent misery. I am just emerging from the throes of a cold myself and know what it's like.

Lunching with a girl the other day we discussed the subject, seeing that it was well on my mind. She brightly informed me (touching wood!) that she had not suffered from a head-cold for 18 months.

"How do you prevent them?" I asked.

"Well," was the answer, "I gargle my throat every night and every morning with salt and water. When the girls working around me flaunt streaming eyes and red noses I repeat this act two or three times a day."

I simply pass this tip on to you. It's a simple enough precaution to take against a great enemy of beauty.

Try it out for yourself!

A COLD in the head is devastating to good looks. It affects the skin as well as the general health. A beauty-wise girl advocates gargling with salt and water against infection. She does this three times a day.

Before Making-up

NEVER dream of making-up your face without first cleansing the skin thoroughly, either with good soap and lukewarm water, or a pure light cleansing cream.

If you use a cleansing cream to clean your skin you must use it generously. No good smoothing over a portion and dabbing with a towel.

Smother it on! Let it stay on the skin a couple of minutes and then, in the interests of hygiene, remove carefully with facial tissues. Always wipe off the cream with upward and outward motions.

Never wash the face regularly in hot water.

Always, if you use soap and water as the cleansing agent, rinse the face in cold water.

Apply an astringent lotion before applying make-up. Never fail to do this, especially of you live in a warm clime. This closes the pores of the skin and prevents the powder or dust and grime getting down into the pores and clogging them up.

If you run out of an astringent lotion (which in beauty's cause you should never allow yourself to do) substitute with lemon juice diluted in water, or witch hazel.

Open pores are distressing. Guard against them by the continuous use of the best astringent you can buy.

You can try bathing the face with a solution of epsom salts. This is considered by some as an excellent treatment for open-pore sufferers. A teaspoon of the salts to one breakfast cup of water is the usual quantity used.

Please do not expect results within a week. That is the trouble with most of us.

We buy good creams, good soaps, good tonics and lotions and expect to look ravishing after one or two applications or treatments.

Be consistent—and radiant success must follow!

SHOULD you run out of your favorite skin lotion, try a substitute made from rosemary. This will serve you well in an emergency.

✦ ✦

ABOVE: It's just as important to keep the skin of your head clean. Falling dandruff or scales from the head may infect the skin of your face, your neck, and shoulders. So shampoo your hair regularly, massage and brush frequently, and keep brushes and combs immaculate.

✦ ✦ ✦

LEFT: A tonic facial does wonders for a dull and lifeless-looking skin. The simple treatment is fully described in this article.

✦ ✦ ✦

Above—FAVEN. This new court shoe model, with medium high heel, features a brown kid vamp. It is decidedly different. In black kid and navy kid.

Younger

Women are wearing "Joy O' Life" Shoes for Smartness :

The intriguing new styles of Bedggood's "Joy O' Life" Shoes are winning popularity with smart women, who realise that freshness, ease of manner and poise, go only with perfect foot comfort. Every one of the many "Joy O' Life" styles is made in half sizes and 4 different widths, so that you can be sure of getting the exact size to suit your foot. "Tailor-made" to fit 5 ways—in length, width, waist, instep and heel, their comfort is a revelation. See the new Bedggood "Joy O' Life models at any good shoe store. PRICE, 35/- and 37/6.

Joy O' Life SHOES Bedgoods

At Left—LORETTA. Oxford tie model, with the newest punching effect that is most pleasing. Available in black and brown kidskin.

Above—KISDON. A court shoe model with the ever-popular baby Louis heel, featuring a new and exclusive front ornament. In black, brown, or navy kidskin.

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TRY OUT *the* MILKY WAY

MILK IS SOOTHING to tired eyes. Heat the milk to blood temperature and sponge it over the eyes and on the skin surrounding the eyes.

It's one of the most inexpensive, one of the easiest and surest ways of achieving skin beauty.

By OUR BEAUTY SPECIALIST

ONE of the many uses of milk is to soothe and soften a rough skin. For instance, after you have been out for the day and come home with your face stinging and sore from the bite of a keen wind, warm a little milk to blood heat, add a few drops of almond oil, make a pad out of a piece of cotton wool, dab it into the lotion and pat it gently over the skin.

Keep on smoothing the liquid into the skin until every trace of dirt and grime has been removed, and then with facial tissues gently blot up any milk which may remain on the skin. Keep on blotting the skin until it is just slightly moist. Then apply your make-up in the usual manner.

If you carry out the above treatment at night before retiring you can then finish the milk treatment with an application of nourishing cream. This will replenish the burnt tissues and in the morning your skin will again be back to normal.

Eye Rejuvenation

VERY often your eyes become very tired and sore, and when this happens you will discover that milk can be very soothing. Heat the milk to blood temperature and sponge it over the eyes and on the skin surrounding the eyes.

Sponge it on in generous quantities. Lie down with your eyes closed, until the milk is quite dry, then gently rinse the milk from the skin with lukewarm water.

If your skin is rather muddy, the following treatment, carried out once a week, will soon rectify it: First cleanse your skin with soap and lukewarm water. Apply hot towels to open the pores. Then, with a piece of cotton wool, dab plenty of milk on the face.

DAB MILK on the skin. It is a great beautifier. See article.

When dabbing, always use an upward movement. In this manner you will avoid dragging the facial muscles down and creating that sagged look.

By dabbing the milk on in this manner the skin absorbs a small quantity. After allowing it to remain on the face for a short period, rinse the skin with ice-cold water. This treatment will not only clear muddy skins, but it is also excellent for open pores and blackheads.

And then there are many milk packs which can be used for a variety of skin conditions.

If you suffer from a dry skin try an almond meal and milk pack. Mix a tablespoonful of almond meal with enough warm milk to make a paste. Thoroughly cleanse the skin with cleansing cream, removing the surplus with facial tissues. Then spread the milk pack on the skin and lie down for a quarter of an hour, finally removing the pack with warm water.

For Oily Skins

A SKIN which is too oily can be treated with a yeast and milk pack as follows: Add a little milk to some yeast and mash to a creamy paste, then after thoroughly cleansing the skin apply the paste, taking care to avoid all places where hair grows.

Allow the paste to remain on the skin for half an hour and then remove with warm water, finishing with a good douche with cold water. This will act as an astringent and will help to correct the excessively oily condition.

When a face is lined with tiny wrinkles, milk and honey combined will do much to alleviate the condition. Mix together equal quantities of honey and milk, and spread it thickly on the wrinkled skin. Allow it to remain on the skin for half an hour and then remove with warm water.

Carry out this treatment for a few nights and you will soon notice a decided improvement in your forehead lines.

You should not rely on milk entirely for external treatments, but should also take it internally. You will discover that if you drink one pint of milk per day that nervous exhaustion and its attendant ills will soon vanish and that your salt cellars and hollows will gradually fill out.

Not only will it act as a beautifying agent but, at the same time, it will give you a greater measure of health than you have had in the past.

There is no greater beauty food than milk.

If you are too thin it will help you to put on weight, and if you are too fat it will help you reduce.

It is what is known as an equalising food.

Those people who are overweight will discover that if they try a milk diet they will soon lose their surplus poundage, and not only will they lose this weight, but at the same time their eyes will assume a new whiteness and clearness, and their skin will acquire a velvety smoothness.

As a beauty preparation it is unique, and if you can afford the luxury of adding a quart of milk to your bath water the whole of your body will feel refreshed, and will take on a satiny feeling which is delightful. As a powder base, in cases of emergency, it serves, and as a skin food it can be recommended.

Therefore call on the aid of milk in your fight for beauty

HERE IS A BEAUTY who bathes frequently in milk—Anita Louise, Warner Bros. film star. Because of this, her skin is satin smooth. She not only bathes in milk, she drinks one pint a day of this beauty food.

. . and it is irresistible

● Even were your figure more lovely than the Venus, your profile a better one than Helen's and your eyes the envy of Marlene, much would still need to be done! For the finishing touches are no less vital than the first outlines, and the powder, for instance, that you sprinkle on yourself after the bath, is no less important than the bath itself! And that is why so many women of sensitive taste and sensitive skin choose Johnson's Baby Powder, the softest powder in the world. For many years its softness has pampered the skins of babies, and your own skin deserves no less. And all day or all evening its fragrance lingers with you and about you, perfecting your allurement, chic and charm.

FOR MEN, TOO!

After Shaving and Showering! Johnson's Baby Powder makes its appeal to men who desire the maximum of comfort after shaving or showering. It dries, cools and protects the skin. No chafing — just a feeling of freshness and cleanliness.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby - Best for you"

● A Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION and COMFORT...COSTS LESS

MODESS

Only this SANITARY NAPKIN has this moisture proof backing, assuring perfect protection.

W.A. PRICE, 1/2 PER BOX.

1/6 BOX OF 12

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FISH . . . . *Is So Good* FOR YOU

Know how to cook it to perfection . . . how to grill, bake, steam, souse, or deep fry it.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

SERVE FISH MORE OFTEN. It is rich in protein and is therefore a valuable substitute for meat. It is also rich in phosphorus and iodine content—both necessary to perfect health. At left you see fish and cheese, a delicious dish.

FISH needs very careful cooking and serving in order to make it attractive to the eye, as well as palatable.

Here are some new ways of serving:

1. Dip fillets in batter, wet fry till golden brown. Serve with crisp, golden chip potatoes.

2. Spread fillets with cream cheese, roll up, fasten. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry. Serve with cheese sauce.

3. Steam fillets. Serve with mushroom sauce.

4. Cook fillets in brown gravy to which tomatoes, onion, and mushrooms have been added.

5. Steam fish in milk. Use milk for sauce, coloring it and adding anchovy sauce.

6. Serve tinned herrings in hot, white sauce.

7. Make potato pie, using salmon in place of meat.

8. Lay fillets on flat dish, put buttered mushroom one end, fold over thin end. Bake in oven. Serve with green butter.

BAKED FISH

One flathead, bream, or jewfish; 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1oz. butter, salt, cayenne.

Clean, wash, and dry fish. Remove eyes, cut off fins and trim round tail, fish over inside and outside with lemon. Mix breadcrumbs, parsley, lemon rind, butter, salt, and cayenne well together. Fill fish with portion of mixture, sew up or fasten with skewer. Lay on a greased tin, brush over with milk, cover with remainder of seasoning, then cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes, or till when pierced with a skewer the flesh leaves the bones. Place on a hot dish, remove cotton or skewer. Garnish with slices of lemon.

STEAMED FISH WITH TARTARE SAUCE

Three whiting, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, little water, tartare sauce.

Fillet the fish, cut in halves, and lay on a greased swiss roll tin, add a little water. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Make the tartare sauce, when fish is cooked. Lift on to a hot dish. Pour the sauce over and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once garnished with slices of lemon.

FISH SALAD

Cooked fish, mayonnaise sauce, hard-boiled egg, beetroot, prawns, salad vegetables.

Use any remains of cold fish. Flake and entirely free from skin and bones. Place the fish in a glass bowl, cover with the mayonnaise. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs, beetroot cut in fancy shapes, salad vegetables and the prawns. Serve with roll or cut bread and butter.

SOLE CARDINALE

Sole, white sauce, butter, water, slices of lemon, parsley.

Fillet sole and place in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and lemon juice, add a little drop of water, dot top with butter. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven till soft. Make white sauce, add a few drops of carmine. Place fish on hot dish. Pour over sauce and garnish with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon.

FRIED FISH

Fish, flour, pepper, salt, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, lemon.

Scale fish and put on a fish board or clean paper; with scissors or sharp knife cut skin round head, sides, and across the tail, keeping close to the fins. Loosen skin round head. Hold the fish by the head and draw the skin down towards the tail without tearing the flesh. Do this on each side. Remove flesh from the bone by cutting along the middle of the back with sharp knife. Then, keeping knife well on the bone, cut flesh from both sides of backbone. Get fillets into two or three. Wash and dry thoroughly; sprinkle with lemon juice. Dip into flour, pepper, and salt, egg and breadcrumbs, or dip in batter. Put in heated fat, and when golden brown remove from fat and drain on white paper. Serve on a hot plate on a d'oyley, garnished with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon.

FISH ORLYS

Fish fillets, oil, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, very thin slices onion, vinegar, batter, frying fat, lemon and parsley.

Mix the oil, lemon juice, salt, cayenne, onion and vinegar well together and soak the fish in it for one hour. Drain, wipe dry, dip in batter, then wet fry. Drain on paper. Serve on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

FISH CUTLETS

Eight ounces cooked fish, 1 cup mashed potato, 2 tablespoons thick white sauce, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs, flour, egg glazing, frying fat.

Mix fish, potato, and sauce well together. Form into cutlet shapes with a little flour, dip in egg glazing, then toss in crumbs. Wet fry till golden brown. Drain on white paper, serve on paper d'oyley. Garnish with parsley and lemon.

FISH AND CHEESE

Fish, white sauce, grated cheese, breadcrumbs, butter, salt, cayenne, lemon juice.

Flake fish, removing any bones. Add to white sauce with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice, and half the grated cheese. Pour into greased fireproof dish or into individual ramekins. Sprinkle thickly with cheese, then crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake in hot oven till thoroughly reheated through. Serve at once.

FRICASSEE OF FISH

Fish, white sauce, finely chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, hard-boiled eggs.

Flake the fish, remove bones. Add sauce, salt, cayenne and lemon juice. Thoroughly reheat. Stir in chopped parsley. Pour into a hot entree dish and garnish with hot, hard-boiled eggs. Cut in half lengthways.

SOUSED FISH

Two pounds fish fillets, cloves, herbs (finely chopped), 1 cup vinegar, salt.

Place prepared fish on greased flat tin—pour over vinegar and seasonings. Cover with greased paper, and bake in slow oven. Serve cold with salad.

What a FLAVOUR!

YOU can do so many things with the unique flavour of Heinz Baked Beans. They're so delicious — everybody welcomes their mealy munchiness, so tender that the rich tomato sauce flavours them through and through. Serve them in all sorts of ways...with the breakfast bacon...for lunches . . . or as a basis for savouries or snacks. There are two delicious varieties. Baked Beans with tomato sauce and pork, and Vegetarian Baked Beans with tomato sauce. Your grocer is proud to sell Heinz.

One of the 57 varieties

RECIPE FOLDER—FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, E.1.

You would appreciate Heinz Spaghetti Macaroni Ready-to-Serve Soups Tomato Ketchup Mayonnaise too . . . . !

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

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MORE RECIPES *from* READERS...

Prizewinners in The Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Competition . . . they'll be carefully filed by every housewife.

A COLLECTION of unusual and attractive salads, embracing fruits, nuts and greens, also recipes for salad dressings, wins first prize this week.

A number of other good recipes have been awarded consolation prizes.

Remember that we give £1 every week for the best recipe received, also consolation prizes at 2/6 each. Enter this popular competition. It may be worth good money to you!

Salads and Dressings

BUTTERFLY SALAD: Line a salad dish with lettuce leaves, piece of pineapple with centre removed, on each leaf. Place two pieces of walnut to represent eyes. Cut a banana lengthwise and place it across for the body.

Banana Canoes: Two oranges, 4 bananas, 2 slices of pineapple, a little shredded lettuce, salad dressing. With a sharp knife cut bananas lengthwise, and scoop out centre. Cut up oranges, pineapple, and banana pulp in equal quantities. Sprinkle over with shredded lettuce. Pour over salad dressing.

Orange, Apple and Celery Salad: Peel oranges, removing white pith. Cut into slices ¼ inch thick. Cut each in halves. Dice up celery and a peeled and cored apple. Place some lettuce leaves in a salad bowl. Arrange a half slice of orange on each. Mix some mayonnaise dressing with the apple and celery pulp. Put a little on each leaf and garnish with tips of celery.

Orange and Coconut Salad: Peel 4 oranges, removing pith and pips. Cut into slices, place in bowl. Sprinkle with coconut, and pour sherry or fruit juice over. Then add another layer of orange. Boil together ½lb. sugar and a gill (cup) of water, till a syrup. Pour over, and add whipped cream.

Rice Salad: Line a bowl with lettuce leaves. Take a cup of cooked rice, and put a little into the centre of each. Roast a few peanuts and stick in the rice. Decorate with a few pieces of cheese.

Ordinary Salad Dressing: Yolk of hard-boiled egg; ½ teaspoonful salt; 1 dessertspoonful oil or cream; 2 tablespoons milk; ¼ teaspoon mustard; 2 teaspoons sugar; ½ gill vinegar. Pound yolk up well. Add mustard, sugar, and salt. Work oil or cream in gradually. Add milk, then vinegar, drop by drop.

Boiled Salad Dressing: 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 tablespoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup boiling water, 1 knob of butter, ½ cup vinegar. Mix together the dry ingredients, beat egg into them. Add vinegar, then boiling water. Add butter last. This will keep some weeks in a screw-top jar.

Mayonnaise Dressing: 2 raw yolks of eggs (freed of speck), 1 gill of salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt and pepper. Put yolks into a bowl with salt and pepper; stir them quickly with a wooden spoon, pouring the oil in drop by drop till quite thick and smooth, then add the vinegar.

Salad Dressing without Eggs: ½ cup milk, ½ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salad oil, ½ teaspoon mustard, 2 teaspoons sugar; salt and cayenne. Mix mustard, salt, sugar and cayenne. Add oil, a few drops at a time. Add milk, then vinegar, very gradually.

N.B.—These salad dressings may be served in a small jug, or poured over salads just before serving. Always put in a cool place and set in ice, if possible, when serving.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Colles, Mundra, Beaconsfield Upper, Vic.

WHOLE QUINCES JELLIED

Eight large or 12 medium-sized quinces, 4lb. sugar, 8 pints water.

Boil all together for 4 hours, skimming well. The jelly should then go "bubbly," which is an indication that it will set well. Take off at once when it bubbles, and bottle. Then cut each quince in halves, remove core, and break fruit up with a fork. Return to the pan with 3lb. sugar and 3 pints of water, and boil for an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Rahilly, 6 Station St., Regent, Vic.

PETIT GATEAUX
(Called "Petticoat Tails")

Two tablespoons chopped raisins, 2 tablespoons currants, 1 piece very finely-shredded lemon-peel, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg.

Blend, then make a shortbread mixture as given below. Cut in two, roll the larger piece into a square ¼-inch thick, place fruit mixture on top of this square and wet round edges. Roll remainder of shortbread mixture ¼-inch thick and place on top. Roll lightly on top with rolling-pin to join it together. Press edges together and bake on an ungreased slide in moderately-hot oven for 15 minutes, then very slowly for another 30 minutes. Before it gets quite cold, cut into fingers.

SHORTBREAD MIXTURE

Six ounces flour, 2oz. rice flour, 4oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon baking powder.

Put all on a board, rub well together with the hands, knead well, make into a ball, cut in two, and use as above.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 92a Lower North Road, Prospect, S.A.

GRAPEFRUIT MOSS

Cut 2 grapefruit in halves crosswise, remove pulp, and rub through a sieve; separate an egg, beat up the yolk, mix with ½ cup milk and cook in double boiler till it thickens. When cold, add custard to the fruit pulp, stir in 5 dessertspoons sugar and dissolve ½oz. gelatine in a saucepan with 3 tablespoons water. Strain in, mix all, and leave till beginning to set.

Fold in the egg-white beaten to a stiff froth, turn into the grapefruit rinds, and before serving decorate with crystallised violets or cherries. Allow half a grapefruit for each person.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Plank, 49 Urquhart St., Hawthorn E2, Vic.

What Shall We Give the Children?

THE school luncheon problem is a big one to the majority of mothers. Small folk tire of this and that sandwich filling. Can you help others, help the children, by sending in recipes for easily-prepared but nourishing fillings?

If you can add spice and variety to the school lunch in any other form, don't hesitate to send us your suggestions, but send immediately!

RIGHT — Note way the paste is rolled. This method ensures even rolling and lightness. It is then placed on a shallow dish, glazed with milk and baked in moderate oven for about 40 minutes.

ABOVE — Della Lind, Viennese actress, under contract to M.-G.-M. films, makes her native apple strudel. She rolls out a soft dough, spreads with butter and sprinkles thickly with walnuts, raisins, sugar and diced apple.

Nancy has terrible tantrums at the breakfast table—won't eat! She's naughty, but she can't help it," sighs Mother. "I used to be like that, too."

"Nonsense," says Auntie. "It's because her food doesn't *appeal* to her. Get her that new cereal—Rice Bubbles—the kind that 'snaps,' 'crackles' and 'pops' when the milk goes on! Nancy will have *fun* eating breakfast!"

Auntie was right! Nancy loves Rice Bubbles. Never sulks at breakfast now. Rice Bubbles are fun to eat because they go "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP!" when the milk is poured on. Rice is one of the world's staple foods and Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are wonderfully easy for small tummies to digest.

● Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL low-down from Hollywood; by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a nation-wide relay—Mondays at 8.15 p.m. — 2CH, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 4BK-AK, 3DB-LK, 5AD-MU-PI-SE.

R.1

THIS WEEK

SAVORY DISHES

FROM the great number of recipes received from readers we have selected some simple but exceptionally attractive savory dishes. The senders of these receive 2/6 each.

Try out these dishes—they're good!

RICE RISSOLES

Three-quarters cup rice, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 egg, sage, mint, thyme, parsley, salt, pepper.

Boil the rice until it is fairly dry. Chop onion very fine. Add chopped mint, parsley and sage and thyme to taste, also salt and pepper. Brown breadcrumbs in the oven, mix them in thoroughly, bind together with a beaten egg, then form into rissoles. Dip in beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fry until slightly crisp.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

SWEDISH MINCED TONGUE

Boil 6 sheep's tongues till tender, then skin; remove small bones and gristle, and put through mincer. Add a pinch of pepper and one tablespoon of finely-chopped parsley; then 1 cup liquid in which tongues were boiled, with 1 dessertspoon of gelatine dissolved in it.

Have ready 6 moulds with a slice of hard-boiled egg at the bottom of each. Fill up with mace and allow to set. Serve with lettuce leaves or tomatoes. One large mould can be used if preferred.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Renee Harriott, Winthorpe, Wauchope, N.S.W.

BIRDS' NESTS

Half pound of large-size German sausage, ½doz. eggs.

Cut the German sausage into slices ½in. thick. Have dripping ready. Put slices into the pan, and when they curl up drop 1 egg into each slice and fry as usual.

A simple but delightful luncheon dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Bull, 58 Union St., West Brunswick, Vic.

GALANTINE OF VEAL

One and a quarter pounds veal (when minced), ½lb. bacon, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 2 raw eggs, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, powdered mace, pepper and salt, ¼ pint stock, meat glaze, butter, 1 carrot, 2 onions.

Remove bone, skin the veal, and put through mincer. Then make stock with the bone, onion, and a little mace. Mince the bacon, mix it with the veal, adding the breadcrumbs, parsley, salt, pepper, and mace to taste. Beat up the eggs and stir them in with the stock. Arrange the prepared veal mixture on the pastry-board to form a fat roll. Make a hollow down the centre, and press the eggs into it. Next draw the veal mixture over them so as to cover them completely, and form a roll again. Roll it tightly in a scalded pudding-cloth and tie it securely at each end like a roly-poly. Put the roll into a pan with sufficient boiling stock or water to cover it, adding the vegetables and prepared carrot and onion to flavor. Let the roll simmer for 1½ hours. Lift out gently, and drain it. Unroll cloth and let out the steam. Then roll the galantine in a clean, dry cloth, and tie it as before. Place a board and 2 lb. weights on top of it, just to press down the top slightly. Leave galantine till it is quite cold. Decorate with butter beaten until creamy and forced through an icing-pump.

This is very nice served with salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Valeas Stingel, Police Station, Nile, Tas.

POTATO SAVORIES

Boil medium-sized new potatoes in jackets. When cooked, skin and let get cold; then scoop the centres out.

Now make a mixture of very finely-shredded lettuce, carrots, cheese, onions, mint, and apple. Fill the scooped potatoes with the mixture. Squeeze a little orange juice on each, then a heaped spoonful of thick dressing. Garnish with shredded carrot and finely-chopped parsley. Serve on a lettuce leaf.

Save the scooped part of the potato, fry a golden brown (with butter), sprinkle with salt and pepper, and place a spoonful on each plate with the savory potato.

These are most delicious with chicken or any cold meat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. John de Crocombe, 8 St. Neot Avenue, Potts Point, Sydney.

SALMON MOUSSE

Two tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, ½ cup vinegar, 2 egg-yolks (beaten), 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon horse-radish, 2 cups canned salmon, 1 cup finely-cut celery, ½ cup whipped cream.

Combine sugar, salt, and mustard in top of double boiler. Mix well with vinegar and egg-yolks. Cook over boiling water till thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in gelatine, which has been softened in cold water. Add horseradish. When cool and slightly thickened, add 1 cup salmon and celery, fold in cream. Place olive slices and cucumber in bottom of mould, turn mixture in. Chill. Turn out when set, and decorate with remaining salmon flakes and slices of tomato. Serves six persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Matheson, Narraport, via Birchip, Vic.

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WOULD YOU *Like to* EMBROIDER *This Gay* CLOTH?

It is most attractively designed. It is obtainable in several sizes with matching serviettes, and is ideal for picnic party or informal meals.

NEEDLE-WORK NOTIONS

AT RIGHT: Showing the all-purpose luncheon cloth, set upon a garden table, adding a note of color and dignity to proceedings.

AT LEFT: A close-up of a corner of the 36 x 36 traced luncheon cloth, and serviette to match, showing the charming applique design. Cloth is obtainable from our Needlework Department in linen, Cesarine, or gingham at the prices quoted below. You will note that the ready-to-be-worked luncheon cloth is obtainable in several sizes. We regret that no C.O.D. orders can be accepted for traced linens.

BACHELOR girls and busy housewives will find this lovely 36-inch square cloth a useful standby for many occasions.

Not only will it successfully adorn informal luncheon, afternoon tea and supper tables, but, made in gingham or Cesarine, it will give a charming touch of informality to the picnic table.

For the cloth, traced in a charming, quickly-worked design for applique, is obtainable in finest quality linen, or in sturdy, sunny gingham and Cesarine for more every-day occasions.

In size, 36-inch x 36-inch, in green, yellow or blue-checked gingham, or cream, green, or blue Cesarine, with contrasting pieces for applique. Price, 3/11 each.

11-inch x 11-inch serviettes to match. Price, 9d. each.

Traced on white, cream, blue, pink, or green linen, with contrasting pieces for applique.

36-inch x 36-inch. Price, 7/-.
45-inch x 45-inch. Price, 8/6.
54-inch x 54-inch. Price, 11/3.
11-inch x 11-inch serviettes to match. Price, 1/- each.

The dainty design, consisting of scroll and leaf motif, with contrasting flower pieces for applique, is quickly and easily worked.

The stitches used are satin-stitch for the leaves, stem-stitch for the stems. The flowers are worked in buttonhole, and lazy daisy or stem-stitch for the stamens.

The edges may be blanket-stitched, or spoke-stitched if required for crochet edge. Kindly state the edge required when ordering.

This useful, all-purpose cloth will make a delightful present for a favorite friend.

Send to This Address

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 469F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 115 Pitt St.
TASMANIA. — Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND. — Write to Sydney office.

IN BED FOR WEEKS WITH BACKACHE

Prostrate with "Terrible Pains"

It was advice from her mother that led this woman to take Kruschen Salts for her backache, and before she had finished the first bottle she was feeling better. This is the letter she writes :—

"About this time last year I had terrible pains in my back and was prostrate for three weeks. I could not even rise in bed. I tried several well-known remedies, but to no avail. Then I wrote to my mother telling her of my trouble. She wrote to me by return of post urging me to try Kruschen Salts. I immediately bought a bottle and I can truthfully say before I had taken the fifth dose I could sit up. I kept on taking them and in less than two weeks I was about again. I am never without this wonderful medicine now."—(Mrs.) A.G.

Unless the kidneys function properly, certain acid wastes, instead of being expelled, are allowed to pollute the bloodstream and produce troublesome symptoms: backache, rheumatism, and excessive fatigue. Kruschen Salts is one of the finest diuretics or kidney aperients available for assisting the kidneys to eliminate acid impurities.

FRESH SUPPLIES ON HAND

THE following items, featured in previous issues, will interest needleworkers preparing for winter and gift-making:

Enchanting 8 x 8 round d'oyleys, traced in cutwork design, in white, cream, yellow, pink, blue, or green linen, price 1/- post free.

Pure linen 26 x 34 tea towels, in white with colored borders, traced with quaint teapot designs, 2/3 each. Postage, 2d extra.

Paper patterns of smart new season's hats cut to fit 21-22½-inch head, 1/1 each. Patterns for gloves, in sizes 6 and 6½, 1/1 each, post free.

Lovely three-piece dressing-table set, consisting of 12 x 18 oval centre mat, and two 8 x 8 round side mats, traced in rich design on white, cream, pink, yellow, green linen. Price, 2/9 set.

THIS IS THE FRIEND YOU SEEK!

The famous European Astrologer, Professor SAHIBOL LAKAJAT. He will state who are your friends, who your enemies, if success and happiness await you in marriage and speculation; also information regarding travels, illness, happy and unhappy times, and a great deal more interesting details. ROYAL PERSONALITIES HAVE BEEN ASTONISHED AT THE WONDER OF HIS GREAT KNOWLEDGE.

Write him to-day your proper name and address, the day, month and year of your birth, sex, if married or not, enclosing also a small lock of your hair for palping purposes.

YOU WILL THEN RECEIVE A HOROSCOPE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Postage to Holland is 3d. Kindly enclose British Postal Order for 10d. (no coins) for postage and handling. His address is:

PROFESSOR SAHIBOL LAKAJAT, DEPT. 1406/B. POST BOX 72, DEN HAAG, HOLLAND.

Sufferers from "B.O." often wait in vain for happiness

So many talented and sociable people are friendless—yet can never discover the cause. If only they knew that "B.O." (Body Odour) is depriving them of the friendships and romance for which they long. Don't let unsuspected "B.O." rob *you* of happiness. Make sure now that you cannot offend, by washing and bathing regularly with Lifebuoy. Its rich lather—which contains the famous health element contained in no other toilet soap, deep-cleanses the skin pores—deodorises—and ends all risk of "B.O." *Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.*

S.426.15

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SILVO

— the gentle Liquid Polish for your Silver

THERE is nothing better than Silvo to preserve and retain the glow that is Silver's real charm. Silvo will coax away the dimness — quickly, gently and with kindliness. You may safely trust Silvo to keep your Silver new and radiant.

Silvo is excellent, too, for polishing Chromium and Glassware.

A Reckitt's product — Made in Australia

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

michel
The King of Lipsticks

FOR YOUNG WIVES *And* MOTHERS

"Happy" Feet Make For Good Health

By a Truby King Expert

DO you ever pause to consider what a big part our feet play in our lives and what a very important part of a very wonderful body they are?

Distorted joints and painful and tender feet, as well as interfering with the correct balance of our bodies, with the natural poise and the ease and grace of movement that Nature intended all of us to have, can also warp people's natures so that their whole outlook on life is changed.

As the late Sir Truby King wisely said: "To protect the rising generation from the physical vice of deformed feet, let us start with the babies."

Some foot deformities may be due to illness or to the wrong diet of the mother before the birth of the baby.

Pre-natal influences are very strong in determining whether bone-tissues will be strong and healthy or of faulty calcification.

They also may be due to illness of the babe itself, to improper feeding—or too rapid increase in weight or growth. But a very potent factor in foot deformities in later life is ill-chosen and ill-fitting shoes in the early days of life—in babyhood, childhood, and adolescence.

The feet are the most complicated bony structures in the human body.

Suitable Footwear

THE 26 bones which form a series of arches with weight-bearing points have not only to support the weight of the body with whatever load may be added to it, but must be able to function freely if we are to move with ease and grace.

Proper use of the feet is necessary if the child's body is to be held in good balance. When the feet are used correctly the baby's weight is on the balls and the outer side of the feet, the toes point straight forward, and the inner sides of the feet are parallel with one another.

When baby begins to crawl and stand, his shoes should be soft-soled for ease and comfort. When he begins to walk he should have stiff-soled shoes, which must be one-half inch longer and one-quarter inch wider than his foot, **when he is standing with his shoes on** (shoes must always be fitted with baby standing and bearing his weight on his feet).

When the shoes are fitted in this way the toe of the shoe will be broad enough to keep the baby's toes from being crowded and to allow them to spread out flat.

The inner line of each shoe (from the heel to the big toe) should be a **straight line**, so that the big toe is not bent inwards from the joint of the toe, and the line of the toes should not be too curved (that is, the toe of the shoe should be fairly square) so that the toes have plenty of room to spread.

This type of shoe is known as the "five-toe" shoe.

Every week or two baby's feet should be carefully examined, and if the toes show a tendency to overlap, or if creases or red spots appear on the feet, the shoes may have become too small and must not be worn.

The back part of the shoe should be the only part that should fit snugly.

The following points can be observed by mothers who wish their toddlers and schoolchildren to have "happy" feet: —

1. When nursing a tiny baby never let it "feel" its feet and bear its weight on them.

2. Do not let a baby stand too early for long periods—especially if he is a big, heavy baby, and do not try to make a baby walk before he is ready to do so himself.

3. A playground with a floor is an ideal place in which a baby can learn to walk properly, and this he can best accomplish with **bare** feet (not wearing shoes at all until he can walk quite well), supporting himself at first by the sides of the playground.

4. Remember that there is no exact time a baby should be walking—some will walk at nine months, and some not until they are 16-18 months, and yet this period of 9-18 months is a period of normality. The big, heavy baby and the sensitive type of babe lacking self-confidence are usually the last to walk.

THE mother expecting her babe must also be very wise in her choice of shoes.

Exercise, so important during pregnancy, cannot be taken properly unless shoes and clothes are well-fitting, comfortable and suitable.

The feet usually get a little larger during the latter part of pregnancy—partly perhaps because they are somewhat swollen, due to the increased pressure—and partly because the increased weight of the body tends to spread them.

This added weight increases the strain put upon the arch, and as a result flat-foot is sometimes found among expectant mothers who have not taken pains to have their arches well supported.

If shoes are not comfortable, any walking or exercise will soon cause tiredness, and for that reason not nearly sufficient will be taken.

Well-fitting shoes with broad, common-sense heels should be chosen by the expectant mother.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age .. ..

Birth Weight .. ..

Present Weight .. .. **(without clothing).**

Have you written before? (Yes or no) .. ..

What My Patients Ask Me BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the cause of mastoiditis?

BACK of the ear is a firm bony prominence. This bone contains numerous air spaces, called mastoid cells. These cells communicate with one another and connect with the middle ear. In turn, the middle ear communicates with the nose and throat by the eustachian tubes.

This brief description must make it clear how readily infection may travel from the nose or throat into the middle ear and ultimately reach the mastoid. Once germs reach these cells, they rapidly multiply and pus formation follows. Since the pus cannot escape from the mastoid, it accumulates and soon produces certain well-known symptoms.

Mastoid disease is indicated by discomfort or severe pain behind the ear. Neglect or delay in the treatment of this condition is dangerous because the pus accumulates and spreads to near-by structures.

Adjacent to Brain

THE mastoid bone is adjacent to the brain, separated from this delicate structure by nothing more than a thin partition. It will be seen how readily pus can burrow its way to the brain. When this occurs, meningitis, inflammation of the covering of the brain, is sure to follow. This is a serious affliction.

Though mastoiditis is far more prevalent in young children, it is sometimes found in adults. Persons who are susceptible to common colds, tonsilitis, earache and other similar disturbances are the ones most liable to mastoiditis.

Mastoiditis used to be considered a serious disease, and often proved to be a fatal one. To-day, undertaken by a competent surgeon, the operation should excite no undue fear.

I do not mean that every case of mastoid must be operated. In fact, it is unwise to assume that every case of earache, with pain behind the ear, is due to inflammation of the mastoid.

BACKACHE

WEAK KIDNEYS ALLOW POISONS TO ENTER YOUR SYSTEM

Backache, with its almost unbearable, down-dragging pain and weakness, is due to weak kidneys. Those crippling pains, which start at first as just occasional twinges in the back and joints, are sure indications that weakened kidneys are failing to carry out their normal function of filtering poisons, such as excess uric acid, out of the system.

Unless excess uric acid is carried away immediately, it forms crystals, whose razor-sharp, glass-hard edges tear the delicate nerve tissues, causing acute inflammaton and excruciating pain.

These crystals are expelled from the system if your kidneys are functioning as nature intended they should. You can always keep your kidneys healthy by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills as soon as the first slight twinges give you warning of approaching danger.

De Witt's Pills will not only end your pain, but prevent the return of your danger and suffering. They contain nothing to harm the weakest, youngest or oldest.

BE WARNED IN TIME— HEED THESE SYMPTOMS

These are nature's sure warnings of hidden Kidney Trouble.

Sharp, stabbing pains in back.
Burning pains shooting down the legs.
Down-dragging weakness with dull ache at base of spine.
Stiff, aching muscles.
Swollen joints.
Bad nights—unable to sleep because of muscular pain.
Constant headaches and dizziness, especially when out-of-doors.
Feeling too-old, worn-out.

If any of these symptoms trouble you, you stand in grave danger. Beware of neglect. Get your supply of De Witt's Pills at once, and take them regularly. In 24 hours from the first dose you will see how they are moving sluggish kidneys into action. Every dose is clearing out, through the kidneys, the pain-causing poisons, so that the cause of your suffering will go for good.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/9, 3/- and 5/9. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

Who looks at you?

Have you got the kind of skin that makes people look at you and say "What a lovely skin she has"? If you haven't, then let the famous Creme Charmosan give you such a lovely skin.

Creme Charmosan contains things that take out of your skin many faults and many signs of age and makes your skin look younger and prettier. What a blessing that is to the woman getting on in age and to the woman who is young in years but whose spoilt skin makes her look years older.

Why on earth should a woman look old when within her reach is this famous creme to take years from her looks and put happiness in her heart.

It is a charm, too, against the sun, dust and winds.

Creme Charmosan for skin youth

Big double size jar for your dressing table 2/6. Handbag tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere, including N.Z. It's greaseless.

Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 2/6 for a large box. You can get it in all shades including sun tan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin, no matter what your age. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand.***

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Your 1938 prospects, occupation, love, marriage, travel, finance, speculation, lucky periods, health, lotteries, and Questions answered.

Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope.
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What are my future prospects
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WHAT DOES
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RAMON Dept. C. BOX 3092NN, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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• When a recipe says a spoonful of mustard, it means just that much *real* mustard!

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Highlights of the Autumn Mode

PLEASE NOTE

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d stamps.

CHIC BLOUSE

WW2188. — Charming jumper blouse for your autumn suit. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

• • •

NEAT AND TRIM

WW2190.—Business-like style for light tweed with smart pockets. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

• • •

AFTERNOON MODEL

WW2191.—This alluring afternoon mode for informal occasions has the new high neckline. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

• • •

SWAGGER

WW2192.—Astrachan trimming and pencil-slim skirt are the highlights of this autumn suit. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard fur fabric. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SPECTATOR SPORTS

WW2189.—Patch pockets and skirt with inverted pleat are smart features of this daytime frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

• • •

EVENING GLAMOR

WW2193. — Striking evening gown trimmed with beads or sequins. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

• • •

SPORTS SUIT

WW2194.—For sporting occasions a debonair suit. Sizes, 32 to 36-inch bust. Material required: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

• • •

CHILD'S COAT

WW2195. — This quaint little swagger coat is cut in a smart style. Sizes 4-10 years. Material required: 2 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Suits With an Air

BEAUTIFULLY - FITTING, tailored-looking suits (illustrated at left) may be made from this week's three-in-one concession pattern, price 3d.

Pattern is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust. For directions see Pattern Coupon.

Material for each, 36 inches wide: 4¼ yards, and ½-yard fur fabric for No. 2.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 2884, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 4097, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 481G G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 3269YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

STATE .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 26/3/38.

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HERE'S THE COPHA WAY—TO FRY BACON AND EGGS

Into a frying pan put the bacon rashers and about 1 oz. of Copha. Place over low flame and fry in the usual way. When bacon is half cooked, draw to one side and break the required number of eggs into the pan. Fry slowly until the white is set. If a harder yolk is preferred, the eggs may be turned and cooked on the other side. Serve hot.

There are 50 delicious recipes in the

COPHA Recipe Book

ALSO the Copha Vegetable Cookery Booklet gives all the inside information on cooking vegetables, more appetisingly and retaining all their goodness.

Both Booklets FREE & POST FREE from: "COPHA," DEPARTMENT W.W. BOX 2625 EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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AUTUMN TINTS *In The* GARDEN

. . . During the lean period, certain shrubs and trees can give lively color and beauty to the scene. Plant these now . . .

Says THE OLD GARDENER.

TO-DAY, the picturesque clusters of orange-hued berries and glossy, dark-green, diamond-shaped leaves of the rhombifolium pittosporum are lending color to gardens. They give a charm and color to rooms also.

THE late summer display is passing. Beds, borders and various other positions have to be filled with late winter and early spring flowering plants, such as Iceland poppies, stocks, pansies, ranunculi, anemones, violas, snapdragons, primulas, cinerarias, and scores of others which give us our glorious spring display.

So naturally, while all this transplanting is going on, the average garden is bare of color and charm.

Not so the well-planned garden.

A massed display of flowers there may not be, but trees and shrubs, bearing masses of orange, yellow and red berries or brilliantly-colored leaves, take up the color theme and lend decorative beauty to home and garden.

Now is the time to plant such shrubs and trees.

In selecting material for such a display it is necessary to know the color which each individual shrub will contribute. We must also know the sequence in which one will follow another in the color procession, for remember each kind of shrub gives its color at a different period.

Coming to those effects which we plan for the autumn season, it is our chief desire that each shrub will carry its bloom to the latest date possible, and so we select accordingly.

Crataegus, that beautiful shrub, always attracts at this time of the year. And what better is there than the cotoneaster, the various English maples, the poplar, especially the pyramidal, the Chinese holly, the liquidambar, the variegated pittosporum, the English oak, the rhus?

All these never fail to give an effective display when there is very little else about to admire.

Special care should be taken in planting these various shrubs.

Those who intend to plant this autumn should dig the holes to at least two feet deep. If it be sandy soil, remove the sand and fill in with good, friable loamy soil, adding to each hole a good issue of well-decayed animal manure.

When filled in, turn the soil over thoroughly to ensure a good mixture of the manure, then add to each hole a good double handful of blood and bone and super-phosphate mixed in equal parts. This also must be thoroughly mixed in the soil.

Plant This Way

WHEN planting time comes, just take out sufficient soil from the hole to plant the tree or shrub.

In planting, place a little soil around roots, stamping round so that the plant is firm in the ground. Fill in the rest of the soil and give a good watering.

The main thing in planting trees or shrubs is to do the work thoroughly, for a thing worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Let us run over a few of the things which should be done in the garden at the beginning of the autumn.

The conscientious gardener places as much emphasis on autumn gardening tasks as on those of the spring season. Indeed, many of the most essential operations of all must be—or should be—taken care of in the autumn. In spite of which, spring always catches many gardeners unprepared, and many important things have to be neglected or overlooked in consequence.

Much of next year's garden success depends upon the careful preparations made this autumn; so now is a good time to go over your garden thoroughly, analysing any mistakes of the past season and making plans to prevent their repetition.

Perennials should be divided and re-set so they can become established before cold weather.

The preparation of soil for new lawns and garden features such as beds for lilies or roses, etc., is best done in the autumn.

In Cold Climes

MULCH rhododendrons, azaleas, mountain laurel and other shrubs of the heath family with a heavy covering (where possible) of oak leaves. As this decays it helps maintain the acid condition needed by this class of plant, besides providing winter protection and a cooling ground cover in summer. Place a windbreak in front of the rhododendrons if necessary, using cut boughs of conifers.

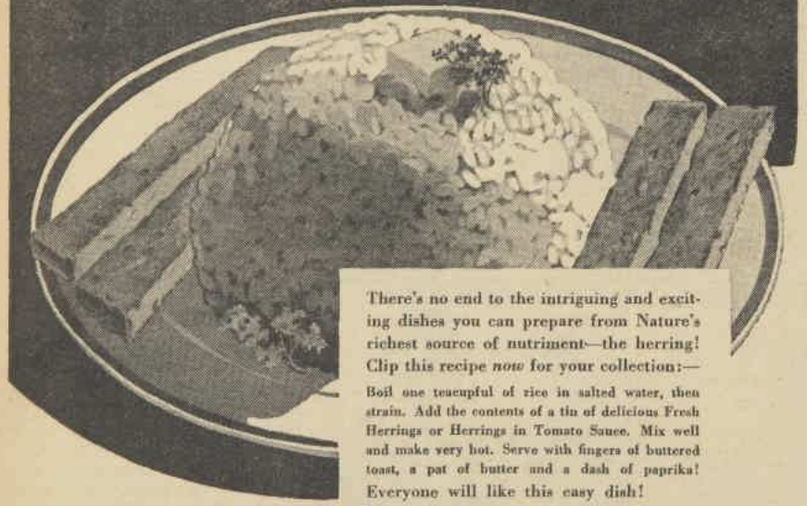
Any herbaceous plants that are prone to die off during the winter should be lifted and placed in a cold frame, in cold climates, but not necessarily in warm climates, especially along the coast.

Cut away all dead wood from shrubs and trees during the autumn, also all suckers from about the shrubs. This also is a good time to take cuttings if you wish to propagate from any special plant. Spray for all scale insects, using lime-sulphur, after all trees and shrubs become dormant.

This is also a good time to make rock gardens and also to renovate old gardens and plan new ones.

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Here's an entirely New Way to serve Herrings — called *Savoury Rice*



There's no end to the intriguing and exciting dishes you can prepare from Nature's richest source of nutriment—the herring! Clip this recipe *now* for your collection:—

Boil one teacupful of rice in salted water, then strain. Add the contents of a tin of delicious Fresh Herrings or Herrings in Tomato Sauce. Mix well and make very hot. Serve with fingers of buttered toast, a pat of butter and a dash of paprika! Everyone will like this easy dish!

FOR BREAKFAST: *Separate whites from yolks of several eggs. Mix yolks and kippers or fresh herrings. Beat whites until stiff. Place on buttered toast. Put spoonful of yolk mixture in centre and brown.*

FOR PARTIES: *Did you know that tinned kippers are delicious as savouries for cocktail and sherry parties? Serve on buttered biscuits or fingers of bread fried in butter.*

FOR DINNER: *Brown a Spanish onion and use portion to line heat-proof dish; add contents of tin of herrings in tomato sauce, top with rest of onions. Add mashed potato crust and bake until brown.*

★ENGLISH AND SCOTCH HERRINGS

Caught and Canned in a Day!

★ This is not a Brand Name but a descriptive term for herrings caught off the coasts of England and Scotland. Your Grocer sells Fresh Herrings, Herrings in Tomato Sauce, Kippered Herrings and Bloaters—in vacuum-sealed cans.

TEETH WENT IN PERFECTLY BLACK

'I feel I must write to thank you for 'Steradent.' I was amazed at the result of the first treatment. My denture went into the solution perfectly black on the plate and between the teeth and came out just like a new set. Many thanks.'

Yours gratefully,
(Miss) J. E. T.

This unsolicited letter is typical of hundreds received. (Original letters will be shown upon request.) 'Steradent' is a new, remarkable discovery by a leading dentist. It restores the original flesh-pink colour to stained, discoloured dental plates. It makes dull, yellow-tinged teeth clean, lustrous, 'live-looking.' Even the blackest tobacco stains are removed—*never to return!* Plates are sterilised and left smooth and whole-some, free from all food, film, tartar and other unsanitary accumulations. No brushing. No odour. No acids. Leaves a cool, pleasant taste. *Absolutely harmless.* Over 10,000 Dentists endorse 'Steradent' as the most efficient method for keeping dental plates perfectly clean and hygienic. Positive guarantee of satisfactory results with every package, or money refunded. Sold by all chemists.

CAME OUT JUST LIKE NEW!

FREE TRIAL OFFER — Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Rockitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2515 BB, G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

Steradent

HEADACHES VANISH IN FIVE MINUTES.

Amazingly quick action of the Original Aspirin.

Bayer's Aspirin tablets will dispel any pain. No doubt about that. One tablet will prove it. Swallow it. The pain is gone. Relief is as simple as that.

No harmful after-effects from genuine Bayer's Aspirin. It never depresses the heart, nor upsets the stomach, and you need never hesitate to make use of these tablets.

So it is needless to suffer from headache, toothache or neuralgia. The pains of sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or neuritis can be banished completely in a few moments, the discomfort of colds can be avoided. To women Bayer's Aspirin is a blessing indeed.

If you have been using an imitation of this original Aspirin (discovered by Bayer and introduced to the medical profession in 1900), note the difference after the very first dose. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin. So insist on Bayer's when you buy.

All chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer's tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer means Better.

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Send us your name and address and we will send you, postpaid, a trial bottle of the world famous Liquid Veneer.

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FALSE TEETH Can Not Embarrass

Most wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their teeth dropped or slipped at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. Makes false teeth stay in place and feel comfortable. Sweetens breath. Get FASTEETH at any chemist (large or small size).

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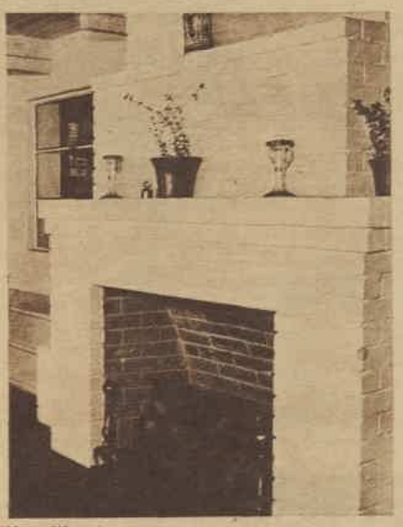
FIREPLACES . . . *Winter* FRIENDS

During raw, wintry days and wind-swept nights an attractive fireplace with its glowing hearth becomes the centre of your home and your hospitality.

By . . .
Our Home Decorator

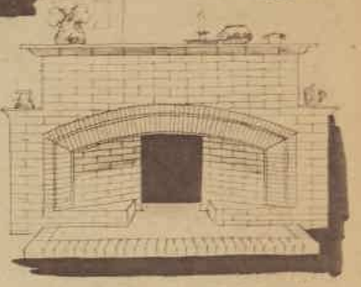
ABOVE is sketched a very distinctive fireplace designed by an eminent English architect. There is a charm and dignity about this design savoring of old English manor houses.

VERY MODERN and decidedly attractive. This fireplace features a very narrow mantelpiece, which looks rather charming with its wrought-iron candlesticks and "farmyard" pottery ornaments. The colorful, still-life picture, hung above, lends additional charm.



ABOVE you see a picturesque, rugged but very attractive fireplace. Note closely the construction of the mantelpiece. This fireplace is simply painted white—a splendid foil for the potted plants and flowers and other objets d'art.

TOP RIGHT: The brick treatment in this fireplace will interest all homemakers who are seeking an attractive design for a period type of home. It would also suit a bungalow style of architecture.



ABOVE is illustrated a simple but dignified fireplace design. The wide hearth is destined to hold real logs and give out unlimited warmth and cheer.

A CHARMING picture. . . Designed for beauty plus friendly warmth in winter time is the fireplace shown above. The facade of plain bricks surrounding the hearth shows foresight in planning. Incidentally, the recessed, streamline effect matches exactly the ceiling treatment.

HOUSES are going up everywhere, and hundreds more are being painstakingly planned this very month by enthusiastic homemakers.

During the past six weeks I have been rather surprised to receive a number of requests from readers for attractive fireplace designs, which strongly indicates that people are once again hearth-conscious and are determined not to go through life without a chimney or two peeping from the roofs of their homes.

Many doctors are against fireplaces and fires. They say that they are responsible for colds and flu and such like.

But if a census were taken in mid-winter I guarantee it would be proven that inmates of fireless homes suffer just as much from these maladies. It might also reveal the fact that they are downright miserable physically and mentally.

There are fireplaces and fireplaces, of course, architecturally speaking. But the six reproduced on this page are designed to bring not only comfort and good cheer to homes—they would bring along distinction as well.

When I was in England I made a special study of fireplace architecture and, with my readers in mind, brought back the three designs sketched at the top right of this page.

They were planned by an eminent architect and are styled to suit the majority of furnishing schemes.

One can readily visualise any one of these sturdy brick fireplaces, mellowing with age, as being the focal point of a room in winter time, with lounges and deep-seated armchairs grouped around.

Gracing the Home

THOUGH no two people have the same ideas on home planning and decoration, I am convinced nearly all would agree that these would grace every type of home, with the possible exception of the Spanish or Moorish type of architecture.

The fireplace pictured below these lends distinction to a very attractive Australian home planned on Spanish lines. It is an artistically conceived and solidly constructed fireplace.

In the central illustration you see a rustic style of brick fireplace. It is devoid of plaster treatment, being simply painted white.

Observe closely its construction.

There is a unsophisticated, picturesque beauty about this rugged affair which grows upon you the more you study it.

The brightly-colored pots with flowers and greenery plus treasured ornaments which decorate the mantelpiece lend further charm to the scene.

By the way, you will note that none of the mantelpieces is cluttered with flowers or ornaments. From the standpoint of good taste it is unwise to burden your mantelpieces with ornaments or knick-knacks.

No leaping log fire, no smoke or soot will ever desecrate the immaculate white beauty of the fireplace reproduced at the top left of this page. But it is a decidedly pleasing design, hence my reason for illustrating it.

Now, make your choice!

NUGGETING NATURE: (6) *THE WOMBAT*

Wonderful what a transformation a good shine with Nugget makes! There's nothing quite so good as Nugget—to make shoes shine and make them last longer too. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH
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SLIM-*Fitting* CARDIGAN

Ideal for general wear in colder weather.

THIS model is an unusually practical one. Of slender fit, and made with snug long sleeves and high neck, you will find it a most useful garment for your winter wardrobe.

It buttons up the front and is finished with a wide belt.

Materials Required: 9oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2152. 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11. 6 buttons. 1 buckle. 1 crochet-hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in. Bust, 32in. Length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; d.c., double crochet.

Tension: 6 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 96 sts. (work 1st row into back of sts.).

1st Row: K. **2nd Row:** P. Repeat last 2 rows. **5th Row:** P. **6th Row:** K. Repeat last 6 rows decreasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until decreased to 86 sts. Increase 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 96 sts. When work measures 13in., work in st.-st. and shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 45 sts. (work 1st row into back of sts.).

1st Row: K. **2nd Row:** P. twice into 1st st. P. to end of row. Repeat last 2 rows. **5th Row:** P. **6th Row:** K. twice into 1st st. K. to last 2 sts. K. 2 tog. Repeat last 6 rows until there are 55 sts. on needle. Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. at the end of every 8th row until increased to 60 sts. When work measures 13in., work in st.-st. and shape armhole by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows then every 2nd row 5 times. When armhole measures 4½in., shape neck by casting off 8 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K. 2 tog. at neck edge of every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 45 sts. (Work 1st row into back of sts.).

1st Row: K. **2nd Row:** P. to last st. P. twice into last st. Repeat last 2 rows. **5th Row:** P. **6th Row:** K. 2 tog. K. to last st. K. twice into last st. Repeat last 6 rows until there are 55 sts. on needle.

Next Row: Work 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 4 sts.

Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. at the beginning of every 8th row until increased to 60 sts., and make 5 more buttonholes same as last, 2½in. apart.

Continue to work to correspond with left front until armhole measures 4½in.

Commencing at neck edge leave the 1st 8 sts. on spare needle, work to end of row. K. 2 tog. at neck edge of every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool and work the 8 sts. on spare needle in st.-st. for 2½in. Cast off.

PETUNIA: *An ideal design for a practical cardigan features long sleeves, high neck, buttoned front and wide belt at waistline.*

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 54 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st. increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 84 sts. Work 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 32 sts. Cast off.

BELT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 186 sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 (working 1st row into back of sts.). Decrease 1 st. at the end of every 2nd row until decreased to 180 sts. P. 1 row. K. 1 row. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1, increasing 1 st. at the beginning of the next and every 2nd row until increased to 186 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles cast on 138 sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 decreasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 126 sts. P. 1 row. K. 1 row. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 138 sts. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Pleat sleeves into armholes. Work 1 row of d.c. down each front and around lower edge of cardigan. Turn back the 8 sts. on right front to form loop, sew collar around neck leaving end to go through loop on right front. Sew buttons on left front. Sew buckle on belt. Crochet 2 lengths of chain and sew at side seam to form loops for belt.

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NEAT *and* CHARMING

Jacket illustrated on cover of Supplement.

ANOTHER useful garment for the winter wardrobe. Long sleeves, high neck, and close-fitting basque are simple points of interest.

Knit it in 4-ply wool in a cheery shade and finish with matching or contrasting buttons.

Materials Required: 9oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2103. 1oz Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138. 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11. 6 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in. Bust, 32in. Length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 6 sts. 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 86 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 3½in (working 1st row into back of sts.). Increase 1 st. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: * K. 3, p. 1. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. K. 3.

2nd Row: * P. 3, k. 1. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

9th Row: K. 1, * p. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * to last 2 sts. P. 1, k. 1.

10th Row: P. 1, * k. 1, p. 3. Repeat from * to last 2 sts. K. 1, p. 1.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. Repeat last 16 rows increasing 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row until increased to 95 sts. Continue in pattern and when work measures 12in. shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for 4 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.).

5th Row: (K. 1, p. 1) twice, cast off 3 sts. rib to end of row.

6th Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts. (K. 1, p. 1) twice.

Continue in ribbing, making another buttonhole 2½in. apart. When work measures 3½in. change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: (K. 1 p. 1) 4 times, k. 1, * k. 3 p. 1. Repeat from * to last 3 sts., K. 3.

2nd Row: * P. 3, k. 1. Repeat from * to last 12 sts. P. 4 (k. 1, p. 1) 4 times.

Continue in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. at side seam on the 17th and every 8th row following until increased to 64 sts. Continue to make buttonholes every 2½in. apart.

When work measures 12in. shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. Continue to make buttonholes every 2½in. apart until 6th buttonhole has been worked. When armhole measures 4½in. shape neck by casting off 8 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K. 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times.

DAHLIA: *Also illustrated on cover of this supplement. A useful jacket for colder weather knitted in 4-ply wool, and finished with buttons in front.*

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K. 3, * p. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * to last 9 sts. P. 1 (k. 1, p. 1) 4 times.

2nd Row: (K. 1, p. 1) 4 times, k. 1, * p. 3, k. 1. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3.

Continue in pattern, working shapings to correspond with right front and omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 54 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Increase 1 st. and change to No. 9 needles. Work in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 83 sts. Work 8 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 21 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles cast on 85 sts.

Next Row: * K. 4 k. twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row. (102 sts.). Work in garter-st. for 2½in., increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 4 rows. Cast off in ribbing.

PIECES FOR FRONT OF CARDIGAN (2)

Using No. 9 needles cast on 10 sts. Work in garter-st. for 8in. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every 2nd row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off. Fold and sew on fronts as shown in illustration.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth, sew up seams. Sew in sleeves placing seam to seam. Sew on collar. Sew buttons on left front. Using 2 strands of red wool, crochet a chain 30in. long. Tie in bow and sew tassels on ends and stitch at neck edge.

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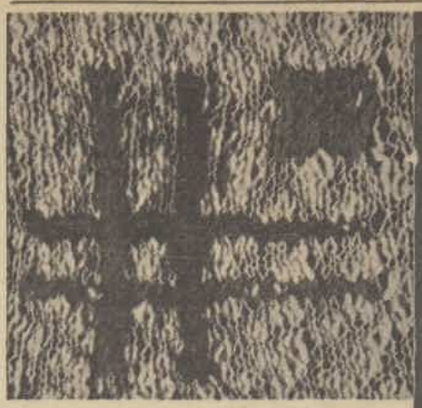

Close-up of motif to be embroidered on Columbine design after jumper is knitted.

ENCHANTING *New* DESIGN

Knitted in white with trimmings in red and blue.

ISN'T this the most attractive jumper? Made in white wool or cotton boucle and trimmed with fascinating motifs in red and blue, this design is one of the gayest yet and just the thing for dressier occasions.

Knit it up now for early winter wear.

The pattern is not at all difficult and the embroidery is put on after the garment is knitted.

Material: 5oz. of white cotton or wool boucle; 2oz. of red and 2oz. of blue cotton or woollen yarn; 2 needles, No. 8; 1 crochet-hook, No. 3.

Measurements: Bust: 35 inches. Shoulder to lower edge, front: 21 inches; back: 20½ inches. Length of sleeves along seam: 4¾ inches.

Tension: 10 stitches and 15 rows to 2 inches.

The colored motifs are embroidered and crocheted on to the jumper after it is completed.

FRONT

Commence at lower edge by casting on 74 stitches which should measure 14½ inches and work lower border in k. 2, p. 2 for 3½ inches. Then knit in pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): Knit.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Purl.

Repeat these two rows.

Increase one stitch each end of needle in the 12th row, and every 9th row following, until there are 90 stitches on the needle.

When work measures 13½ inches, shape armholes by casting off 3 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows.

Work on without further shaping until armhole measures 4 inches.

Divide stitches into two equal parts, and work each one separately. Knit 10 rows.

Shape neck by casting off 2 stitches at beginning of next 8 rows at neck edge, work until armhole measures 7 inches. Cast off 4 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows at armhole edge.

Join wool at neck opening, and work the other shoulder in the same way.

BACK

Follow instructions for front until shaping for the armholes has been completed.

Knit until armhole measures 7 inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 4 stitches at beginning of the next 12 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

SLEEVES

Commence at lower edge by casting on 52 stitches which should measure 10½ inches and work cuff in k. 2, p. 2 for 2½ inches. Then 1 row knit, 1 row purl.

5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th Rows: Increase by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 30th row the sleeve is 4¾ inches long. Shape top as follows:

Cast off 2 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows. Decrease 1 stitch each end of the needle every other row until 24 stitches remain. Cast off.

COLUMBINE: *Knit this in white wool or boucle and embroider it in red and blue. You will love it, especially for smart, dressy wear.*

COLLAR

The collar is of white boucle with a border of blue yarn. Cast on 72 stitches which should measure 14½ inches and work the collar in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 1½ inches. For the border cast on 88 stitches and work 1 row knit and 1 row purl for 1½ inches. Sew the border on to the collar as shown in the photograph.

To Make Up and Embroider: Dampen all pieces, pin out to measurements and allow to dry. Release and sew up seams. Work colored motifs at the points shown in the photograph. The horizontal lines are embroidered in a stitch which simulates knitting, the upper stripe in blue and the lower one in red. The vertical lines are worked by crocheting a chain-stitch into the ground, the stripe at the right with red and the one at the left with blue. The other motifs are embroidered in knitting stitch with red and blue yarn. Press entire jumper under a damp cloth.

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CHIC SIMPLICITY *for* YOU

Smart Jumper in an attractive check design in contrasting color.

KNITTED in navy and white, red and white, or any other effective color combination, this jumper would add a smart simplicity to your dressing and pep up your winter suit.

ZINNIA: *A new jumper design in a fascinating check pattern. An ideal garment for smart general wear. Knit it in a striking color combination.*

Materials Required: 8oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade 2123. 2oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade 2193. 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19½in. Bust, 32in. Length of sleeve seam, 18in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; br., brown; r., red.

Tension: 6 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and br. wool cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K. 1 r., * k. 18 br., 1 r. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: P. 1 r. * p. 18 br., 1 r. Repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows 6 times.

15th Row: Using r. wool, k.

16th Row: Using r. wool, p.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. Repeat 15th and 16th rows.

These 24 rows complete 1 pattern. When work measures 12in. shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. Work 1 row.

Next Row: Work 23 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast on 6 sts. Work 33 sts. Continue in pattern on these 39 sts., keeping 6 cast-on sts. in br. wool and garter-st. Make buttonholes in garter-st. border on the 5th and 6th rows and 3 more buttonholes 1in. apart.

TO MAKE BUTTONHOLES

5th Row: K. 2, cast off 2 sts. Work to end of row.

6th Row: Work to last 2 sts. Cast on 2 sts. K. 2.

When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off. Join wool, cast on 6 sts., work to end of row. Work to correspond with left shoulder omitting buttonholes.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Continue in pattern until armhole measures 4½in.

Next Row: K. 33 (leave on spare needle), k. 23.

Continue on last 23 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and br. wool cast on 58 sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Repeat 1st 2 rows of pattern increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 72 sts. Continue to increase every 8th row and repeat from 15th to 24th rows of pattern inclusive. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows of pattern increasing every 8th row until increased to 86 sts. Work 8 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 24 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR (2 PIECES)

Using No. 11 needles and br. wool cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 decreasing 1 st. each end of every row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves placing seam to seam. Sew on collar. Sew buttons on opening at back.

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MADE *with* LITTLE *Puff* SLEEVES

Pretty Jumper-Blouse with square neck and high shoulder-line.

THIS attractive garment, knitted in blue sports wool, features a square neck with a dainty bow trimming and little puff sleeves.

The new pattern—a sort of cable stitch—is most effective but not difficult to do.

Materials Required: 4 skeins Lincoln Mills Spira sports wool, No. 316. 1 pair No. 12 and 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles. 1 stitch holder. 1 short spare needle. 8 buttons.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 19in. Bust, 36in. Length of sleeve, 5in.

Tension: 7 sts., 1 inch; 9 rows, 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; tog., together.

To Twist a Plait: This is worked on 8 sts. as follows: Slip the first 2 sts. from the point of the left-hand needle on to the spare needle and place at the back of work. Knit the next 2 sts., then knit the spare needle stitches. Slip the next 2 sts. on to spare needle and place at the front of work, knit the next 2 sts., then knit the spare needle sts.

BACK

Cast on 106 sts. on No. 12 needles, knit in rib k. 1, p. 1 for 3in. Change to No. 9 needles. Knit in pattern as follows:—

1st Row: K. 5, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, * k. 16, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, repeat from * until 5 sts. remain. K. 5.

2nd Row: P. 5, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, * p. 16, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, repeat from * until 5 sts. remain. P. 5.

Repeat these 2 rows once more.

5th Row: K. 5, p. 2, plait the next 8 sts. P. 2, * k. 16, p. 2, plait the next 8 sts. P. 2. Repeat from * until 5 sts. remain. K. 5.

6th Row: As for 2nd row.

These 6 rows complete 1 pattern. Continue knitting pattern until you have completed 12 patterns. At the same time increase 1 st. at each end of every 12th row, until you have 118 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. at each end of every 2nd row 4 times. Continue knitting until you have completed 22 patterns from band.

Next Row: The stitches are divided for the neck opening as follows:—Pattern 23 sts. and slip these on to a stitch holder until needed for left shoulder. Pattern 50 sts. and slip these on to a stitch holder for back neck. Pattern to end.

COSMOS: *Such a charming design—most effective in blue sports wool. The square neck and bow finish are new and smart*

Close-up of pattern used in knitting Cosmos jumper on this page.

RIGHT SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next and every alternate row (armhole end) until 5 sts. remain. Work 1 row on these stitches. Cast off.

THE BACK NECK

Slip a No. 12 needle through the 50 back neck sts. and work 2 rows in single rib. Continue in rib, decreasing 1 st. at each end of the next and every alternate row to follow until 13 rows have been knitted. Cast off.

LEFT SHOULDER

Join wool at neck end and work 1 row, then continue as for right shoulder to end.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 62 sts. on No. 12 needles. Knit in rib for 6 rows.

Next Row: K. 1, p. 1, cast off 4 sts., rib remainder.

Next Row: Rib casting on 4 sts. where you have cast off in the previous row (this forms a buttonhole), make another buttonhole 2½in. above the last one, until you have completed 8 buttonholes. Continue knitting in rib for 3in. Cast on 1 st. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: (K. 1, p. 1 for 8 sts.). K. 10, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, k. 16, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, k. 5.

2nd Row: P. 5, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, p. 16, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, p. 10 (k. 1, p. 1 for 8 sts.).

Repeat these 2 rows again.

5th Row: (K. 1, p. 1 for 8 sts.). K. 10, p. 2. Plait the next 8 sts. P. 2, k. 16, p. 2. Plait the next 8 sts. P. 2, k. 5.

6th Row: As for 2nd row.

These 6 rows complete 1 pattern. Continue in pattern until you have completed 13 patterns. At the same time increase 1 st. at the end of every 12th row until you have 69 sts. Knit the 1st row of the next pattern.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next row.

3rd Row: (K. 1, p. 1 for 8 sts). P. 2, * k. 8, p. 2, repeat from * twice more. K. 6, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, k. 4.

4th Row: P. 2 tog. P. 2, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, p. 6, k. 2, * p. 8, k. 2, repeat from * twice more (k. 1, p. 1 for 8 sts.).

5th Row: (K. 1, p. 1 for 8 sts.). P. 2, *. Plait the next 8 sts. P. 2, repeat from * twice. K. 6, p. 2. Plait the next 8 sts. P. 2, k. 3.

6th Row: P. 2 tog. P. 1, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, p. 6, k. 2, * p. 8, k. 2, repeat from * twice (k. 1, p. 1 for 8 sts.).

Continue knitting working in pattern this way, decreasing 1 st. at the beginning of the next and alternate row once (58 sts). Knit

(Continued on Page 7)

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IN GREY, BLUE *and* WHITE

Fascinating style in knitted jumpers and simple to make.

THIS sweet little jumper is ever so flattering to wear and yet quite easy to knit in a simple open stitch.

Although designed to be made in grey, two shades of blue and white, other color combinations should be equally effective.

Materials Required: 3oz. 2-ply fingering wool. Dark blue. 2oz. 2-ply fingering wool. Pale blue. 2oz. 2-ply fingering wool. Grey. 1oz. 2-ply fingering wool. White. 1 pr. needles No. 9, 1 set (4), No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; bust, 34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 6 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped-st. over.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 inch, 8 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and dark blue wool cast on 136 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.). Work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2, for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and grey wool, and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): K. 2, * sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

2nd Row: P. 2, * p twice into next st. by purling into front and back of st., repeat from * to last 2 sts., p. 2.

These 2 rows complete pattern-work throughout garment. Work for 2½ inches in grey, change to pale blue wool, work for 2½ inches, change to dark blue wool, work for 2½ inches. Commence yoke shaping, with right side of work towards you, work 20 sts. (place remaining sts. on spare needle). Work even for 3 inches; shape armhole by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge of next row. K. 2 tog., at armhole edge of next 10 rows. Slip 96 sts. on to spare needle, and working on the remaining 20 sts., work other side to correspond. Join grey wool and work the 96 sts. in pattern.

Decrease 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 10 times. Change to pale blue wool and work in pattern, decreasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 12 times. Change to white wool and work even in pattern for 5 inches. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts. Using No. 9 needles and grey wool, pick up 34 sts. along edge of dark blue sts. at yoke edge, cast on 52 sts. (k. into the back of cast on sts.).

Work in pattern, k. 2 tog. at yoke edge of every 2nd row 10 times. Change to pale blue wool, and continue in pattern, decreasing 1 st. at yoke edge of every 2nd row 12 times. Cast off. Work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work exactly the same as the back until white strip measures 3 inches. Shape neck as follows: With right side of work towards you, work 14 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 24 sts., work 14 sts. Working on remaining 14 sts., k. 2 tog. at neck edge of every 2nd row until 4 sts. remain, work even until white strip measures 5 inches. Cast off. Join wool at neck edge of sts. left on spare needle and work other side of neck to correspond. Work shoulders as for back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and dark blue wool cast on 64 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 for 1½ inches. Change to No. 9 needles and grey wool and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row (work 10 rows grey, 20 rows pale blue, 20 rows dark blue, 12 rows white). When work measures 6 inches k. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Stitch the shaped edges neatly together. Join the white strip to the cast off edge of shoulder sts. Join shoulders. Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Using 4 No. 11 needles pick and k. 130 sts. around neck. Work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 for 1½ inches. Cast off loosely.

☆

LAVENDER: *Fascinating jumper designed to be knitted in a pretty open pattern in 2-ply wool in colors of blue, dark and light, grey and white. The square yoke effect made by the way in which the colors are used is very unusual.*

☆

COSMOS: (Continued From Page 6)

until you have completed 18 patterns from band. Knit 1 row more.

Next Row: Knit in pattern for 23 sts. Slip remaining sts. on to stitch holder. Knit these 23 sts. for 5 more patterns.

SHAPE SHOULDER

As for right shoulder back.

FRONT NECK PIECE

Slip the sts. on stitch holder on to a No. 12 needle. Knit 2 rows in single rib, then decrease 1 stitch at shoulder end of the next and every alternate row to follow until you have completed 13 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Knit exactly as for right front, but be sure fronts match. Omit buttonholes.

SIDE NECK PIECE

First join shoulders. Pick up 46 sts. on side of neck with No. 12 needles and knit as for back of neck. Work the opposite side of neck to match.

BOWS DOWN FRONT

Pick up 9 sts. down the 9th stitch from front edge with No. 9 needles. Knit in moss-stitch for 6in. Cast off. On the same front pick up another 9 sts. 1½in. down further, and knit in the same way. Work bows on other front to match.

SLEEVES

Cast on 72 sts. on No. 12 needles. Knit in rib for 12 rows. Change to No. 9 needles.

13th Row: * P. 4, p. 2 into the next stitch, repeat from * until 2 stitches remain. P. 2 (86 sts.).

Continue in pattern, as follows:—

1st Row: K. 10, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, * k. 16, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, repeat from * once. K. 10.

2nd Row: P. 10, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, * p. 16, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, repeat from * once. P. 10.

Repeat these 2 rows once more.

5th Row: K. 10, p. 2. Plait the next 8 sts. P. 2, * k. 16, p. 2. Plait the next 8 sts. P. 2, repeat from * once. K. 10.

6th Row: As for 2nd row.

These 6 rows complete 1 pattern. Repeat pattern 4 times more.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until you have 54 sts., then decrease 1 st. at each end of every 2nd row until you have 42 sts., then decrease 1 st. at each end of every row until you have 28 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew side seams and insert sleeves. Fix bows at fronts. Sew on buttons and work round buttonholes to neaten.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4620163

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

A strikingly smart jumper in a fascinating new design.

ONE of the smartest jumpers we've seen—knitted in red 4-ply with a cute trimming in white and belt and collar in black and white.

Make it up for special occasions!

Materials: Paton's Super Scotch fingering wool, 4 ply, red (shade 02359) 12oz., white 2oz., black 1oz.

•Beehive knitting needles, No. 8 and No. 11, 1 pair each, 4 wood buttons, 1 small glass button.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder 20½ inches, width all round at underarm 34 inches, length of sleeve from underarm 18 inches.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 6½ stitches to the inch.

THE BACK

Using the No. 11 needles, cast on 100 stitches.

Work in rib of (k. 2, p. 2) for 40 rows, decreasing once at the end of the last row (90 stitches).

Using the No. 8 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K. 4, * p. 13, k. 13, repeat from * to the last 17 stitches, p. 13, k. 4.

2nd Row: P. 4, * k. 13, p. 13, repeat from * to the last 17 stitches, k. 13, p. 4.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows, 16 times.

Increase once at each end of the next and every following 10th row, until 109 sts. are on the needle.

Work 5 rows, without shaping.

Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Decrease once at each end of the next 8 rows (87 sts.).

Work, without shaping, until the armhole measures 6½ inches.

With the right side of the work towards you, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of every row, until 27 sts. remain.

Cast off.

THE FRONT

Using the No. 11 needles, cast on 58 sts.

1st Row: K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2, repeat from * to the end of the row.

2nd Row: K. 1, p. 1, k. 2, * p. 2, k. 2, repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows, twenty times.

Using the No. 8 needles, proceed as follows:

Work 4 more rows. Break off the wool and darn in end. Leave these stitches.

Using the No. 11 needles, cast on 53 sts.

1st Row: * K. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to the last stitch, k. 1.

2nd Row: P. 1, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat these 2 rows, twenty times.

Using the No. 8 needles, work 4 more rows.

Join the two pieces of fabric together by working across both sets of sts. in rib, with the red wool (106 sts.).

Work 1 row in rib.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K. 7, p. 5, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to the last 12 sts., p. 5, k. 7.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Knit all the knit sts., purl all the purl sts.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows, once.

5th Row: K. 7, p. 9, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to the last 16 sts., p. 9, k. 7.

POPPY: *An exotic design knitted in red wool with embroidery in white and collar and belt in black and white. Smart for special wear.*

7th Row: K. 7, p. 13, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to the last 20 sts., p. 13, k. 7.

9th Row: K. 7, p. 13, k. 6, * p. 2, k. 2, repeat from * to the last 26 sts., k. 6, p. 13, k. 7.

11th Row: K. 7, p. 13, k. 10, * p. 2, k. 2, repeat from * to the last 30 sts., k. 10, p. 13, k. 7.

13th Row: K. 7, p. 13, k. 13, p. 3, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to the last 36 sts., p. 3, k. 13, p. 13, k. 7.

15th Row: Like the 13th row.

17th Row: K. 7, p. 13, k. 13, p. 7, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to the last 40 sts., p. 7, k. 13, p. 13, k. 7.

19th Row: K. 7, p. 13, k. 13, p. 11, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to the last 44 sts., p. 11, k. 13, p. 13, k. 7.

21st Row: K. 7, p. 13, k. 13, p. 15 (k. 2, p. 2), twice, k. 2, p. 15, k. 13, p. 13, k. 7.

23rd Row: K. 7, p. 13, k. 13, p. 13, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 13, k. 13, p. 13, k. 7.

24th Row: Like the 2nd row.

Repeat the 23rd and 24th rows, once.

27th Row: K. 7, p. 13, k. 13, p. 13, k. 14, p. 13, k. 13, p. 13, k. 7.

28th Row: P. 7, k. 13, p. 13, k. 13, p. 14, k. 13, p. 13, k. 13, p. 7.

Repeat the 27th and 28th rows, throughout, increasing once at each end of the next row and every following 10th row, until 116 sts. are on the needle.

Work 5 rows, without shaping.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Decrease once at each end of the next 8 rows (94 sts.).

NECK OPENING

Work 47, join in another ball, work 47.

Continue working on these 2 sets of sts., until the armhole measures 6 inches from the start.

1st Row: Work 47, 2nd ball cast off 6 sts., work to the end of the row.

2nd Row: Like the 1st row.

3rd Row: Work to neck, 2nd ball cast off 4 sts., work to the end of the row.

Repeat these 3 rows, 3 times (2 sets of 33 sts. on needle).

Decrease once at each side of the neck edge in every alternate row, until there are 2 sets of 30 sts. on needle.

Continue without shaping, until the armhole measures 7 inches.

With the right side of the work towards you, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of every row, until all sts. are cast off.

(Continued on Page 9)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4620164

EMBROIDERED *with* FLORAL MOTIFS

Dainty Jumper with high polo neck and long sleeves.

THERE'S a gay, careless charm about this pretty design. The jumper is embroidered all over with floral motifs in brightly-colored wools.

LILAC: *Unusually dainty—a jumper embroidered all over with little flowers in gay wools. High neck and long sleeves make this garment very useful for cold weather wear.*

☆

Materials Required: 9oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade 2193. 1oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade 2137. 1oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade 1075. 1 pair No. 9 needles. 1 set 4 No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in. Bust, 32in. Length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; r., red; w., white; g., green.

Tension: 6 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and r. wool cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles. P 1 row, increasing 1 st.

1st Row: P. 1, * k. 11, p. 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K. 2, * p. 9, k. 3. Repeat from *, ending with k. 2 instead of k. 3.

3rd Row: P. 3, * k. 7, p. 5. Repeat from *, ending with p. 3 instead of p. 5.

4th Row: K. 4, * p. 5, k. 7. Repeat from * ending with k. 4 instead of k. 7.

5th Row: P. 5, * k. 3, p. 9. Repeat from *, ending with p. 5 instead of p. 9.

6th Row: K. 6, * p. 1, k. 11. Repeat from *, ending with k. 6 instead of k. 11.

7th Row: Purl.

Repeat from 6th to 2nd rows inclusive. These 12 rows complete one pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 12½in. Shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 4½in.

Next Row: Work 34 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 5 sts., work 34 sts.

Continue on last 34 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows then every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and r. wool cast on 58 sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles. P. 1 row increasing 3 sts. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of the 24th row and then every 8th row following until increased to 85 sts. Work 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 21 sts. Cast off.

NECK

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 11 needles and r. wool, pick up and k. 126 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for 4½in. Join w. wool and continue in rib for 1in. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Using g. and w. wools, embroider flowers in every alternate diamond.

POPPY: (Continued from Page 8.)

THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 55 sts.

1st Row: P. 8, k. 13, p. 13, k. 13, p. 8.

2nd Row: K. 8, p. 13, k. 13, p. 13, k. 8.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows, until the work measures 6 inches from the beginning.

Continue in pattern, increasing once at each end of the next row and every following 6th row, until 65 sts. are on the needle.

Increase once in every 4th row, until there are 81 sts. on the needle, then in every alternate row, until 97 sts. are on the needle.

Work, without shaping, until the sleeve measures 17 inches, down centre.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then work, without shaping, for 6½ inches.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows (56 sts.).

Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

THE COLLAR

Using the No. 11 needles and black wool, cast on 44 sts.

Work in garter stitch (i.e., every row plain) for 6 rows.

Decrease once at the beginning, and increase once at the end of the next row.

Work 3 rows, without shaping.

Repeat the last 4 rows, 5 times, ending at the decrease edge.

Cast off 20 sts. Break off the black wool, join in the white.

1st Row: K. 24.

2nd Row: K. 24.

3rd Row: K. 14, turn, k. 14, repeat these 4 rows for 7 inches, ending at the long edge of work.

Break off the white wool, join in black wool.

Repeat the 4 rows for another 7 inches, ending at the long edge of work.

Break off black wool, join in white.

Cast on 20 sts., work 2 rows, without shaping.

Increase once at the beginning, and decrease once at the end of the next row.

Work 3 rows, without shaping.

Repeat the last 4 rows, 5 times.

Work 5 rows after last increase.

Cast off.

THE BELT

Using the No. 11 needles and black wool, cast on 36 sts.

Work 3 rows in garter st.

Continue in garter st., making 2 buttonholes in the next row, and also start to decrease as follows:

K. 2 tog., k. 9, join in another ball, k. 14, join in another ball, k. 9, slip 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. Work on these 3 balls of wool for 2 more rows, then decrease once at each end of the next row and the following 3rd row.

Work 2 rows.

Now work only with 1 ball across all sts., breaking off the other 2 balls, but decreasing once at each end of every 3rd row, until 14 sts. remain.

Break off the black wool, join in the white wool.

Work without shaping, for 18 inches.

Join in black wool and increase once at each end of every 3rd row, until 36 sts. are on the needle.

Cast off.

Cover the 4 wood buttons—one with black and the other 3 with white wool. Cover with D.C.

TO MAKE THE JUMPER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

Sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collar, making 4 pleats at top of each sleeve to fit armhole.

With 4 thicknesses of white wool, crochet chains to lay down every purl rib—down the front and the 2 sleeves.

The Tuffs are made as follows:

With white wool, make 5 ch., then * wool over hook into 4th chain from hook pull through once, * (leaving 2 sts. on the hook), then repeat from * to * until 6 sts. are on the hook, then pull through all sts., 1 ch. and break off wool.

Make about 74 in all, then sew them on the garment.

Sew on 2 buttons on collar, white on the black part and black on white part. Make a buttonhole loop at neck edge, and sew on small button to correspond. Sew the 2 white buttons at end of belt to correspond with buttonholes.

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MADE *with a* PLAITED YOKE

Delightful design knitted in an exciting new pattern.

MAKE the jumper in neutral or gay-toned wool. It would be equally smart in almost any color.

An interlacing stitch offers something very original in this model. The plain ground of sleeves and body is in tune with severely smart neckline.

Materials Required: 9oz. 2-ply Viyella knitting yarn, shade V29.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified, and in the correct ply. Work with the knitting pins in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

Knitting Pins: 1 pair No. 8, 4 No. 12 pointed both end pins.

Measurements: Length, 18½ inches. Bust, 34/36 inches. Sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: 6½ sts. to 1 inch. 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; P., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip.

Note: Work into back of all cast on sts.

FRONT

Cast on 116 sts. with No. 12 pins. Work in K. 1, p. 1, rib. for 4½ inches.

Change to No. 8 pins. Work in garter st. for 36 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of row every 12th row, 4 times. (Last increase is worked on 48th row.)

37th Row: K. 58, p. twice into next 12 sts. (24 sts.), k. 55.

38th Row: K.

39th Row: K. 55, p. 24, k. 55.

40th Row: K. 55, * sl. next 4 sts. on to spare pin and leave at back of work, K. next 4 sts., then k. 4 sts. from spare pin * repeat * to * twice, k. 55.

41st Row: As 39th row.

42nd Row: K.

43rd Row: As 39th row.

44th Row: K. 59, * sl. next 4 sts. on to spare pin and leave in front of work, k. next 4 sts., then k. 4 sts. from spare pin * repeat * to * once, k. 59.

45th Row: As 39th row.

46th Row: K.

47th Row: As 39th row.

The plaiting stitch is used on the centre 24 sts. on the last 8 rows is used for the panel, yoke and top of sleeves.

Work 40th to 44th rows once (making last side increase on 1st row of repeat).

53rd Row: K. 32, p. twice into next 12 sts., k. 12, p. 24, k. 12, p. twice into next 12 sts., k. 32.

54th Row: K.

55th Row: K. 32, p. 24, k. 12, p. 24, k. 12, p. 24, k. 32.

There are now 3 panels for plaiting st.

Continue in pattern for a further 40 rows.

Work should now measure 13½ inches from beginning.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 10 sts., work in pattern to end of row.

97th Row: Cast off 10 sts., work to end of row.

98th to 105th Row: K. 2 tog. at the beginning of the rows, still continuing in pattern.

This completes armhole shaping.

106th Row: In pattern.

107th Row: P. 4, p. twice into next 14 sts., p. 24, p. twice into next 12 sts., p. 24, p. twice into next 12 sts., p. 24, p. twice into next 14 sts., p. 4.

ROSAMUND: *An excitingly attractive jumper knitted with a square neck and plaited yoke.*

THE YOKE

Work the whole of the yoke in plait st. for the next 30 rows.

138th Row: Work 68 sts. in pattern, k. 2 tog. for next 48 sts. Place these 24 sts. on a spare No. 12 pin, cast off 4 sts., work to end of row. Work back.

140th Row: Cast off 4 sts., continue in pattern to end.

K. 2 tog. at neck edge every k. row until 56 sts. remain, still working in pattern.

When armhole measures 6¾ inches, cast off for shoulders:—

At armhole end * cast off 2 sts. tog., 7 times (14 sts. in all), work to end of row. Work back * repeat * to * twice.

Cast off remaining sts., taking 2 tog. to end of row. Join in wool to sts. left unworked, and work other side of shoulder to match.

BACK

Cast on 108 sts. with No. 12 pins, and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4½ inches.

Change to No. 8 pins.

Work 48 rows in garter stitch, increasing 1 st. each end of every 12th row (116 sts.).

49th Row: K. 52, p. twice into next 12 sts., k. 52.

50th Row: K. to end.

51st Row: K. 52, p. 24, k. 52.

52nd Row: K. 52, * sl. next 4 sts. on a spare pin and leave at back of work, k. next 4 sts., then the 4 sts. from spare pin * repeat * to * twice, k. 52.

53rd Row: K. 52, p. 24, k. 52.

54th Row: K. to end.

55th Row: K. 52, p. 24, k. 52.

56th Row: K. 56 * sl. next 4 sts. on to spare pin and leave in front of work, k. next 4 sts., then 4 sts. from spare pin repeat * to * once, k. 56.

57th Row: K. 52, p. 24, k. 52.

58th Row: K. to end.

59th Row: K. 52, p. 24, k. 52.

Work 52nd to 56th rows, inclusive, once more.

65th Row: K. 28, p. twice into next 12 sts., k. 12, p. 24, k. 12, p. twice into next 12 sts., k. 28.

66th Row: K. to end.

67th Row: K. 28, p. 24, k. 12, p. 24, k. 12, p. 24, k. 28.

Continue in pattern with the 3 panels, for 28 rows, which brings the work to the armholes, i.e., work the 8 pattern rows 3 times inclusive (34 rows), then work the first 4 rows of the pattern once more (38 rows altogether).

96th Row: Cast off 10 sts., k. 22, * sl. next 4 sts. on spare pin, and leave in front of work, k. next 4 sts., then the 4 sts. from spare pin * repeat * to * once, k. 20, repeat * to * twice, k. 20, repeat * to * twice, k. 32.

97th Row: Cast off 10 sts., k. 18, p. 24, k. 12, p. 24, k. 12, p. 24, k. 18.

98th Row to 105th Row: K. 2 tog. at the beginning of each row, still continuing in pattern (124 sts.).

106th Row: K. to end.

107th Row: P. 2 * p. twice into next 12 sts., p. 24 * repeat * to * twice, p. twice into next 12 sts., p. 2.

108th Row: K. 2, * sl. next 4 sts. on spare pin and leave at back of work, k. next 4 sts., then the 4 sts. from spare pin * repeat * to * 20 times, k. 2.

109th Row: P. to end.

110th Row: K. to end.

111th Row: P. to end.

112th Row: K. 6 * sl. next 4 sts. on spare pin and leave in front of work, k. next 4 sts., then 4 sts. from spare pin * repeat * to * 19 times, k. 6.

Continue in pattern until armhole measures 6½ inches, then shape shoulders.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., tog. 7 times (14 sts. in all), work to end of row.

Repeat the last row 7 times.

Next Row: K. 2 tog. to end of row.

Place sts. on spare No. 12 pin.

Sew up shoulder seams. Join wool to sts. left on pin at back of neck, rib these sts., then pick up 34 sts. at side of neck, rib 12 sts. from front of neck, pick up 34 sts. from other side of neck. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 inch. Cast off very loosely in rib, so that neck will go over the head when finished.

SLEEVES

Cast on 50 sts. with No. 12 pins. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4½ inches. Change to No. 8 pins. K. in garter st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row.

When 84 garter sts. have been worked (78 sts. on pin), k. 33, p. twice into next 12 sts., k. 33. Work 11 rows, keeping centre panel as for front, increasing 1 st. each end of 6th row (92 sts. now on pin counting panel increasings). This ends underarm increasings.

When 12 rows of centre panel have been worked, begin two side panels thus:—K. 10, p. twice into next 12 sts. K. 12, p. 24 (centre panel), k. 12, p. twice into next 12 sts., k. 10. Work 3 panels for 16 rows. Continue remainder of sleeve in plait st., as given for yoke of jumper. The first row being (on back of work) p. 4, p. twice into next 6 sts., p. 24, p. twice into next 12 sts., p. 24, p. twice into next 12 sts., p. 24, p. twice into next 6 sts., p. 4.

Work a further 12 rows in plait st., then commence decreasing.

Cast off 2 sts. tog. 10 times (20 sts.) at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then K. 3 tog. at the beginning of every row until 60 sts. remain.

Cast off 2 sts. tog. 4 times (8 sts.) at the beginning of the next 4 rows.

Cast off remaining sts., taking 2 tog. to end of row.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up underarm and sleeve seams. Set sleeves into arm holes. Do not press.

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HEALTH - *Culture* JERSEY – *a new* OLYMPIC DESIGN

Ideal for the Sportsgirl and for Gymnasium Wear

IN this cable-stitch jersey knitted in 4-ply yarn you will find perfect fit and complete freedom of movement.

It is a most attractive garment—flattering to the wearer yet practical for sports, for tennis or gymnasium wear.

Materials Required: 7oz. 4-ply "Viyella" knitting yarn, snow, 3 buttons. 1 steel crochet hook, size 1½.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified and in the correct ply work the knitting pins in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

Knitting Pins: 1 pair each No. 9 and No 11 "Viyella" pins.

Measurements: To fit 34-inch bust Length, shoulder to hem, 20 inches. Sleeve seams, 5 inches.

Tension: 7 stitches to 1 inch. 9 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, st. stitch, tog. together, sl. slip, d.c. double crochet, ch. chain.

Note.—Work into back of all cast on stitches.

FRONT

Cast on 112 sts. on No. 11 pins. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 24 rows.

Change to No. 9 pins and cable pattern:—

1st Row: P. 5, * k. 6, p. 10 * repeat * to * 8 times, k. 6, p. 5.

2nd Row: K. 5, * p. 6, k. 10 * repeat * to * 5 times, p. 6, k. 5.

Repeat last 2 rows twice.

7th Row. Twist Row: P. 5 * sl. next 3 sts. on spare pin and place at front of work, k. 3, k. 3 sts. from spare pin, p. 10 * repeat * to * 5 times, cable next 6 sts., p. 5.

8th Row: As 2nd. row.

Repeat last 8 rows once, then increase 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row until 130 sts. are on pin. Continue on 130 sts. until work measures 12½ inches from cast on.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 8 rows (106 sts.). Continue on 106 sts. until armholes measure 5 inches, measured straight up, not round armhole, ending on a p. row.

Shape Neck: Pattern 44 sts., cast off 18 sts., pattern 44 sts.

Work on last 44 sts. only.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge every row until 32 sts. remain.

Continue on 32 sts. until armholes measure 6½ inches, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: * Cast off 8 sts., work to end. Work back. *

Repeat * to * twice. Cast off.

Return to 44 sts. left unworked. Join yarn at neck edge and work to match other side.

BACK

Cast on 108 sts. Work as for front to armhole shaping, i.e., 1st row will be p. 3, * k. 6, p. 10, * repeat * to * 5 times, k. 6, p. 3.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 6 rows.

Continue on 106 sts. until armholes measure 5½ inches, measured straight up.

Shape Neck: Pattern 40 sts., cast off 36 sts., pattern 40 sts.

Work on last 40 stitches only.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge every row until 32 sts. remain, ending at armhole edge.

OLYMPIC: *A smart health-culture jersey in cable-stitch. Suitable for sports or gymnasium wear.*

Shape Shoulder: * Cast off 8 sts., work to end. Work back *.

Repeat * to * twice. Cast off.

Join yarn at centre to sts. left unworked and work to match other side.

SLEEVES

Cast on 70 sts. on No. 11 pins.

Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rows. Change to No. 9 pins and pattern:—

1st Row: P. 8, * k. 6, p. 10, * repeat * to * twice, k. 6, p. 8.

2nd Row: K. 8, * p. 6, k. 10, * repeat * to * twice, p. 6, k. 8.

Repeat these 2 rows twice.

7th Row: P. 8 * cable next 6 sts., p. 10, * repeat * to * twice, cable next 6 sts., p. 8.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

Repeat the last 8 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row, until 78 sts. are on pin. Continue on 78 sts. until sleeve measures 5 inches.

Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up right shoulder seam. With right side of work towards you, starting on left shoulder, pick up 6 sts. to first cable, pick up 6 sts. over cable of front, pick up 10 sts. to next cable, continue thus all round neck, picking up 5 sts. after last cable on side of left back shoulder. Cast on 6 sts. for underwrap. Turn.

K. 6 sts., k. 5, * p. 6, k. 10 * repeat * to * all round neck (keeping the p. 6 over the cable on jersey), k. 6 at end. Turn.

Next Row: P. 6, * k. 6, p. 10 * repeat * to * to last 11 sts., p. 5, k. 6. Turn.

Work 1st row.

Next Row: P. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 3 * cable next 6 sts., p. 4, p. 2 tog., p. 4 * repeat * to * to last 11 sts., p. 5, k. 6. Turn.

Next Row: K. 11, * p. 6, k. 9 * repeat * to * to last 5 sts., k. 5.

Next 2 rows in pattern.

Next Row: P. 5, * k. 6, p. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 4 * repeat * to * to last 11 sts., p. 5, k. 6. Turn.

Next Row: K. 11, * p. 6, k. 8, * repeat * to * to last 5 sts., k. 5. Turn.

Next 2 rows in pattern.

Next Row: P. 5, * cable next 6 sts., p. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 3 * repeat * to * to last 11 sts., p. 5, k. 6.

Next Row: K. 11, * p. 6, k. 7, * repeat * to * to last 5 sts., k. 5. Turn.

Next 2 rows in pattern.

Next Row: P. 5, * k. 6, p. 2, p. 2 tog., p. 3 * repeat * to * to last 11 sts., p. 5, k. 6. Turn.

Next Row: K. 11, * p. 6, k. 6, * repeat * to * to last 5 sts., k. 5.

Work 1 row in pattern. Cast off rather tightly in pattern.

Sew up left shoulder seam for 3½ inches. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. With crochet hook, starting at bottom of underwrap sts. on left back shoulder, work 1 d.c. into each st. of knitting to shoulder seam. Continuing on front opening, work 2 d.c. 4 ch., miss 4 sts. of knitting, work 5 d.c. in 5 sts., 4 ch., miss 4 sts., 5 d.c., 4 ch., miss 4 sts. Continue working d.c. all round neck edge, working 1 d.c. into each st. of knitting to underwrap sts. on back left shoulder. Fasten off.

Sew 3 buttons on back left shoulder to match button loops. Press seams.

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SNUG WINTER JACKET *for the* OUTDOOR GIRL

Fitting trimly, smartly modelled.

WORKED in an entrancing new stitch, this spruce cardigan will be an attractive and eminently useful addition to your woolly wardrobe.

Materials Required: 8 2oz. skeins Sunbeam sports wool, shade No. 2128. 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 6. 8 buttons. 1 crochet-hook.

Measurements: Bust, 32-34in. Length from top of shoulder, 20in. Length of sleeve seam, 19in.

DAISY: *Neat up-to-the-neck cardigan made in sports wool, and worked in a new daisy design. Ideal for golf, sports and spectator wear, and for business when chilly winter winds blow.*

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of K. 2 p. 2 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 6 needles and work in following pattern:—

1st Row: K. 1, * k. 2, p. 2. Repeat from * ending with k. 3.

2nd Row: K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from * ending with p. 2, k. 1.

3rd Row: K. 1, *. Slip the k. 2 p. 2 onto a spare needle, hold in front of work; k. 2, p. 2 from spare needle, k. 2 from spare needle, p. 2. Repeat from *, ending row with k. 1.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row. **5th Row:** Repeat 1st row. **6th Row:** Repeat 2nd row. **7th Row:** Repeat 1st row. **8th Row:** Repeat 2nd row.

9th Row: P. 1, k. 2, p. 2, * slip next 4 sts. onto spare needle, hold in front of work, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2 from spare needle, p. 2. Repeat from *, ending with p. 2, k. 2, p. 1.

10th Row: Repeat 2nd row. **11th Row:** Repeat 1st row. **12th Row:** Repeat 2nd row.

Repeat from rows 1 to 12 to make pattern. When the back measures 12½in. from the lower edge, shape the armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows and decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle every other row 4 times. K. in pattern until the armhole measures 7in., shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of every row until 25 sts. are left in the centre back. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k. 2, p. 2 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 6 needles.

1st Row: K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from * to last 7 sts., k. 5, p. 2.

2nd Row: K. 2, p. 2, k. 1, * p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from * to last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

Keeping the last 4 sts. at the front edge in rib of k. 2 p. 2, continue in pattern and when work measures 12½in. shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge and decrease 1 st. at the same edge in every other row 6 times. Shape the neck when the armhole is 4½in. Cast off 10 sts. at neck edge of next row. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times. Shape the shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row until all sts. are cast off. Work the right front to correspond, working each row from the end to the beginning. Make buttonholes, 4 rows from the beginning make the first buttonhole.

K. 2, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work in pattern, cast on 3 sts. where cast off in previous row. Make 7 buttonholes in all 2½in. apart.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k. 2 p. 2 for 4½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 6 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of the needle every 6th row, until there are 88 sts. Work in pattern until sleeve seam measures 19in. Shape the top of sleeve by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.

Using No. 9 needles pick up and k. 96 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k. 2 p. 2 for 3 rows. Make a buttonhole as follows:—

K. 2, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work in ribbing, casting on sts. where cast off in previous row.

Work 3 more rows of ribbing, cast off.

Sew buttons on left front.

Work 1 row of d.c. down each front.

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STORM SWEPT

By Joseph McCord

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
23 MAR 1938
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

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STORM SWEPT

By JOSEPH McCORD

BEN SAFFERY, stubbly white chin supported by gnarled knuckles clasped over his cane handle, decided querulously that it was the hottest September spell for Winfield he could recollect. The judgment followed an interval of blinking cogitation.

"I wouldn't wonder," Tom Farrand agreed absently.

"Less it was in thirteen . . ." Saffrey said grudgingly. He hoped for an argument in the matter.

"Well, it won't last," Farrand added. "Paper says there's a hurricane working over from the Caribbean."

"Didn't I say she was a weather breeder? Didn't I?"

Instead of replying, Farrand hoisted one foot and planted it heavily in the untidy litter of papers on his desk. His dark eyes stared from under their bushy brows through the open door of the office. A glimpse of water in the near distance. Deserted wharves. Long shadows lying in the street.

The door, swung back against the wall, bore a black-lettered sign on its glass panel.

THOS. L. FARRAND
INSURANCE & REAL ESTATE

Notary Public

The owner of the name spoke again. He raised his voice a trifle.

"Oh, Ardis . . ."

"Yes?"

The quiet response came from a dark-haired girl seated behind a table at the far end of the room. She looked up from her book.

"Nothing more to-day, I guess. Start home if you want. Might drop that one letter in the post-office as you go past."

"All right . . . I will."

The girl Ardis made no move to comply with her employer's suggestion. Instead, her grey eyes contemplated the back of his head in a curiously speculative fashion.

Unless it was her dusky hair, those grey eyes of Ardis Levering were her nearest claim to beauty. Heavily fringed with lashes they were, under dark expressive brows. The nose was a trifle too short for the oval face. The mouth, deep at the corners, perhaps a bit too wide. But the chin beneath was delicately firm. The hair, its exact parting over the centre of the head, was drawn back closely and gathered in a knot on the nape of the slender neck. Its severe mode was singularly appropriate.

It suggested an evenly-balanced soul in the slim body. Restraint.

It was not unusual for Ardis Levering to study Tom Farrand when his attention was fixed elsewhere.

There were times when she found herself thinking that he must sense her regard. That he would turn and reward her with his heavy, good-natured smile. But he never did. It was one of many experiences, little everyday incidents that made Ardis wonder wistfully if she knew the man in Tom Farrand's stolid body. If ever she would know him.

The way a woman dreams of knowing the man whom one day she is expected to marry.

A typical small-town product, Tom Farrand. Like the majority of Winfield's youth, he had followed the water for a time. Later, he had turned to the land and become something of a figure in the port. The real estate and insurance business did not take all his time. As a result, he managed to enlarge the sphere of his activities. A politician in a small way. Chief of the Winfield Volunteer Fire Department—a post of no little importance at convention time with its parades and prizes. He likewise managed most of the sporting matters sponsored by the younger element.

Farrand's Front Street office, with its row of wooden armchairs along one wall, their seats polished from much use, was the town's favored loafing place. More popular even than Chet Earley's "Tonsorial Parlor" up the street.

Save for an easy-going disposition, there was little about Thomas to appeal to a young woman. He was not far from being slovenly in dress, although never offending in the matter of personal cleanliness. All seasons found him committed to a shirt-sleeved ease indoors. If he wore a waistcoat, it hung open. He was taking on weight in that vicinity.

Neatness was very nearly a religion with Ardis. Perhaps it was different with a man. Sometime, her sartorial suggestions might be accepted with the same lack of opposition offered those of a rhetorical nature which she inserted in her employer's dictated letters.

Her unheralded appearance as Farrand's stenographer worked no inconsiderable hardship to idlers in his office of the profaner sort, particularly those confreres who had reputations to sustain in the matter of questionable stories wafted from other ports. And Tom's dark eyes were quick to warn the too hardy raconteur.

The position came as something of a surprise to Ardis herself. But there was the business course she had taken at Salisbury. That must not be wasted, and there were few enough opportunities in Winfield.

"There's quite a lot you could do in the office," Tom had suggested diffidently. "I can't pay you much, but it'll let you practice your shorthand . . . Keep the money in the family." His jocularity vanished at the startled expression in the grey eyes.

That was about as far as Tom ever went in the matter of definite marital arrangements. Everything was "understood." So generally, that there was little to be feared from local rivals. "I'd like to get things shaped up a little better," had been his conclusion upon several hesitant occasions.

Tom Farrand was her father's closest friend. Captain Dan Levering always entrusted his small business affairs to the younger man. Why not the girl as well? Steady and dependable, Farrand was. Ardis had been given to understand she might consider herself very lucky to have him. It would have been difficult for her to explain exactly how the engagement had come about.

WINFIELD itself furnished an appropriate setting for the prosaic romance of Ardis Levering.

A one-time busy port for sailing vessels the town seemed to have retreated by degrees into the snug shelter of its river mouth and there settled down to a complacent retrogradation.

Numerous craft still nosed at the green and rotting wharf piles or swung with the wind at their anchor buoys. The majority were power boats of comfortable beam, arriving and departing with a staccato barking of exhaust pipes and acrid motor fumes. Outbound cargoes were carried for the most part. Oysters, fish and crabs from bay and river. Summer deck-loads of scarlet tomatoes in baskets. Tiers of emerald watermelons from sandy inland fields.

Front Street, with its weather-beaten business places, remained the principal thoroughfare. Several of the more pretentious stores boasted wooden canopies over the uneven pavements before their doors. There were other and tree-lined streets in the immediate background, bordered by high and low houses. Many of these stood flush with the sidewalks. Others had green lawns behind neat palings or hedges. These homes ranged from modest cottages to several near mansions built of brick, adorned with iron balconies or wide porticoes smothered, in summer-time, under a riot of climbing roses.

Ardis Levering had spent her life in a small frame house on Pine Street.

An only child, there never had been anything demonstrative or impulsive in Ardis

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STORM SWEPT

nature. Heredity and training alike contributed to that trait, as did many years spent almost entirely in the companionship of her mother. Very early she developed a primness that expressed itself in a fear of "getting dirty." She never had quite gotten away from that.

Elizabeth Levering, the mother, was a frail colorless woman, frugal of speech and intensely practical. A circle of church acquaintances and a few neighbors always had satisfied her social needs. She was ever content to manage the routine affairs of a small household while her husband was at sea.

Beyond the confines of this one town, Ardis' experiences were concerned mainly with several vacations among the green hills of Western Maryland as the pampered guest of her Uncle Samuel and Aunt Virgie Larkins. The latter was a younger sister of Mrs. Levering.

The Larkins were a childless couple who made their home under the roof of an ancient stone mill where Samuel ground wheat and corn for the outlying valley farms. He was a comfortable roly-poly man with twinkling hazel eyes and an habitual smile puckering his small rosy mouth. He likewise had a fascinating stutter when he attempted to speak out of his usual deliberate fashion. Aunt Virgie was a tiny bustling woman with beady black eyes, who chattered as rapidly as words would come.

That first visit to Grisby Grove Mill opened an unsuspected world to Ardis. She was seven at the time Uncle Sam made a long-deferred visit to Winfield and insisted upon taking his small niece home with him.

That trip to her aunt's marked her first separation from both parents, her introduction to the role of "company."

The Orndorff farm lay just the other side of the pond and the winding creek that fed it. To reach the green meadow-lands one had to traverse a swaying footbridge thrown across the stream. It was a passage quite too perilous for a small girl to undertake unaided.

Ardis saw Billy Orndorff the second morning of her visit. He was driving a herd of cows along the farther creek bank, a lean yellow hound slouching at the rear of the procession. When the boy and dog returned, Ardis stood watching from her side of the bridge.

"Hello," was Billy's greeting, after a prolonged stare.

"Hello."

"Come on over." A grin lighted his freckled face.

"All right." Ardis remained where she was.

"Why don't you, then?"

"Don't want to."

"Fraid cat! All girls are scared. Wait. . . ."

A moment later the two faced each other in the deep cool grass of the Orndorff land. Ardis still breathless from the exciting trip. Her hand still tingling from Billy's masterful clutch.

With the freemasonry existing among youngsters, she was made to know that her new friend had reached the superior age of ten. He had no brothers or sisters. Just like her! And the hound's name was Publeech.

"Publeech? That's a funny name. Why is it?"

"My uncle named him that. He lives way down in Mexico. I'm going there some day, too."

"Oh . . ." Ardis looked into the dog's mournful eyes with increased respect.

Billy owned a colt, too. Honestly. Its name was Prince. Did Ardis want to come up to the barn and see him? Prince was only four days old. He had to stand beside his mother all the time. A white star on his forehead, too.

"Oh, yes . . . some day."

. . . . . .

At the time of her last visit to the old mill Ardis was sixteen and blue-eyed Billy almost twenty. He was as big as a man and still had freckles. Prince was a sober work horse. Publeech had succumbed to the infirmities of old age and rested under a tombstone all his own which bore his impressive name, laboriously chiseled.

The boy and girl had their meetings after sundown now, for William's labors occupied a long day. Besides, he insisted upon donning his Sunday suit before coming to see Ardis. Frequently he appeared in his small car. Frisby Grove boasted a movie, too.

But, for some reason, the two enjoyed most the quiet gloom of the pond meadow. Leisurely strolls along the creek bank. The exchange of confidences, shy hopes for the future. Moments of silence at the foot of their favorite tree, a huge oak close to the pond, silences strangely hard to break at times. Alluringly apprehensive.

They sat there for a long time the evening before Ardis was to leave for Winfield. One thought uppermost in the minds of both. Their last hour together.

She had never seen or heard of him again but the fragrance of that evening hovered over her. Often, walking home in the summer night, the scent of honeysuckle brought back—not the boy himself—but the emotion she had felt once—and no longer knew. It filled her with a momentary yearning, a vague impulse of revolt. She put it resolutely aside. But it was there, even if she refused to admit it, like a dream half-forgotten, a song only partially remembered.

CAPTAIN DANIEL LEVERING was feeling particularly well pleased with himself and with the world in general.

He stood in the white sunshine on a Fernandina wharf watching members of his crew stow the last of a deck-load of lumber, a full cargo of pine taken on expeditiously and without mishap. The captain squinted critically at this final operation, rolling a dead cigar methodically from one corner of his mouth to the other. A faithful green derby was perched on the back of his perspiring head.

"When are you going out, Skipper?"

The little mariner veered about at this unexpected question. He found himself looking into the eyes of a tall young fellow with friendly brown eyes under a mop of tawny hair and a quizzically smiling mouth. The boy's sleeveless undershirt displayed lean shoulders and arms burned to the same rich tint as his face and neck. The garment, reinforced by wrinkled khaki trousers and canvas sneakers, apparently constituted his entire wardrobe.

"What makes you think that's my boat?" was Levering's cautious retort.

"Watching you boss the job. She's a neat little . . . something."

"Schooner."

The master of the Primrose flung away his discouraged cigar and once more gave absorbed attention to his crew's activities.

"Just where might the port of Winfield be?" the unabashed stranger pursued. His glance rested on the boat's stern.

"Maryland. Eastern Sho'."

"Heading there now?"

"Baltimore."

"Baltimore, eh? That's another town I've missed." The young man moved deliberately around in front of Captain Dan, completely cutting off his view of the schooner. "Couldn't use a good man, I suppose?"

"Whereabouts is he?"

"Present. I'm looking for a job."

"Passage, you mean. You're no sailor."

"Maybe I could learn," was the grinning response. "I'm husky enough. Know how to use my hands and feet."

"Takes more'n that, son. Where you heading for?"

"North. New York eventually."

"Better use your feet . . . seein' you're so handy with 'em. You'll get there quicker."

"I thought you'd have a comeback. They all do." The boy said it with good-humored resignation. He produced a flattened pack of cigarettes from a back pocket. "Have one of these?"

"Don't like 'em. What'd you say your name was?"

"We didn't get that far. But it's Barr, Gregory H."

"Sorry, Mr. Barr. Don't see as I can do anything for you to-day." Levering moved away in the direction of the Primrose, indicating that he considered the interview at an end. But Barr lounged easily alongside.

"Mind if I go aboard, Skipper?"

"Help yourself. But don't go below."

Captain Dan did not sight his new acquaintance again until he came aft in answer to the call to supper. He paused when he found Gregory ornamenting the rail, feet dangling over the water and whittling moodily on a bit of pine. His dejected attitude arrested the skipper.

"Thought you was halfways to New York by now."

"Not quite." Barr faced about with a smile. "I'm waiting for you to change your mind and ship me as far as Baltimore." He closed his knife and slipped it into his pocket. "How about it?"

Levering squinted thoughtfully.

"When'd you eat last?"

"Early this morning . . . if you go in for dates. Couple of hot-dogs."

"Come on down with me. You got quite a walk facin' you. Little ballast may make it smoother."

Barr's subsequent attack on three generous portions of fried pork chops and potatoes roused something akin to admiration in the blue eyes of his host. The latter had finished his own meal and sat staring at the younger man through a haze of cigar smoke.

Gregory pushed aside his empty plate, lighted a cigarette and planted his elbows comfortably on the oilcloth table-cover. "I do feel better," he sighed, inhaling a mouthful of smoke.

"Should think you might."

Levering studied his guest thoughtfully. He was trying to catalogue him in the light of long experience with water-front panhandlers. But this particular specimen baffled him.

"You don't belong in this part of the country," he decided at length. "Where you from?"

"The West. Iowa . . . scene of the original take-off."

"You have been walkin'. What do you do when you have to?"

"You'd be surprised."

"I've heard a lot of funny ones. Go ahead."

"I'm an author." It was said casually enough. Writers, it seemed, were entitled to temporary embarrassments.

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"You're what!" Captain Dan's blue eyes widened.

"An author, I said."

"Mean you write . . . books? That sort of thing?"

"One book," Barr corrected modestly.

"Any good?"

"I wish I knew."

"Hasn't brought you much, I take it."

"Nothing but a lot of hard work. I just finished it. Nobody's seen it yet."

"I get you."

Captain Dan's face belied the polite assertion so plainly that Gregory Barr proceeded to enlighten him with a sketchy biography covering twenty-odd years. The past three or four were concerned with a career in journalism. Hired by this city editor, fired by that one.

"SORT of a newspaper tramp," the guest explained with engaging frankness. "My last job was at Jacksonville. I wasn't fired, either. I quit."

"What'd you do that for?"

"Well, I had a hunch I should be writing fiction. Not that newspapers don't use plenty . . . But they don't go in for class. If you're a leg man, somebody else writes your stuff. If you're doing a story that comes in over the wire, you don't get the feel of it. And there's never time to do a real job of writing, even if the desk would stand for it. You've probably noticed how it is."

Captain Dan nodded gravely. His acquaintance with the press was concerned mostly with scanning editions days or weeks old. But the boy might be right, at that.

"Some time ago," Gregory resumed, "I got what I thought was a real idea for a book . . . novel, you know. I was making fair money and had saved a few dollars. So I bought a second-hand typewriter, swiped about a bale of copy paper and walked out on my boss. First time I ever had a chance to do that."

"Writin' a book must be a job in itself."

"So I found. My cash was gone before I got a good start even. I drifted up here because I heard you could get a job now and then around the wharves. Found a shack on the edge of town a fellow told me I could use if I wouldn't set it afire. The mosquitoes were terrible. I worked whenever I could pick up a job. Did my writing mostly at night."

"What you aimin' to do now?"

"Get to New York with my manuscript and sell it. That's the only place."

"Figure somebody'll want it?"

A serious look came into the brown eyes. "I don't know. But sometimes I think it is good. Anyway, I want to find out. And a publisher can tell me quick enough."

Captain Dan pondered this confidence in silence. At length he flicked his cigar ash into his coffee cup, stared gravely at Barr and demanded:

"Where's your dunnage?"

"My which?"

"Sea chest . . . bag. Haven't you some things?"

"Of course. A suitcase and my typewriter. Fellow let me park 'em at his filling station. He thought he might get me a hitch with some truck driver, if I didn't have any luck around here."

"Better fetch 'em. We're getting under way early in the mornin'."

"You . . . you mean I can go with you!" Barr half rose from his chair in excitement.

"I reckon maybe I can find somethin' for you to keep busy at."

"Skipper . . . you're one swell guy!"

A curious friendship was born aboard the Primrose of Winfield as she began loitering up the coast over a flat sea, the wind rarely filling her grimy sails.

The weather remained unseasonably warm.

In his contemplative moments, Gregory liked to study the crew. They were a taciturn lot for the most part, variously aged. Their duties were anything but arduous in the calm weather that gave no sign of changing. Barr they regarded in the light of a passenger, accepting his advances indifferently and making few in return.

Not so with Captain Daniel Levering.

The skipper betrayed a quiet and growing enjoyment in the company of his newfound friend. He spent much of his leisure time at Gregory's side, silent for the most part as he chewed the end of his cigar into a fan-like disfigurement—A favorite trick.

Barr studied the little man in the green derby with return interest. He knew that he had unearthed a real character, one who would some day fit into a story.

Questions, no matter how casually put, failed to elicit any particular information concerning the schooner's master. His whole existence must have followed a narrow path—Montreal to the north, Key West to the south. The brief disclosures made mention of an occasional voyage to the Caribbean.

THE passenger on the Primrose first sensed a change in the weather when he rolled out of his bunk in the early dawn to find the old schooner treating him to a novel experience. She was lolling through long oily swells with a motion that made any thought of breakfast something to be dismissed as soon as possible. Barr made his way to the deck after a hasty toilet only to find the outer air more sultry than ever, lifeless, hazy.

Captain Dan was stationed near the wheel, derby pulled low over his squinting eyes, an untasted cigar between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He was deeply preoccupied with a survey of the schooner's heavy deckload of boards. Occasionally he exchanged brief comments with his mate, who stood at his side.

Gregory was able to make but little of their conversation, but he fancied there was a suppressed uneasiness in the manner of the two men.

Within the hour, the horizon had contracted strangely, moving in from every direction seemingly and topped by unbroken heights of yellowish haze. Fitful puffs of wind passed the motionless schooner. They came out of the southeast, scarcely ruffling the tops of the lazily heaving swells.

Voices of men and the squealing of blocks sounded with peculiar sharpness through the oppressive heated silence.

The first hint of the storm came with a wild glare that dissipated the gloom. Its passing accentuated the darkness strangely.

Then, from somewhere out of the distance, there came a low murmur that swelled into a silent continuous roar. Nearer and nearer. Louder. Gregory Barr watched with straining eyes. He found himself holding his breath . . . waiting.

There it was.

Coming out of the murk to starboard. A wall of racing, plunging water, its crest torn and yeasty.

Levering clutched at the wheel and spun it madly.

For the first time, the little skipper seemed aware of Gregory, who stood staring in fascination at the oncoming hurricane.

"Get below as quick as you can!" he shrilled over his shoulder. "Stay there!"

Barr scarcely had closed the hatch after his scurrying descent when the Primrose staggered as though dealt a monstrous blow. She heeled over, farther and farther, shivering the while, to the accompaniment of a howling roar without, a tumult punctuated by dull crashes.

In that first moment the youth in the stuffy little cabin was very nearly overwhelmed by sheer terror, fear that made his heart knock wildly against his ribs. He clutched desperately at the edge of his bunk and hung there. Afterwards, he recalled how queerly that bunk had looked—directly overhead. His next conscious move was to reach out with one free hand and steady the flickering lamp in its gimbals.

The thought of darkness in this stifling inferno was unbearable.

After an intolerable interval, the old schooner slowly righted herself. Barr knew instinctively that the skipper was bringing her about to meet the racing seas head on.

The Primrose lifted herself to unbelievable heights, tottered on unseen brinks, dived into incalculable hollows from which it seemed she never could emerge.

And all the while that devastating uproar continued. The crashes were less frequent now. Gregory could only guess at their import. Each moment he expected to see the wooden walls about him give way under the battering, the incoming rush of water.

The seas must have flattened out a trifle after that first prolonged blast of the hurricane.

Moving with caution, Gregory achieved a seat in the captain's berth where he was able to brace himself further by thrusting one foot against the anchored table. His heart was beating more normally now and he was able to take stock of his situation.

He lighted a cigarette and decided he would remain where he was.

He never could have told whether it was a matter of hours or minutes before there was a sound of someone fumbling at the hatch. It opened with a rush of water down the steps, closed. There was the little skipper.

Levering lurched to the table where he stood for a moment bracing himself with his hands and breathing heavily. With a weary gesture he pushed his sou'-wester off his forehead and stared at Barr sitting in the bunk.

Gregory never forgot the picture. The skipper's oilskins dripping and glistening in the rays of the lamp. The shining whiteness of the bald head, drops of brine standing on the weather-beaten cheeks. The deep-set eyes peering out, something almost wistful in their blue depths.

"How are we doing, Skipper?"

"Not *so* good."

Apparently Levering did not raise his voice, yet Barr heard him distinctly. He even caught a dull listless note in the words.

"What do you mean? Aren't we still . . ."

"Deck-load all went. Four men with it. Boats smashed. We're taking water forward . . . fast."

Barr gained his feet and leaned over the table until his face was close to Captain Dan's.

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STORM SWEPT

"But we can't sink, man! You're loaded with lumber, you know. A lumber boat never goes down . . . Does it?"

"Tain't that, son. Rudder's smashed. We're driftin' . . . some place."

"You mean we may pile up?"

"More'n likely. Don't know where we are by this time exactly. Off Fryin' Pan, I wouldn't wonder. If we fetch up on a shoal . . . No boat's goin' to stand it long."

He stared contemplatively at his passenger.

Gregory's own eyes were roving about the cabin as though he were seeking a means of escape from this new peril. They chanced to fall on the end of a battered suitcase protruding from under the captain's bunk. There was the manuscript of the novel . . . that great story. As the author stared at his treasure a whimsical smile flickered about the corners of his mouth.

"So that's settled," he remarked softly.

"Don't get you," Levering countered.

Barr raised his voice a trifle. "I was just saying my book's sunk now. I'll never know . . . Maybe it's a good thing. I'll always think it would have gone over."

"You'll write plenty more. You're young."

"But there isn't going to be any me. You're forgetting that."

The suggestion seemed to recall the master of the Primrose to the present situation. When he spoke again the old sharpness of command was in his voice.

"There's a cork jacket under the bunk. Put it on."

"What for?"

"There's somethin' I want you to do for me."

Captain Dan turned away as he said it. Making his way to a wooden cupboard near the steps, he wrenched its door open and began rummaging through the contents of a shelf. Barr, meantime, had obeyed instructions and was adjusting the tapes of the life-preserver somewhat clumsily when Levering turned back to the table. The skipper went to the boy's aid without comment. Then he produced a small flat parcel from under his arm. It was wrapped in a fold of oilcloth.

"You swim I reckon, son."

"Sure. But . . ."

"Stick this inside your shirt. It's papers. If you get ashore I want you to find my wife and give 'em to her. She's . . ."

"What about you?" Barr interrupted.

"Never mind me. You're young and strong. Got a better chance to make it."

"Like fun! We're sticking together. What do you take me for? You must have another jacket."

"Don't want any."

"Yes, you do! Here . . . You'll take this one. It doesn't make a bit of difference about me. I've no folks . . . You have."

"And you'll take orders here. Listen. There's somethin' else. Can you hear me?"

"Go on."

"I've got a girl . . . only kid we ever had. Tell her mother I said Ardis should marry Tom. Don't forget the name. And don't tell it to anybody but her mother. She'll know what to do about . . . everything."

"Then tell her yourself. If I come through, you'll be with me."

"Wait, son. You don't understand. I've always stuck closer to my boat than my family. If I'd had a boy . . . it would be different. I've been sailin' the Primrose a long time now. I figure she needs me worse'n anybody else. I'm stayin'."

"Don't be a fool!" Barr broke in angrily. "There's plenty . . ."

He never finished.

The schooner dragged herself tremblingly to another height, hung, dropped. There was a rending, splintering crash that seemed to shatter her weary hull. The light went out.

Gregory Barr had a confused recollection of being hurled to the floor. Unseen hands clutched him. He was half-lifted, half-carried. Disjointed words in his ear.

"On deck, son . . . Hang on . . . Long as you can and . . . Good luck . . ."

ARDIS LEVERING'S first intimation that disaster had overtaken the Primrose came near the end of a sultry afternoon in Tom Farrand's office. About to rise from her chair, she paused instinctively as the sharp whirr of the telephone bell cut the silence. Farrand reached lazily for the instrument.

"Hello. Yes. Snavely? What's that!" Sudden life in his tones. His foot dropped from the desk top.

Ardis was conscious of a queer contraction about the heart as she saw Tom steal a furtive glance in her direction. She knew instinctively the message in some way concerned her. Even before Farrand's next words confirmed it.

"Why, yes. She's here. Sure I will, George. Is that all it said? I guess that's the answer . . . Thanks."

Reluctantly he replaced the receiver. Ardis was standing at his side, her eyes wide with questioning.

"That was Snavely. At the post-office."

"What is it?" the girl demanded in a low voice. "Has something happened to my father?"

"It looks that way. Snavely got a wire from a hospital down in Southport. That's in North Carolina."

"He's been hurt."

"I'm afraid so. The Primrose went ashore."

"Is he . . . Is it bad?"

"Telegram said 'serious.'"

"Oh. Tell me all it said. How did Mr. Snavely happen to get the message?"

"He figures they must have got your dad's name and address and wanted him to get in touch with you folks. Your dad was unconscious or something, most likely."

"I must tell mother. I must go to him at once."

It was the first real crisis Ardis Levering had been called upon to face. She met it with her usual composure, declining Farrand's suggestion that he accompany her home.

"No, thank you, Tom. I'd better go alone. I'm all right."

By the time Ardis reached Pine Street, her plans were made.

Mrs. Levering was recovering from one of her periodic attacks of rheumatism. It would be much better if Ardis made the trip to Southport alone. Someone must go at once. There was still an hour in which to pack a bag and catch the bus from Winfield to the Delaware Road. The evening train would carry her down to Ca. Charles, to Norfolk. After that, it would be a matter of finding the shortest route to Southport.

"Mother . . . There's bad news."

"Your father."

Mrs. Levering said it quietly. The thin hands in her lap clenched a trifle. That was all. She offered no further comment as Ardis shared with her the brief contents of the telegram. Elizabeth Levering was from a long line of women who had sent their men down to the sea. Tidings like these were to be expected. There would be no useless grieving until the worst was known. A wife's place is to wait.

"I don't know exactly where Southport is," Ardis admitted. "But I know how to start. I'll get ready for the bus."

"Ardis."

"Yes, Mother?"

"I didn't get around to pay the taxes yet. It's in the sugar bowl . . . You know. Take it with you."

"All right."

So Ardis found herself making ready for the longest journey of her life.

She reached Southport the following afternoon. Then to the hospital to wait tense and dry-eyed until she might see her father.

A sympathetic superintendent had given what information there was to the white-faced visitor. A Coast Guard patrol had found Captain Levering on the sands while the storm was still at its height. He was breathing but unconscious and had been hurried to the hospital. He had sustained a possible skull fracture . . . Injury to the right knee.

"I have been away several days," the superintendent explained. "As a matter of fact, I have been here in the office but a few hours. I'm giving you this from my records." She was scanning a paper as she spoke. "This last report indicates that your father is still unconscious. General condition shows slight improvement. No immediate danger, I imagine. You may see him."

Of course Miss Levering must control herself should the patient chance to recognise her. Excitement might prove . . . serious.

Ardis kept repeating these instructions as she made her way along the halls, through an atmosphere of drug smells. She caught her breath sharply at the scent of ether. It brought renewed fear.

Then a closed door with a shining "431" on its dark panelling. She always would remember that number.

The sight of a high white bed. A screen mercifully postponing that first glimpse of the pillows. Ardis told herself for the last time that she must hold on . . . She would. She would. Then . . .

A head swathed in linen bandage. Curiously shapeless at first glance. Even the eyebrows were concealed. But the eyes!

Wide open eyes. Brown and lack-lustre under the white bands. Staring out . . . and out. Unseeing.

Ardis clutched at the foot of the bed for support and choked back a little cry of dismay.

She was looking into the face of a stranger.

Stunned by her discovery, the visitor made her way blindly to the door and into the hall where she leaned against the painted wall and endeavored to collect her thoughts. Perhaps she had blundered into the wrong room. But no . . . That woman in the office said it was Room 431. And the man in there . . . He had been hurt on the head.

A hurrying figure in white was coming down the corridor.

"What is it, Miss? Are you ill?"

"The man . . . in there." Ardis jerked her heard towards the door. "He . . . he isn't my father!"

"I'm sure I wouldn't think so. He's not much more than a boy."

"But I want to see my father," Ardis

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insisted weakly. "We had a telegram. It said he was here."

The girl in uniform responded sympathetically to the tragic despair in the visitor's grey eyes.

"You mean you don't know the patient?' she asked.

Ardis shook her head dumbly.

"Are you sure his name isn't Levering?"

"I don't know him," Ardis managed. "You sent word that my father was here. That he was hurt. I want to find my father Where is he?"

"Then don't you see? They must have found something on this man with your father's name. Miss Sherman will know. Why don't you go down and ask her? Wait . . . I'll speak to someone here on the floor and go with you."

THE superintendent listened in surprise to her nurse's hasty explanation of the situation and motioned Ardis to a chair beside the desk.

"I'm sorry, Miss Levering. Wait just a minute and I will send for the patient's things. Perhaps that will explain."

She lifted a telephone and gave some quiet-voiced directions. Replacing the instrument, she spoke in an undertone to the nurse who hovered solicitously over Ardis "Some ammonia, Miss Chester."

"I don't want anything," Ardis objected in a dull voice. "I'm all right now."

An orderly entered with a small parcel which he laid in front of Miss Sherman The superintendent opened it with deft fingers, examined its contents.

"I think I understand what happened,' she suggested after a moment, holding out several papers secured with a rubber band. "Look at these."

"They belonged to my father." Ardis spoke with her accustomed composure after making a brief inspection. "The man upstairs must have been on the Primrose That's the name of my father's boat."

"It would seem so."

"What do you think I should do?" Ardis asked quietly.

Instead of replying, Miss Sherman turned to the nurse.

"How is the patient just now, Miss Chester?"

"Conscious at intervals. He has spoken several times, but not rationally. Temperature and pulse nearer normal."

"Then, if I were you, Miss Levering, I would wait here for a little time If this young man rallies sufficiently, he may be able to tell you something about your father."

"I will wait."

"Why not get in touch with the Coast Guard in the meantime? They can give you some information about the boat no doubt."

"Where will I find them?"

"There are two stations near here. You could telephone."

"Thank you. I will come back here in the morning."

A serious-faced young boatswain of the Coast Guard listened courteously to Ardis as she started to explain her errand. As soon as she mentioned the Primrose, he interrupted to say:

"I know the schooner you mean. Wait . . ." He hunted through some papers on his desk. "The Primrose of Winfield. Cleared from Fernandina with lumber for Baltimore. Daniel Levering, master . . ."

"He's my father."

"Too bad, Miss. That boat's gone ashore near Frying Pan Shoals. This report indicates she's a total loss. It's one of the worst gales we ever had along here. Several vessels still unaccounted for."

"There were no . . . survivors?"

"One. Our patrol found a man on the beach. Washed ashore in a jacket. They rushed him to the hospital here. In bad shape, I'm told."

"I just came from the hospital," Ardis explained. "I saw him."

"And couldn't he tell you anything?"

"He is still unconscious. There were some papers in his clothes that belonged to my father. That was how my mother and myself were notified. Our address was on them, you see. Are you quite sure no one else has been found?"

"Yes'm. The Huron put back to Wilmington this noon. She reports a lot of lumber and miscellaneous wreckage at sea. There was one lifeboat, stove in . . . Marked Primrose."

"And that is all?"

"That's all, Miss. Maybe the lad at the hospital can tell you something when he comes to. If you'll leave word where we can reach you, I'll be glad to give you a call . . . in case."

Back in Southport after her little trip down the shore, Ardis stood irresolutely on a street corner. She was experiencing the reaction of her long journey from home, the keen disappointment at the hospital. Most of all, the unexpected shock. Her father . . . missing. She tried to adjust herself to this new situation but was almost overwhelmed with a feeling of loneliness, a realisation that she was among strangers.

Her way was taking her in the direction of the station where she had checked her suitcase. There should be hotels in the neighborhood. Yes, there was one directly across the street.

To her relief, the small lobby was deserted and the desk was in charge of a woman, a slender woman whose dark eyes smiled a welcome from behind horn-rimmed spectacles.

She listened interestedly as Ardis gave a brief account of her coming to Southport.

"Of course you must stay for a few days, was the sympathetic response. "I'm Mrs Barton. We'll do our very best to make you comfortable. Now, if you'll please register . . . here. I'll show you a nice little room on the second floor front that I'm sure you'll like."

ARDIS' stay in Southport reached its third day before Miss Sherman decided that the shipwrecked patient might risk an interview.

"He is doing very well, Miss Levering, but you must be careful not to excite him. His mind still seems confused . . . That is from the head injury. But I think you may be trusted," she added with a smile.

The superintendent had learned to admire this self-possessed girl from the Shore who was a daily visitor at the office

When Ardis entered room "431" she again was greeted by the nurse, Miss Chester, who was adjusting the patient's coverings.

"Company for you, Mr Barr," the nurse announced. Then, with a smiling warning: "Remember now . . . not much talking," she left the room.

Ardis managed a cheery smile as she seated herself on a small chair near the pillows. Some of the sailor's head bandages must have been removed. A tousle of tawny hair protruded from the linen strips now. The brown eyes were much clearer. Mild curiosity in their gaze. So his name was Barr. That was something. It bestowed a personality upon him. For the first time.

"Do you feel able to talk to me? . . . Just a very little?" was Ardis' first question. She did her best to repress the eagerness behind it.

"I guess."

A smile twitched the corners of the unshaven mouth. Despite several days' growth of reddish beard, the face against the pillow was singularly boyish. Appealing.

"You must let me do most of the talking." Ardis leaned nearer. "You . . . you were on the Primrose, weren't you?"

Instantly the expression in the eyes changed. Suffering there now. Terror almost.

"I'm Ardis Levering," she explained quickly.

"Oh . . ."

"It was those papers of my father, you know. You brought them here with you . . . after the storm. They thought your name was Levering and sent word to Winfield. That is how I happened to come here. Don't you see?"

"Then the skipper didn't make it. Did he?" Barr's voice became tense with the last question. Stronger.

"Not yet." It was little more than a whisper, but the man in the bed comprehended.

"Tough." He turned his head away to stare at the painted wall.

"Were you one of the .ev?" Ardis ventured when she thought her voice was under control.

"No."

"I supposed you were. Can you tell me about it?" she pressed gently.

"Met him in Fernandina. I wanted to come North. He took me along."

"I've been wanting to ask about my father . . Everything."

Barr turned reluctantly and looked into the beseeching grey eyes.

"It's all rather mixed . . ." he began hesitatingly, as if each word were an individual effort. "The skipper came below . . . I'd been sitting in his bunk . . . Holding on. That was just before we . . . hit."

"Didn't he say anything at all . . . about us? He must have! Please try to remember."

"Why, yes. He wanted me to try and swim. . . . Said to tell you . . . No. It wasn't you, either. I'm sort of foggy . . ." He touched his head bandages with a groping gesture. His hand dropped listlessly.

With a quick motion, Ardis covered it with both her own. Her fingers crept around his in a firm clasp.

"It's all right. You'll be better very soon."

Barr regarded her vaguely.

"It is mixed up," he repeated. "Both of us were on deck, I think Everything going to smash. Water . . . tons of it. It's heavy stuff."

"Yes."

"I can remember trying to swim. . . . Had a preserver on. Something hit me . . ." His voice trailed away.

"And my father had given you the papers."

"I did try to swim." Barr insisted, as if that were all that mattered. "I tell you I did try!"

"Of course. That is how you got ashore."

"It's queer . . ." Barr was speaking again, a puzzled expression on his face.

"What is?"

"Why, everything. The skipper lost his

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boat. I lost all I had. He stuck. And I didn't have the courage . . ."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Don't know . . . I'm tired."

His eyelids drooped; he breathed heavily. He must have fallen asleep. After a moment of watching, Ardis stole from the room.

Ardis found herself in more of a quandary than ever as she walked slowly back to the hotel. It was so difficult to know what to do.

Her father was dead. She accepted that without reservation. The sea might give up his body. And it might not. No one at the hotel had discussed the possibility with her, but she knew it was a favorite speculation among some of the lodgers—several seafaring men in their company.

Some of this was conveyed tactfully to Ardis by Mrs. Barton, her hostess. The latter held firmly to an opinion that Miss Levering should remain for a time in Southport. After all, one never knew.

A letter from Tom Farrand supported Mrs. Barton's view.

Ardis was surprised, and secretly relieved to learn that Mrs. Levering had believed her husband dead from the arrival of the first message. "She's bearing up very good, I'd say." So Tom wrote. "She would feel a lot better if there could be a funeral . . . "You know how women are about that. My mother's the same way."

The letter included awkwardly-phrased expressions of condolence for Ardis. Nothing for her to worry about at home. Tom and his mother were seeing that Mrs. Levering was looked after. They were at the Pine Street house every day.

If Ardis' first interview with Gregory Barr failed to achieve hoped-for tidings, it stirred a distinct interest in the man himself. He was a puzzling individual.

Each day found him stronger in body. He had been shaved, and his looks were altered—much improved, Ardis decided. And still he evinced a peculiar reluctance to talk of his recent harrowing experience. Under the girl's tactful questioning, his eyes would cloud with that expression of confusion and fear. His hand would make a futile groping gesture towards his head.

One afternoon he surprised Ardis with a question about Mrs. Levering.

"I've got to hunt her up when I get out of here," he observed slowly.

"Is there something you wish to tell her?"

"Yes."

And that was all. In the next breath he spoke of something else.

Miss Sherman encouraged Ardis' daily visits with the patient.

"He seems to enjoy having you here," she explained. "He is very despondent . . . lonely, I think. We have tried to get him to tell us who his relatives or friends are. He insists he has none. Apparently there is no one he wishes to get in touch with."

So Ardis waited on at Southport. Rather to her consternation, the second week passed. Every day she wrote a letter to her mother. Yet there was little to tell.

A visit to the Coast Guard station brought information that the hull of the schooner had broken up completely. No sign of any bodies. Small comfort for Winfield families whose men were numbered in the crew. The sea had not dealt the port so heavy a blow in many years.

"I'M getting up tomorrow," Barr announced unexpectedly one afternoon.

"How wonderful!"

Ardis tried to put enthusiasm in her voice, and failed signally. The old apprehension seized her. He was getting better and . . . What would become of him? Another fear, new and vague. Separation. She would not allow herself to analyse it. Until now she had never realised what a part of life these daily visits had become. That old sense of responsibility, too. But Barr did need someone . . . so very badly.

When Ardis entered the lobby on her return from the hospital, she halted with a faint gasp of amazement.

There, in one of the armchairs, was Tom Farrand.

"Hello," he remarked casually.

"TOM! It is really you?"

For the moment Ardis was unwilling to believe her eyes. Tom here in Southport. Without telling her he was coming.

"It's me," came the calm assurance. "How are you, Ardis?"

He came forward unhurriedly. Ardis gave voice to a sudden fear.

"Tom . . . Is Mother all right?"

"She was yesterday. Saw her just before I came away."

"Then why . . ." She left her question unfinished.

"Guess your mother was worrying some. She doesn't realise you're grown-up now and able to look out for yourself. So I told her I'd take a run down and see how you were fixed. . . . Figured I might be able to help you."

Conscious of the politely interested regard of Mrs. Barton from behind the desk, Ardis looked about hastily in quest of privacy.

"That was good of you, Tom. . . . Come back here where we can talk."

She led the way into a small parlor adjoining the lobby. A leather-covered couch stood against the wall, and she seated herself on it, motioning Farrand to a place at her side. Her mind still was confused by this sudden turn of events.

"Just what do you wish to tell me, Tom? Why did you come?"

"Why, it's like this, Ardis. You know about folks in a town like Winfield. Women especially. Some of 'em have been pretty curious, from all I can find out. They've been dropping by to ask your mother where you were and when you were coming home. Naturally it's got on her nerves, having to explain all the time. Nobody's business. . . . But you know how folks are," he repeated aimlessly.

"They think I should be with my mother at a time like this."

"Maybe. And I was sort of worried myself."

"About me?"

"Sure, about you. You must have been through pretty much of a strain. Sitting around this hotel waiting all the time and never hearing anything. Different if you had some of your own people."

"It hasn't seemed so long," Ardis admitted musingly. She drew a deep breath. It had to be said. "I suppose you are right. It would be foolish to wait any longer . . . for father."

"Looks that way to me." Tom was visibly relieved. "I've been talking to some of these old timers around here. This stretch of shore's got a bad reputation. Oftener than not, they don't find . . . bodies. I think it would be best if you'd let me make arrangements, in case anything does happen. I could do that."

"Perhaps you had better."

"All right. Say, Ardis?"

"Yes?"

"Why, that fellow they found after the storm. How's he doing?"

"He is recovering. Slowly."

"Could he tell you anything?"

"Very little, Tom. You see . . ." Ardis found herself explaining hastily as she became sudenly aware that Farrand's dark eyes were searching her face. "I haven't tried to make him talk about the storm. I was afraid to."

"I expect you're right," Farrand agreed slowly.

"Tom . . .?"

"Yes?"

"Please make whatever arrangements you think best. I will go back to the hospital once more . . . tonight. Perhaps Mr. Barr will have something to tell me, when he knows I'm going away. I thought he seemed much stronger this afternoon."

"Did he?"

"And tomorrow . . . we'll go home."

"All right, Ardis."

THE day's second shock was awaiting Ardis when she entered the hospital ward after dinner.

Gregory Barr was dressed, sitting on the side of his bed and grinning a welcome. He wore a pair of dark trousers and a white shirt, open at the throat. The clothing made a stranger of him. Only his smile seemed familiar.

"Hello!" he called. "Here I am. . . . All dressed up and no place to go."

Ardis dropped into a chair and studied him curiously. She never had seen Gregory Barr in such a cheerful state of mind. He seemed almost happy. . . . Just like a little boy. Of course it was the clothing, the escape from bed. He still wore a strip of plaster on the side of his head. The hair must be shaved there. If only he would talk a little now. . . . About himself. About Captain Dan. It was the last opportunity.

"Mr. Barr . . . You are much better, aren't you?"

"Almost new again."

"Do you mind if I ask you something? Not about the storm." She had to make that assurance when she saw the brown eyes cloud. Gregory's hand half lifted to his head, paused, and dropped listlessly.

"What about?" he asked hesitantly.

"You."

"Oh, go ahead." His lips widened in a friendly grin. "You forgot my cigarettes, didn't you?"

"Of course not." Ardis found the pack in her bag and held them out to him.

"Thank you."

Barr busied himself with a cigarette. He inhaled the smoke gratefully.

"You're a very satisfactory purveyor, Miss Levering. You almost never bring the same brand twice in succession. The suspense gives me a big kick."

"I'm sorry. I thought they were all alike."

"So they are. What were you going to say when I interrupted you?"

"You'll be leaving the hospital before so very long." It came out half-questioningly.

"Naturally. I'm no cash customer, you know. It's a wonder they haven't thrown me out before this."

"Oh, they never would! Only . . . I've been wondering."

"I have, too," Barr admitted.

"Where are you going? You told me you have no . . . people."

"I don't know, exactly. Baltimore . . . Philadelphia."

"But you won't be able to work."

"Oh, yes, I can. Don't worry." The brown eyes contracted a trifle.

"Isn't there anyone at all?"

"No."

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"Then isn't there something I can do?"

"You've done more than you should already."

"I'm . . . worried."

"You mustn't bother your head over me," he said. "I'm all right. I'll never forget all the time you've wasted on me. Some day . . ."

"Of course. You will come to see me. And my mother." Ardis looked at him narrowly as she made the last suggestion.

"You're right. I've got to see your mother."

"I'm going back to Winfield tomorrow."

Barr gave her a startled glance. After a moment: "I'll miss you."

"Will you?"

"You don't know. . . . But I won't be here much longer, either."

"Mr. Barr . . ."

"Well?"

"I can't help thinking . . . just a little. . . . There must be something I can do to help you. Please."

"What are you driving at?" His eyes searched hers.

"The first day I talked with you," Ardis said in a low, steady voice, "you told me you had lost everything you had. You didn't mean it was just . . . well, clothes and such things." The smouldering cigarette was still in her hand. She ground its glowing end in the ash-tray on the bed stand. "I wish you could tell me. Can't you?" Her eyes were pleading.

"I must have been dazed."

"No, you weren't."

"I thing I am still, but . . ."

"Yes?"

"I had been trying to write a book.... I mean I had written one."

"And it's gone now."

"That's right. I'd been working on it for months . . . like the very devil. My book's at the botom of the sea. Sunk . . . the same as me."

The old despondency was in his voice and eyes.

"You're not!" Ardis said it with sudden fierceness. "If you could write a book once, you can again. Perhaps it will be even better. Don't you see?"

"No." Barr shook his head with finality. "That's ended."

"But, please, you must!"

"No use. I told you I gave it everything I had. I've spent hours here thinking . . . trying to piece it together in my mind. It's no good. I can't get it back."

"And you're not going to try? When you're really able to write, I mean?"

"No."

"What are you going to do?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"All the difference there is."

There was a ring of determination in Ardis Levering's voice.

"Listen to me," she began steadily. "I'll tell you what you're going to do. You are coming to Winfield . . . with me."

"Where?" He looked up at her in a dazed fashion.

"Home. To-morrow." Her hand rested unconsciously on his shoulder.

"What for?"

"To rest. To get well. Then you're going to write that book over again."

"That's decent of you, Miss Levering. But I'm staying here, though. Thanks just the same."

"What will you do here?"

"I don't know. Get out of this place as soon as they'll let me. I'll find some sort of job and start paying my bill. I don't care to be a charity patient."

"But you can't work. You can't even walk yet," Ardis explained patiently. "If you'll go home with me you can rest as long as you like. My mother will be glad to have you. She will want to see you. I think you owe her that much . . . even if you can't stay long."

"I told you I'd go to see her. I will. I've got to tell her . . . how good you were to me. Your father, too."

"That's why you're going with me."

"Can't. I'm sorry." The tawny head shook decisively. "Thanks just the same. It's . . . fine of you."

Ardis tucked her bag under her arm and commenced drawing on her gloves.

"I shall make arrangements at the office as I go out," she said evenly. "A friend of mine from Winfield is here . . . Mr. Farrand. He can give you any help you need on the trip. I'm sure you will make it very comfortably."

"Who did you say was here?" Gregory asked it with sudden interest.

"Tom Farrand. He was a friend of my father."

"I see."

"I'll see you in the morning, Mr. Barr. Good-night."

MORNING brought a new visitor to the hospital, a stolid, dark-eyed man, who arrived at Gregory Barr's bedside in the company of an interne. The patient was fed and dressed, experimenting with the sensation of sitting in a straight-backed chair.

"How do you feel, Barr?" inquired the white-clad physician. "All set for a little trip?"

"Yes, but I'm not going anywhere. Unless you're throwing me out," Gregory answered, smiling. He was eyeing the stranger, who watched curiously from the end of the bed. The doctor laid his fingers on Barr's wrist, then passed them gently over the plastered head.

"Hurt?"

"No." Gregory winced as he said it.

"That's good. It won't harm you to get out of here. But you'll have to take it easy for a time, old man. I'll give you the once-over before you leave." He passed on to the next bed.

"My name's Farrand," the stranger offered, holding out his hand. "I'm from up at Winfield. Friend of the Leverings."

"I've heard of you. Glad to meet you. Do you mind sitting on the bed?" So this was the "Tom" of the captain's message.

"All right. For a minute."

"Miss Levering told me you were in town," Barr ventured.

"She told you she intends to take you home with us today?" Farrand inquired suddenly. "The folks down in the office said it was all right. Is there anything I can do to help you get ready? I've a cab out front."

Farrand settled the matter with much the same calmness Ardis had displayed. He had been startled by her quiet decision, confided to him the evening before, when she returned to the hotel.

"There's simply nothing else to do, Tom. Really there isn't. They will dismiss Mr. Barr from the hospital very soon now, and he isn't able to work or care for himself. I'm sure he has no money and no place to go. He as much as told me so tonight."

"Did he? Does he want to go back to Winfield with us?"

"No. He doesn't."

"Well, then . . ."

"He must go, Tom. You'll have to make him. He's not nearly as strong as he thinks he is."

"How about your mother? Won't she think it's queer? Folks in Winfield . . ."

"It's mother I'm thinking of," Ardis interrupted. "Mr. Barr says he has to see her. I think it's a message from father. He might just as well go now. . . . She will want to talk to him."

"Maybe. But . . ."

"It doesn't make any difference what anybody else thinks. I arranged everything before I left the hospital tonight. They were very considerate."

"Have enough money? I can . . ."

"I had plenty. They will wait."

Farrand turned and gazed out the window.

"All right, if you say so."

SO it was that Gregory Barr found himself seated in a taxi-cab between Ardis Levering and Tom Farrand, the latter's overcoat thrown about his thin shoulders. The patient had expostulated weakly against the near abduction, but it availed him nothing. The quiet assurance of the pair overrode or ignored his every protest. Miss Sherman and her aides seemed equally committed to the plot.

Ardis Levering's thoughts were a confused jumble during that northward ride. The details never did come back to her in anything like an orderly sequence. Travelling alone with two men, her relationship to the one altered strangely by the presence of the other.

Barr may have felt the physical strain of the journey more than he was willing to reveal. At all events, he spent the greater part of its hours staring through the window, silent and withdrawn.

The night hours dragged wearily. Lights in the coaches were dimmed.

Farrand, who had been facing his companions, hunted other quarters, so that Ardis and Gregory might have a place to rest their feet. He guessed they'd like to sleep some. There was a vacant double seat across the aisle which Tom appropriated, removing his coat, and pillowing his head on Ardis' suitcase.

Long before Norfolk was reached, in the half daylight, the girl found herself dreading the wide crossing by ferry to Cape Charles. It would be Barr's first glimpse of the water since his ill-fated cruise aboard the Primrose. Her apprehension increased when they finally left the cars and found themselves under a lowering sky, a stiff breeze blowing from the sea. It was almost sure to mean a rough passage.

When the trio boarded the boat, Ardis watched Gregory anxiously. He walked in silence, aided by his cane and Farrand's arm. She saw him shrink closer to his companion at the first glimpse of the choppy water. Although she could not observe his face, she knew that the old terror was in his eyes in spite of his brusque:

"Maybe I can have a smoke now."

"Sure thing," Farrand said easily. "Over on this side. You don't mind, do you, Ardis?"

"Of course not."

WINFIELD at last. Curious stares as the three travellers alighted on the station platform.

Ardis Levering was back again. Farrand with her, too. He went down there to fetch her back. Didn't you hear that? Wonder who that other fellow is. Bet it's the guy who was on the old man's boat. Don't you see the patch on his head? He's the one the Coast Guard picked up.

"Hello, Ardis. Home again, eh?"

Biggs Meyer, the agent, trundling his hand truck past, while Tom was in search of one of the town's two taxicabs. "How's your ma?"

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STORM SWEPT

"I haven't seen her, Mr. Meyer."

Biggs must have known. Why did he have to ask that?

The strangely familiar streets. Gregory Barr gazing from the cab with a faintly curious expression. What did he think about all this? Pine Street. . . . Home.

"Mother! Here I am."

Mrs. Levering was the one to free herself of Ardis' clinging arms. She was conscious of the two men standing by uncomfortably. One of them was a total stranger, too. This was no time for any display of emotion. She raised her hands to her head, smoothed back the thin grey locks with her palms.

"This is Mr. Barr, mother. He was . . . on the boat."

"I'm pleased to know you. I hope you're feeling better."

Then Tom coming to the fore with unintentional tact.

"Hello, Mother Levering. Guess we'd better get this man off his feet. He isn't so steady yet."

Ardis caught at the suggestion gladly. She drew a deep rocking chair from its corner, hurried to the couch, and returned with pillows.

"You shouldn't baby me so much. I'm all right," Gregory said.

He smiled at Ardis' mother.

"I want to apologise, Mrs. Levering, for breaking in on you like this. Your daughter and Mr. Farrand ran off with me. I'm not much good."

"Did they?"

Elizabeth Levering was perplexed. This man was sick. He must be going to remain. A show of hospitality plainly was in order, but she never had been called upon to face a similar situation.

Barr, in the meantime, relaxed weakly in his chair. He looked at his new surroundings, regretting that he had allowed himself to have been made a party to the intrusion. The meeting of the mother and daughter was not for a stranger's eyes.

He would talk with Mrs. Levering the first time he had an opportunity. After all, it was his one excuse for being here. The skipper's message must be delivered. Rather difficult. A stranger bringing word that Ardis was to marry Tom Farrand. It seemed quite incredible this small woman would "know what to do about everything." The skipper's words.

Gregory resolved anew to devote his entire attention to the business of getting on his own feet. He would leave Winfield as soon as he could walk. Nothing much the matter now . . . just tired all the time.

His reflections were brought to a startled conclusion by Mrs. Levering. She spoke sharply.

"He should be put to bed, Ardis."

"Oh, please . . . I'm all right," Gregory objected.

"You're going to bed, young man," Elizabeth Levering returned in a manner that seemed to end all discussion. "Right now." An apparent realisation of the guest's physical condition eased the tension for her. It promised action.

"I'll show you the room. Fetch his cane, Ardis."

"Well . . . I might lie down for a little while."

"You'll take off your clothes and get into bed right."

When Gregory Barr had gulped down a cup of steaming hot tea and had fallen asleep, which he did within five minutes from the time Mrs. Levering tucked the patchwork quilt about his shoulders, the mother and daughter had their first talk alone.

Even now, there was no display of emotion. "Mr. Barr" was the principal topic of conversation.

Ardis recounted in some detail how he had been found senseless on the sand, explained his injuries as well as she might, touched lightly upon the number of her visits to the hospital. When it came to that point in her narrative where she decided to bring Gregory Barr to Winfield, she disposed of it in a succinct fashion.

"There just was nothing else to do."

Mrs. Levering rocked slowly back and forth without making any rejoinder.

"They would have dismissed him from the hospital very soon," the quiet defence went on. "It may be some time before he is able to work. He has no people . . . no money. Someone has to look out for him."

"I suppose so. But I . . ."

"And he hasn't told us anything about father. I'm sure he will when he's a little better. It seems to hurt his head to talk about the storm. You know he was badly injured."

"What about Tom?" came the unexpected question.

"Tom?"

"Didn't he mind your bringing this young man here?"

"Of course not. Why should he?"

"Well, after all . . ."

"There was nothing else to do!" Ardis repeated a trifle stubbornly.

ARDIS found it more difficult than she anticipated to explain to Tom Farrand that she must extend her leave from his office. The morning after their arrival in Winfield she called to see him.

"I will have to stay home for a time," she told him. "Mother is much better, but it still is rather difficult for her to get about. Mr. Barr has to be waited on . . . some. That means extra steps. And there are the meals, you know."

Farrand nodded shortly and changed the subject.

"Guess your mother told you about your Dad's will, didn't she? About me being named executor?"

"Yes. She told me."

"I'm looking into his affairs now. I'll get everything fixed as soon as I can."

Gregory Barr displayed unlooked-for docility when Ardis informed him that he was to have a call from Doctor Yarwood. She mentioned it casually as she was about to leave the room with her patient's breakfast tray.

"Your knee isn't doing as well as it should," she explained. "You know it hasn't been rebandaged since you left the hospital. I notice you can't bear your weight on it yet. It hurts you."

"Maybe you're right," Barr returned grimly.

He had refused pointblank to remain in bed after his second day in the Levering home.

The doctors at Southport had told him it would be some time before he recovered entirely from the effects of the blow on his head. What of it? His head never had done so much for him. But that knee was something else again.

If only the thing would hold up. . . . That was his muttered prayer as he massaged the injured member gingerly a dozen times in the day. A fellow with two legs had a chance. . . . Could get a job with enough money to live on, if nothing else. That hospital bill was to be paid and whatever expenses were piling up here. Too much like charity.

Now, the village sawbones. Couldn't expect much help there. Still, it was a chance.

Gregory's preconceived notions of a Winfield practitioner suffered a slight shock when Ardis appeared again to announce:

"Here is Doctor Yarwood, Mr. Barr."

Behind her loomed a huge bulk of a man, red of face, grey hair curling tightly against his head. A man who was obliged to stoop as he came through the door. He seemed to fill the small room.

"So this is the Jonah I'm hearing about," boomed a resounding voice. "Let's have a look at you, young man. Run along, Ardis."

A smile of relief lighted Barr's face. His hand went out impulsively. He would like this man.

"Glad to meet you . . . Let's have a look at that head."

Gregory offered his damaged pate with a grin.

"I've been called a lot of sons of one thing and another," he chuckled. "But that's a new one on me."

Yarwood only grunted in reply. His thick fingers were busied with a thorough but gentle exploration.

"You've a tough cranium, my son. Tender there, eh?" as the patient jerked instinctively. "It's doing well enough. You should be getting rid of your adornment soon . . ." He experimented with a corner of the plaster.

"Hey!"

"Take it easy. We won't disturb it." Yarwood pursed his lips and stared into Gregory's eyes. "Yes, sir. That was a fairish knock. You find it a bit hard to concentrate at times, I dare say."

"Rather."

A professional finger lifted a lid of the boy's eye.

"Blue devils camp round about you sometimes?"

"Sometimes! Say, Doc . . ."

"Out with it."

"You don't think it's . . . You know."

"No fear of that, son. Those things take time to adjust themselves. You'll be faring abroad in the land like the stout lion's whelp . . ."

"With a flat wheel."

"Aye. I heard something about a leg. Which one is it?"

"Right. Knee won't work."

"Um . . . m. Should think not. Badly wrenched. Your bandage there does little good. Can you take your weight on it?"

"Not so good. Been using a stick."

"You shouldn't be trying. We must put it in a cast for a time. I'll drop back later and fix it for you."

Gregory's face clouded.

"But I can't do that! You see I . . ."

"I see you going through your length of days with a limp. You can march grandly when I'm finished with you."

Barr leaned nearer and lowered his voice.

"I've got to get out of here." He said it almost desperately. "I've got to. How long will it take? I want to find a job."

"There's no hurrying obstinate ligaments, son. You are in good hands here . . ."

"That's it," Gregory broke in. "But . . . I can tell you. I'm broke. I can't live off a couple of women like this."

"So there's the worry. You're a very young man, Mr. Barr. Do I have the name right? Pleasantly companionable it is, too. I was reminding you there will be ample

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time for settling your score with the world."

"I fancy you've been depending upon your head for your beer and skittles. Start exercising that brain. Read. Talk . . . To anybody. About anything. Consider the future and what it is bringing. Above all, don't grouse. You'll mend the faster . . ."

His call upon Gregory Barr did that young man so much good that he was able to bestow a cheery smile upon Ardis when she came to him a little later to tell him that she was going down town.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she wanted to know.

"Guess not, thanks."

"Except something to smoke." She picked up a flattened pack of cigarettes and peered into it. "Only one left."

"Well . . . if you don't mind. I hope you're keeping an expense account for me." Gregory ventured it as a pleasantry. The effort was a signal failure.

"I haven't." Ardis returned soberly. "But I will if you like." She seated herself on the end of the bed and regarded him thoughtfully. "You know, there are several other things you need."

"What do you mean?"

"Underwear and socks," she told him calmly. "And another shirt. Then you wouldn't have to have your laundry done at night."

There was no suggestion of complaint, merely information.

"Can you think of anything else?"

"No."

"Then I'll leave you for a little while. Mother will be here . . . if you need something." She gave him a little smile and left.

He picked up a copy of the Winfield "Argus" that lay near at hand. The doc must have left it. On purpose, maybe. He had said something about reading.

Odd little sheet. Mostly boiler plate. Pages devoted to contributions from county correspondents.

Might be fun, rather, to get out such a paper. Doing most of whatever writing there was, making up, soliciting ads and harrying subscribers. No one to find fault with but yourself if some bull got into type.

The door of the room opened cautiously. It was Mrs. Levering's expressionless eyes peering in. Did Mr. Barr want anything? A cup of tea?

"No, thanks," Barr said. Then: "Oh, yes. Please come in a minute if you can spare the time."

It was impossible to guess if Mrs. Levering had any inkling as to what was in his mind. She drew a chair near the bed and smoothed her apron over her knees. Those slow, familiar passes of her palms. She would do that until the silence was broken.

"Mrs. Levering . . . I wish there was some way I could tell you how I appreciate your kindness."

She made no response.

"There's something I've been waiting to tell you about. It's a message. . . . Miss Levering isn't here, is she?"

"Ardis went down town."

"That's why I thought it might be a good time for us to have a little talk."

"About my husband." Again Gregory was reminded of Ardis. The same quiet certainty.

"Yes. It's about Captain Levering."

For the first time, a fleeting expression showed in Elizabeth Levering's faded eyes. Gregory wondered, wished he might translate it. He hurried on with his task.

"Miss Levering must have told you how I happened to be on the schooner. I was going as far as Baltimore. Then that storm . . ." With a determined effort he refrained from putting his hand to his head. Must make an effort to overcome that.

"It's all rather mixed up in my mind," he went on apologetically. "Captain Levering made me put on a life-preserver. He gave me those papers. You see he figured . . . Well, I was younger. I could take more of a beating, you know. He asked me to get ashore if I could."

"He didn't aim to try."

It was not a question. And there was something more than resignation in those few words. Was it a touch of pride? The narrator, who felt a sudden urge to exhibit his skipper as a hero, hesitated under the steady regard of the little woman in black.

"It's all mixed up," he repeated defensively. "We were aground. Everything going to pieces. A wave got me. I tried to swim. . . . I don't remember much else."

"What did my husband ask you to tell me?"

"I was coming to that. While we were still in the cabin, he told me about the papers and that I was to say . . ."

"Go on. Tell me."

"That he wanted Miss Levering to marry Tom. . . . Those were his words. . . . For you."

"What else?"

"Nothing. Except that you would know what to do about . . . everything."

"He was talking about Thomas Farrand."

"I gathered as much."

"Yes. Ardis is going to marry him. Are you sure you wouldn't care for some tea?" Mrs. Levering rose abruptly to her feet.

"No, thanks."

THE days slipped by with disconcerting rapidity for Gregory Barr.

He fretted constantly at the slowness with which his strength returned, fumed silently at the queer pranks his mind played at times. Hard work to remember commonplace things. The plaster cast Yarwood applied to the wrenched knee proved a great help, despite the fact that it irritated its wearer.

He was conscious of a new worry, one that concerned itself with Ardis. He had hesitated to put it into words, even to recognise it in his thoughts. And now, here it was looming afresh as the two of them sat by the glowing stove. He was coming to depend too much on this girl.

It was Ardis' complete charge of the patient that assured final success for the doctor's treatment. She insisted upon serving all of Gregory's meals on a tray, even after he varied his scene with long stays in the living-room. His objections to this mealtime arrangement were half-hearted. As quiet and unassuming as Mrs. Levering was, the guest never felt entirely at ease in her presence. Sitting at the table with the two women would have brought added discomfort. Bad enough to eat food in seclusion . . . when you couldn't pay for it.

Tom Farrand came to the house but twice, as far as Gregory was aware.

Mrs. Farrand had accompanied her son that first time. She was a tall, angular woman in deep mourning. It developed that her nephew, as nearly as Barr could figure, was lost on the Primrose.

Farrand had been perfunctorily civil and nothing more. Barr found himself speculating afresh why Ardis would want to marry him. He was unable to keep from broaching the subject after the two callers had taken their departure and Mrs. Levering had retired to the kitchen.

"Your mother tells me you're engaged to Mr. Farrand."

"Didn't you know it?" The grey eyes regarded him seriously.

"Well, I rather suspected something of the sort, when he showed up at Southport."

"But father told you so."

"He didn't mention the last name," Gregory explained in some confusion.

"And that is why you didn't wish to give me the message. Isn't it?"

"No. Your father told me to give it to your mother."

"Oh."

"I ... I hope you'll be very happy."

It would be difficult to think up anything more dumb than that. What was one supposed to say? To his relief, she changed the subject suddenly.

"Have you thought about doing your book over again, Mr. Barr?"

"Some. I say ..."

"Yes?"

"I wish you wouldn't call me that. I'm not used to it. Folks that know me call me Greg."

"Then I will call you Greg. And my name is Ardis."

"It's a bargain."

"Tell me about your novel, won't you, Greg?" She employed the name without hesitation.

"I've been trying to get it clear in my mind again. It's all rather hazy."

"I was wondering if I might not help you." Ardis observed thoughtfully. "I'm not a very rapid typist, but if you cared to try and dictate ..."

"Not a chance! I have to bang out my work as I go. Always compose on a machine."

"You might see if you could do it with a pencil. I could copy it for you."

"Don't think it. Thanks just the same." He shook his head decisively. Lord, he wouldn't let her read junk like that. Hardly. "You see," he went on, "I'll get it assembled in my mind before long. As soon as I can move around a little better, I'll wangle some sort of a job on a paper. Then I'll write it. It's my one chance. I'll put it across, too." His jaw set in a determined line.

"Then you are going away?"

"Why, of course. What else could I do?"

"I don't know. I was only wondering.... It's time to see about supper."

Gregory swore softly under his breath when he found himself alone.

"SUCH a gorgeous day!" Ardis exclaimed impulsively, coming into the living-room on her return from the morning's marketing. "I thought there was a trace of frost when I got up, but the sun is as warm as can be now. It makes one glad to be alive."

"Then it must be quite a day," Gregory admitted. "Guess I'm growing old. The stove feels good to me."

He attempted to say it lightly. Twinges of pain were shooting through his knee now and again.

"You would feel ever so much better to be out in the sunshine. Try it....For just a little while."

"Think so?"

Gregory's voice showed surprise. He never had heard that note of appeal in Ardis' voice.

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STORM SWEPT

"Please go out for a little while," Ardis urged again.

"Maybe I will."

He did owe her that much. Perhaps he should be giving that leg more exercise. And he'd feel easier if Ardis would quit looking at him that way. His head must be weaker than he thought.

While he was pulling himself together for the effort, there came a lusty thumping at the other door and Ardis hurried to answer it. It was Yarwood. Barr barely repressed an exclamation of gratitude. Lord, it was good to see a man! The atmosphere of the house underwent a change with the breezy presence of the big doctor.

"Hail! How's the flat wheel?"

"How should I know?" his patient grinned. "It's a long time since I've seen it."

"Then I will fetch a hammer soon and pound you free of your spices and fine linen. How's the head? I observe the locks of Samson growing again. We'll have you grinding corn soon."

GREGORY laughed. "I look like a poet. Or a hobo."

Yarwood turned to Ardis.

"How's his behaviour?"

"Only fair," she answered demurely.

"You've got to be firm with 'em at this stage," the doctor boomed. "Firm. Are you taking any exercise in the open air, son?"

"Been around the block a few times. I'm slow. I was afraid I'd be pinched for holding up traffic."

"Good. The chariot is before your door. What say you to a swift turn into the country with me? I'm on my way to see a patient."

"I'd like it a lot!"

"Then we'll be on our way. There's an old mackintosh in the seat if you find it cool. But I doubt your needing it. Don't worry, Nurse Levering. I'll return him to you in good order."

"I won't," Ardis promised readily. The pink in her cheeks deepened under Yarwood's close scrutiny.

"Tally-ho, then."

Gregory was relieved to find his companion in an uncommunicative mood as the ride began.

Barr's spirits rose appreciably as the miles passed. It was a strange countryside to him. The wide stretches of light soil, level as a floor for the most part. Thrifty-looking farms. Here and there, far-reaching patches of pine woods. Over it all the cloudless blue.

Yarwood remained preoccupied with his driving until the goal of the trip was reached—an unpainted cottage close to the side of the road.

"Shan't be gone but a little while," the doctor grunted, easing himself ponderously from the car. "Soak in some of this sunshine, friend Barr. Have you something to smoke?"

"Yes, thank you."

Half-an-hour later Yarwood emerged from the cottage. He tossed his battered satchel into the car and proceeded to follow it.

They had travelled a few miles when Yarwood declared suddenly:

"Sad about Dan Levering. From what I know of him, he must have spent the most of his days on that jugger. Perhaps it suited him to finish there."

"It did," Gregory answered promptly. "He didn't want to save himself when she went. Wouldn't even try . . . Told me as much."

"You don't say. Caught by the old tradition."

"I think so. I've wondered about it. I wish I might have had more of a chance to talk to him that day. Everything finished up at once after we cracked."

Gregory wondered at the ease with which he found himself speaking of the wreck. For the first time, it didn't seem to bother his head. Maybe that was a good sign.

"I scarcely knew the chap," the doctor mused. "Rather peculiar sort from all accounts. Kept pretty much to himself when he was ashore. Farrand was his one friend. That would have been natural, of course. Tom is supposed to be marrying Ardis."

"Yes."

"You don't suppose, do you, there's a chance of Levering ever turning up alive? There's always a certain amount of conjecture when a man disappears."

"His family have given him up as dead."

"Very unfortunate. Ardis is a fine girl."

"She seems to be."

"You're conservative for a young man. She possesses more common sense to the square inch than any young woman I know."

"Wouldn't wonder."

"If Levering sailed that boat as long as I've been told, he must have owned it. I'm not conversant with marine matters, but I've the impression it would be insured for a tidy enough sum. Dan had a name for being shrewd. The women will get on well enough, I dare say."

"I hope so."

Gregory's rejoinder was nothing more than polite, but Yarwood's last suggestion gave him a sense of comfort. If he must be dependent upon the Leverings for a time, it was a relief to feel that they were not stinting themselves on his account. It recalled a scheme he had been revolving in his mind for some days. Perhaps the doctor could give him a friendly steer.

"I notice you have a paper in Winfield."

"You'll be meaning 'The Argus'."

"Yes. Do you know the editor?"

"So well that I marvel you've escaped him. Odd little fish, Benjy Orth. If you have a liking for statistics, drop in and be a ray of sunshine to him."

"I think I will. I've spent most of my time in the paper racket. Was wondering if there were any odd jobs on a sheet of that sort . . . As long as I can't travel about much."

Yarwood gave him a quick glance before he said:

"It's a chance. I'll drop you off there on my way by, if you like. It won't harm you to walk home."

"I wish you would."

When the physician halted his car in front of the small building that housed "The Argus," he half turned in his seat and regarded Gregory across the top of Job's sleek head.

"There are things I may say to you, my son. I'm old enough to be calling you that. And I am a man. You'll be wanting to talk with Benjamin Orth as the peer you are. Next door you notice the tonsorial parlor of Chester Earley. Chet's an indifferent artist with the shears. But see him."

With a quick motion, Yarwood pressed something into Gregory's hand and closed his fingers on it.

"Get on with you. I'm in haste."

Barr stood looking after the man as he disappeared. A sudden mist obscured his vision.

A crumpled pound note lay in his palm.

Yarwood was right when he characterised Benjy Orth as an odd fish, although the word bird came to Gregory's mind at first sight of the little editor. It was the way he held his head on one side and blinked over the top of his rimless spectacles, and that ridiculous fringe of red hair, standing erect on the nearly bald head. He had a thin, nervous voice not unlike a chirp.

"Very happy to have the privilege at last, Mr. Barr. Won't you have a chair. . . . Just throw those papers on the floor. How are you feeling to-day? Sole survivor . . . That is what we called you. Perhaps you saw our story. If not, I will be happy to give you a copy. Very sad affair, that. Three of your men, besides Daniel, were residents of Winfield. We thought our memorial notices were rather striking. With black borders. What can we do for you this beautiful morning?"

"I just gravitated in here by instinct," the caller explained, rather taken aback by the shrill flow. "I must have smelled the ink. I'm a newspaper man myself."

"Well, well. What sheet are you connected with, Mr. Barr?"

"None at present. I've been writing on my own the past few months. Was on a way north in Captain Levering's schooner . . . after color and that sort of thing, you know."

"Very interesting. What has been your particular contribution to the Press, if I may ask? Editorial, I'm sure."

"Reporter and rewrite, mostly. I've done features and can sub on the rim in a pinch." Barr contributed the names of several metropolitan dailies from which he had retired involuntarily. Benjy was visibly impressed. He ruffled his thin hair with his fingers and blinked wistfully over his spectacles.

"You know, Mr. Barr, I quite envy you. I've always wanted more intimate contact with the big papers. I've been county correspondent for 'The Baltimore Gazette' for many years now." He brightened a little with this admission.

"Yes? It's a very attractive sheet you get out here. I've gone through several issues rather carefully."

"THAT'S good of you, Mr. Barr. I appreciate that highly, coming from a man with your wide experience." Orth's voice lowered to a confidential pitch. "Publishing a small-town paper isn't what it used to be, sir. Hard to make ends meet."

"The big papers have been hit, too."

"It's not that. We're too near the city. The papers there have built up a large country circulation and our people aren't content with home papers. 'The Argus' has its appeal, of course . . . Local news and legal announcements."

"Have a job plant, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. We manage after a fashion."

"You're on the street Thursdays, aren't you?"

"We haven't missed an issue in nineteen years, sir."

Gregory nodded.

"I was wondering," he interrupted with well-assumed carelessness, "if you could make use of the services of a hack. I'm more or less incapacitated by this . . ." He gave his plastered knee a sharp thwack with his stick that caused Benjy to start. "Thought perhaps I could give you a hand now and then for something to do."

"And 'The Argus' would respond to the touch of an experienced hand, Mr. Barr. I would welcome a fresh note in our editorials. I daresay you could infuse a needed interest in our few local stories. You may have ideas that would aid in our collections. But . . ."

"Yes, sir?"

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"To be frank, Mr. Barr, I should almost be ashamed to mention the possible emolument I could offer. I am not sure you would not consider it an insult."

A little gleam in the birdlike eyes decided Gregory to risk the affront.

"To be equally frank, Mr. Orth, I'm anxious for something to do to occupy my mind until I can get about more comfortably. I don't care about the money . . . much. What did you have in mind?"

Benjy clawed at his hair and bent his head so far to one side that Barr wondered.

"Well, sir . . . how'd the figure £2 strike you? Of course, if things pick up a little . . ."

"Fair enough. I suppose you mean per week?"

"Why, yes . . . yes!" The editor looked frightened for an instant.

"All right. It's cigarette money . . . I wouldn't wonder but what I'll get quite a kick out of it for a little while. Could I be any use to-morrow?"

"Yes, indeed. Come in about eight o'clock, if you'll be so good."

Gregory Barr's lean shoulders were erect as he limped up Pine Street. Queer what the idea of a little money meant. He could hold up his head now . . . That haircut helped, too. Well, it was a start. Within a few weeks he could pay something on his board bill at the Leverings, buy a bus ticket . . . get away where things were happening. Somebody would take him on and he could get down to hard work on the book. Some day he'd drop back here . . . When he'd made good.

"Got a job!"

He very nearly beamed at Ardis when he made the announcement.

"Oh, Greg. How wonderful! What is it? Where?"

"Nothing much. I offered to help your 'Argus' man out for a little time. I'll be working for less than nothing, but it will help me to get square with you and your mother. Maybe it will make me less irritable and jumpy," he added quickly, fancying he saw a hurt look in the grey eyes. "I won't act so much like a 'bar' with a broken head when I have something to keep busy at."

"I'm so glad," Ardis repeated softly.

"So am I."

He hadn't meant to say that. It slipped out.

CHILLING rain drumming on Winfield's roofs. Water rattling noisily from metal gutters. Puddles overflowing every pavement hollow.

For two days a north-easter had been lashing the shore. Boats at their buoys, even those moored to wharves, danced and rocked monotonously on the choppy waves. Everywhere thin walls of grey mist parading before the tireless gusts. Front Street was very nearly deserted, save for the occasional pedestrian who found excuse to seek the shelter of one doorway after scuttling reluctantly from another.

The lobby of the post office had its walls lined with rain-coated figures. The atmosphere there was heavy with tobacco fumes, odor of wet clothing. Garbled talk filled the room.

In one corner, Tom Farrand puffed steadily on a cigar. The central figure of a group of arguing men. Election, less than a month away, was the topic of discussion.

"You'll see I'm right," Farrand declared dogmatically. "If the bunch only has sense enough to stick together, you'll . . . Excuse me a minute, fellows."

His roving dark eyes caught sight of Ardis Levering entering from the street. She was having some difficulty with her umbrella. Shaking the excess water from its silk folds, she made her way hastily through the milling loiterers to the stamp window.

"Ten threes, please, Mr. Snavely."

"Hello, Ardis."

"Oh . . . Good-morning, Tom." She turned about with a smile. "It is morning. But I'm not sure it's very good."

"Pretty rough. You're hardy to be out."

"I have a family to feed."

"I know. Say, Ardis . . ."

"Yes?"

"I want to talk to you, if you can spare me a few minutes."

"Of course." Ardis glanced about, uncomfortably aware of curious stares. "Would you like me to come over to the office?"

"Why, yes. If you don't mind."

"I'd rather."

Farrand stalked the square in silence, after refusing to share Ardis' umbrella. His slicker was keeping him dry, he told her. Arrived at the office, he still seemed disinclined to talk until he had opened the drafts in the wood stove and made himself comfortable by the removal of his coat. Once in his creaking swivel chair and sheltered by his desk, he was more at ease.

"There's something I thought we ought to talk over," was his half-apologetic beginning. "I wasn't sure if I should tell you or your mother. But I thought, maybe you'd understand better than she would."

"Tom?"

"What?" He asked it sharply, surprised at finding the conversation taken out of his hands. Ardis hadn't been listening then.

"You haven't been over for almost two weeks. Why?" There was no hint of reproach in her voice, merely the seeking of information.

"Well . . ." Tom was relighting his cigar leisurely. "I know you're pretty busy these days. I didn't think it had been that long, though."

"I'm never very busy in the evening."

"I've come down here almost every night after supper. Seems like there's been a lot of odd jobs lately. Election coming on and all. How does Barr like his job?"

"I think it is doing him a great deal of good."

"That so?"

"Doctor Yarwood told me some time ago that what Greg — Mr. Barr — needed most was something to employ his mind. That he would get well much faster then."

Farrand nodded. If he noticed Ardis' use of her patient's first name, he gave no sign.

"I guess Benjy'll keep him busy. He's tickled pink at having a city newspaper man working on 'The Argus.' Thinks he drove a smart bargain when he hired him."

She changed the subject. "What did you wish to ask me, Tom?"

"Oh, yes. . . ."

Farrand leaned nearer, his thick hands clasped, cushioned on a pile of papers. "It was something about . . . your dad."

"What, Tom?"

"I gather he never talked much with you about his affairs."

"No."

"Or your mother?"

"I don't believe he did."

"As executor, I've been trying to get things fixed up as fast as I could. Same as I promised. You figured your dad owned his boat, didn't you?"

"Of course!" Ardis' grey eyes widened in surprise. "Didn't he?"

"Yes and no. He had title to her all right. I told you about the marine insurance."

"You said the Primrose was insured."

"Naturally, your dad used to talk pretty free to me when he was ashore here. These last few years sort of had him on the ropes . . . bothered, I mean. Getting harder all the time to make any money sailing. Cargoes scarce and expenses going higher. He was pushed for cash most all the time."

"Tell me what happened," Ardis urged quietly, as she saw Tom searching for a fresh cigar. He waited until he had it lighted to his satisfaction before complying.

"Other things worried him, too. There was your mother and . . . you. He talked at times like he was afraid something was going to happen to him. Same as it did. I tried my best to have him take out some life insurance. He never could see that. It was about two years ago, as I remember, he came to me and told me he had a chance to invest in some quarry company stock. Over in Southern Maryland."

"Oh."

"NOW, don't go getting an idea your dad was swindled. He wasn't. I looked into it for him. The company was owned by a very conservative crowd. It had been paying dividends for thirty years without a miss. Looked safe as Gibraltar. As a matter of fact, I tried to scrape up a little money to get a few shares for myself. As things turned out, it was just as well I didn't."

"You mean . . ."

Ardis felt that queer contraction about her heart. The same premonition of fear she had experienced the day the telegram came from Southport. She had been with Tom then. . . . Like this. Here was a second blow. She tried to steel herself against it.

Farrand nodded gloomily.

"What happened?" Ardis asked mechanically.

"Plenty. He got his stock and . . . Well, the certificates aren't worth the paper they're printed on hardly. No fault of the company, mind you. It was the slump. Thousands of good concerns went to the wall about the same time."

"You mean it failed?"

About the same thing. They went into a receiver's hands." Farrand watched her closely as he said that.

"And won't the stock ever be worth anything?"

Tom shrugged his heavy shoulders by way of reply.

"I suppose father used his boat insurance in some way to pay for the stock," Ardis concluded resignedly.

"It amounted to that. He borrowed money from the bank here and put up his policies as collateral. Of course his note has to be met when the insurance people settle."

"And the bank will get it all."

"Oh, it's not quite that bad. But there's the interest and . . ."

"How much will be left for mother?"

"I've figured it roughly . . . Afraid it'll only be a thousand or so. Maybe a little more than that. You know I'll get every penny for her I can."

"Of course, Tom."

"If you need some money now, Ardis, I'm pretty sure I could arrange a little advance."

"No. Not now."

"Well, all you have to do is ask." Farrand appeared distinctly relieved. "Want me to tell your mother?" he suggested. "Or will you?"

"I think I should."

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"Ardis . . ." Tom drew a deep breath. "There was something else, too."

"What?"

"You know I'd do anything in the world for you, don't you?"

"Yes . . ."

"I would, Ardis. Now that your dad's gone . . . Well, I've been hoping you'd need me a little. I haven't as much as I'd like, but I guess we could manage. Don't you think we'd better plan on getting married . . . pretty soon?"

"Oh." It was a shocked little whisper.

"Your folks have always wanted it." Farrand pursued steadily. "Mother told me about that message . . . the one Barr brought your mother. It was your dad's last wish. I'm pretty sure that counts a lot with you."

"Of course, Tom. But I . . ."

"I don't see any use in waiting now."

"But, Tom, we can't. Not just yet. I couldn't . . . It's hard to explain. You see, it all seems so strange. Father's only just gone. Why, we're not even sure . . ."

"He's dead, Ardis. You mustn't let yourself believe anything else."

"I know," she agreed reluctantly. "And that's the reason, Tom. I can't think of . . . of a wedding. It doesn't seem just right." The grey eyes were appealing.

"I don't see any use in waiting," Farrand repeated doggedly. "I need you. And I think you need me. Then there's your mother . . ."

"Please, Tom . . ."

"All right, dear. I don't want to urge you too much, but I'm going to ask for your answer soon." His eyes were searching hers. "Forget it. I'll be coming over and we can talk more about it. To-night, if you're not busy."

"I won't be," Ardis managed. "And now I must go."

A DREARY day to be trudging home as the bearer of ill news. Ardis Levering found herself shouldered with a problem that once more seemed to throw life out of perspective.

Until now, the financial future had given her little concern. She had taken it for granted that her father owned the Primrose, and for some reason, it seemed considerable of an asset. Its value would revert to Mrs. Levering in time; possibly the money would last as long as she needed it. Years ago, Captain Dan had deeded the Pine Street house to his wife. Living expenses in Winfield were light enough.

In the same vague way Ardis supposed she herself would be cared for some day . . . as Tom's wife. But this made everything different. Tom had his own mother. He couldn't be expected to support Mrs. Levering, too.

When she reached the house, Ardis found her mother in the living-room entertaining the pastor, the Reverend James Hungerford. As the girl stood near the stove extending her chilled fingers to its grateful warmth the minister confided to her the object of his call.

He thought it eminently fitting that a memorial service be held for the lost crew of the Primrose. Three of the missing mariners were represented in families belonging to Reverend Hungerford's flock. He suggested a general expression of respect in which they and all the townspeople might join. Sunday week, if Mrs. Levering and her daughter approved.

"A timely tribute to our brave men who commit their lives to the deep," he concluded impressively, pressing the tips of his white fingers together, as he rocked slowly back and forth in Gregory's favorite chair.

Ardis looked inquiringly at her mother.

To her surprise, Mrs. Levering seemed very happy over the suggestion. She nodded a contented agreement.

"I'll feel ever so much more satisfied afterwards," was her decision.

ARDIS touched as lightly as she might upon the incident of the insurance, trying to leave an impression with her mother that the picture, after all, could not be as gloomy as Tom had painted it. Times were growing better, she insisted. Just what hope it might hold for a company that had failed she could not have explained.

From the bleak look that crept into Mrs. Levering's eyes, the daughter knew she had no inkling of her husband's stock venture. There was no need for the reluctant:

"Your father never was much of a hand to talk business at home. It used to be . . ." The words trailed away.

"Didn't Tom say anything to-day about your getting married?"

Ardis' heart sank. She had not intended to refer to that part of the conversation in Farrand's office.

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly.

"I guess you better had," was Mrs. Levering's resigned conclusion. "I can make out for what time's left me. You're not getting a bit younger, Ardis. You ought to be settled down and start having your children, if you're going to."

"Mother!" Ardis sprang from her chair. "I don't want to think about that. I... I can't! There's too much to do. We both must plan things. I won't have you here all alone. You know that's what it would mean!"

She walked swiftly from the room leaving her mother to sit staring.

When Gregory Barr came home for his supper, Ardis was able to meet him with her usual smiling composure. She even chided him for keeping the meal waiting.

"Sorry," grinned the unabashed journalist, dropping into his chair at the table with a cheery "Hello," for Mrs. Levering. "Big day. Thursday, you know. And some Press run! Three thousand copies by actual count."

He was bubbling over with good humor and Ardis found the day's depressing memories slipping away in the changed atmosphere. Her mother was the only reminder, sitting in silence as she sipped her tea.

WHEN Gregory descended the stairs the following morning—he had been promoted to a small upper room when his knee made it possible for him to negotiate the steps with some degree of comfort—he was somewhat puzzled to see no sign of breakfast on the dining-room table. While he stood looking about, Mrs. Levering thrust her head through the kitchen door.

"Do you mind eating in the kitchen, Mr. Barr? It's all ready."

"Of course not," was his assurance, as he limped in that direction. A moment later, we decided that the kitchen table with the morning sun streaming across its red-and-white cloth constituted an attractive change. "Where's Ardis this morning?" he wanted to know.

"She was sleeping sound and I thought I wouldn't call her."

Mrs. Levering busied herself pouring Gregory's coffee.

There still remained something of the old feeling of uneasiness in that young man's mind whenever he found himself alone with Ardis' mother.

He was somewhat surprised now to see Mrs. Levering lingering near the table, smoothing down her apron with her palms in the absent-minded fashion she employed so frequently. He was still more surprised when she remarked abruptly:

"I want to ask you something, Mr. Barr."

"Why, of course."

"Will you be busy next Sunday morning? Sunday week, I should say."

"I don't suppose so," he managed, after an interval. "Why?"

"I'd like for you to go to church."

"Church?" he echoed vaguely. He hadn't been inside a church since he was a child. Unless it were some news assignment. What the dickens was this? Some notion of reforming him?

"It's a service for my husband," Mrs. Levering explained.

"Oh."

"Didn't Ardis tell you?"

"No. She didn't mention it to me."

"It will be for all the men who were lost. And their families."

"I see."

"You know we couldn't have a regular funeral because ..."

"Of course not."

"So Reverend Hungerford thought it would be nice to have a service anyway. It's about all we can do now."

There was no outward sign of grief, but Barr realised intuitively that the proposed service was a matter of moment to the widow.

"You mean ... You mean you'd like me to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"But I ..."

"Church begins at eleven. We must leave here by half-past ten. You don't walk very fast."

With that final announcement, Mrs. Levering glided noiselessly from the kitchen leaving Gregory staring helplessly. While he was attempting to drown his surprise in a second cup of coffee, Ardis appeared and he poured out his expostulations to her. So engrossed he was in the recital that he failed to notice her pale face and the dark circles under her eyes.

Tom Farrand had prolonged his delayed visit to a late hour and Ardis had devoted the greater part of the night to a sleepless consideration of their conversation. Tom, almost at once, had brought up the matter of marriage.

Ardis demurred upon the same grounds she had offered earlier in the day. The thought of the approaching funeral services for her father made the idea of a wedding almost repulsive. Goaded by her fiance's insistent demands, she displayed a sober stubbornness that surprised the two of them.

"We must wait a little while," had been her final quiet decision.

"Maybe you don't know that some people are having a lot to say about Barr staying here so long . . . with you."

"Are they?"

There had appeared a glint in the grey eyes Farrand never had seen there. He realised that, for once, he had gone too far.

"Of course I know everything's all right," he had amended hastily. "But I don't like it exactly. On your account, Ardis."

After an uncomfortable silence, Tom had taken his leave.

Ardis listened sympathetically to Gregory Barr's dilemma, but shook her

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head at each argument he mustered against taking part in the service. Even a pathetic plea that it would be just the same as sitting in on his own funeral failed to arouse anything more than a fleeting smile.

"I think you will have to go, Greg. You don't understand quite what this means to Mother. Frankly, I dread it as much as you do. But it's more or less a custom . . . the thing to do. We owe it to her."

"But hang it, Ardis, I . . . I haven't the clothes." It was out at last. "I'll cut a pretty sorry figure . . ."

"No, you won't, Greg. Perhaps you'd better get a white shirt. I will find you a black tie."

When the appointed time came, Gregory found himself in the sanctuary, squire to three black-clad women. Tom Farrand had failed to materialise.

It all was more of an ordeal than the survivor anticipated. His appearance in the Levering pew caused no little rustle of interest in the congregation, craning of necks, whispered comments and conjectures. He attempted to assume an air of stolid indifference, but with scant success.

Sitting next to the aisle, he felt singularly exposed and unprotected. Ardis was at his side, motionless, head bowed. Her face under her little black hat was colorless.

Mrs. Levering was just beyond, holding her small body stiffly erect. Her widow's veil was thrown back from her pinched face and her eyes were fixed upon Reverend Hungerford, absorbing his every word and gesture. Mrs. Farrand occupied the far end of the pew, the corners of her large mouth drooping pathetically. The black-bordered handkerchief dabbed frequently at her roving eyes. A picture of satisfied grief.

Aside from the discomfort of feeling himself the target of countless eyes, the service was singularly depressing. The preacher must have welcomed the occasion, Barr felt, to exercise his descriptiv powers.

It was with an uncomfortable start that the survivor of the Primrose recognised the first dreaded reference to himself.

"And this our young brother whom Thou hast mercifully preserved from the peril of surging billows whereon Thy Son once walked. Restore him to health and strength we beseech Thee. In Thy great mercy let him ever . . ."

Gregory bowed his head.

"Ardis! What in the world ails you?"

Mrs. Levering turned away from the wardrobe where she had been placing her bonnet and veil carefully on the top shelf.

"Nothing, mother. Why?"

"You've been staring at yourself in that glass for the last five minutes."

"Have I? I didn't notice."

"You'd better be getting out of that dress if you're going to help me in the kitchen. It was a nice service, wasn't it?"

"Very nice, mother."

"Mr. Barr didn't seem to care so much for it. I'm sure I don't see why. Mr. Hungerford remembered him in his prayer."

"I imagine it was a little trying for Greg. The memory of the storm still hurts him, I think. I know it does."

"He ought to be thankful he's here to remember it. None of the others are Ardis . . .?"

"Yes?"

"Where was Tom?"

"I don't know." Ardis had slipped out of her dress and was placing it on a hanger. Her white shoulders and back were turned towards her mother.

"Well." Mrs. Levering sighed deeply. "I guess you're old enough to know what to do without me telling you. But it seems to me you should be thinking about things."

"I am."

"Then I hope you'll go out of your way to be nice to Tom when we go over there to supper to-night. Did you tell Mr. Barr Maggie was looking for him to come?"

"Not yet."

"Then I'll tell him when I go down."

"Perhaps he won't care to go."

"Yes, he will."

But, this time, Mrs. Levering had reckoned without her host. Gregory felt that he had contributed sufficiently to the day's gloomy celebration. His refusal was polite but none the less firm. As a matter of fact, he was going to do some work at the office and was not sure how long it might take him.

It would be a good chance, Barr decided, to start work on the novel. The first chapter was pretty well lined up in his mind. Coming back at last. Benjy's typewriter wasn't much, but it could do. Quiet in the office. No reason why he shouldn't be getting that writing job under way. After all, it was the way out.

Ardis didn't seem to care much, anyway. She hadn't urged him to go with them to supper. He reminded himself of it as he limped gloomily in the direction of "The Argus." The knee didn't feel so good. Cold settling in it, probably. Pleasant idea of facing a winter with no overcoat, not knowing where one was coming from.

For an hour or more Gregory sat smoking and scowling at a blank sheet of copy paper in the typewriter. Queer. He couldn't get started. Just what was the opening paragraph of the old yarn? Didn't suppose he ever would forget. . . . Written it over and over to make sure of catching the reader's interest at the start. Was there any chance that suitcase had washed ashore? Never had thought about that. Not likely. And the old typewriter. Buried in sand by this time. What was it thinking about? Good story, if one could work it out. Something like the fairy tale of the little mill that sank to the bottom of the sea. Always grinding out salt. And that my children . . .

Perhaps he'd better make a note of the idea. Instead, he lighted another cigarette.

It was growing dark in the little office and none too warm when the author decided to call it a day. Perhaps he'd feel better to go home and take a nap.

After the receipt of his first salary, Gregory made it his business to have an interview with Mrs. Levering. There was the fiver he still owed Doc Yarwood, but that could wait.

"Well," he announced cheerily, "to-day was pay-day. We're sharing . . . from now on. Let's fix up last week's bill, if there's enough in the roll. Is there?"

He displayed the notes Benjy Orth had dealt out with some ceremony.

"I don't know, I'm sure," Mrs. Levering admitted, somewhat taken back by the problem. "I've never kept boarders. You'd better talk to Ardis. She's been doing all the work, anyway."

"Of course I know how you feel about it, Greg," was Ardis' straightforward reception to the offer. "Let's see. Suppose you pay mother and me one pound. If that's all right with you."

"I don't think it's enough."

"Yes it is. You're not in the city now."

"Well . . . whatever you say. It won't be for long. When I get on my feet we'll have a regular squaring up. Both of you have been mighty fine to me. Wish I could tell you how I appreciate it. I wouldn't even know how to start."

"You don't have to." Ardis gave him one of the quick glances he had learned to watch for when she was talking. "It's been nice for us, too."

To his surprise, Gregory found himself cherishing a sneaking fondness for "The Argus."

He even began to like its editor, despite his idiosyncrasies; his pinch-penny economies; cocksure opinions; his chattering all that encyclopedic information to anyone who would listen.

As the days passed, the new editorial worker found plenty of task to occupy his mind. He read copy, rewrote local stories, helped to "make up," details which Orth seemed willing enough to let slip from his own hands. Gregory likewise made it a point to cultivate the small staff, asking innumerable questions, absorbing the Winfield scene, its people and politics.

The atmosphere of the little plant was homelike, satisfying an unrecognised craving. It was in the familiar smell of the ink and hot metal, the rattling click of the one linotype. Soothing.

Especially he enjoyed each Thursday with its "alarums and excursions."

All hands were enlisted when edition time came. Benjy was everywhere. Fluttering and worrying like the steam in the small boiler that was fired to give life to the weekly rite. The entire building trembled while the throes of the "run" were endured. The ancient flat-bed press labored and gave birth. A lanky boy fed sheets to the pressman, cheerfully oblivious to the latter's steady stream of profane promptings and predictions.

Gregory's sole regret was that there was no one to appreciate it all.

It was about this time the unexpected happened. A story "broke" in Winfield.

Gregory was late for supper that night. More surprising was his announcement that he must go back to the office. "Have to see some people," he explained.

There was suppressed excitement, a hint of importance in his manner that Ardis was quick to detect. She made no comment upon it, or the fact he had discarded his cane for the first time. After seeing him supplied with food she resumed her own place at the table, her chin supported in her palms.

"Can you tell me about it, Greg?" she asked, after a moment. "I heard something about a boat being found in the river . . . A man in it."

"That's right. But the chap's all right," he added quickly. He realised what must be passing through her mind.

"I'm so glad. Do they know who he is?"

"We do now," Gregory remarked a trifle complacently. He held out his cup for more tea. "It's a swell story."

He favored her with the highlights as he fortified himself with a generous supply of meat cakes and fried potatoes.

It began with some fishermen, on the waterfront before dawn, hearing a motor boat pass out of the river at high speed and apparently carrying no running lights.

Some hours later, a work boat came into

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STORM SWEPT

port with an excited crew of three and the body of an unconscious man. The new arrival's story, as given the marshal, recounted the discovery of a dinghy seemingly abandoned among a patch of reeds in the upper river. The skipper had rowed over to investigate this possible prize and found the body of a man stretched in the bottom of the small boat and covered with a blanket.

The news spread quickly after the landing at Winfield. Austin Yarwood examined the stranger and pronounced him suffering from exposure, if nothing more serious.

Gregory sketched these facts for Ardis, promising more information when he came home. He told her little or nothing of his own activities in the case.

"Read 'The Gazette' when it gets over to-morrow," he laughed, as he made ready to leave. "Benjy's given them all the harrowing details. Darned if I didn't leave my cane at the office! What do you know about that?"

"I've been suspecting you thought it gave you an air," Ardis replied demurely.

"No sarcasm, young lady."

Gregory and Orth had been among the early arrivals at Front Street wharf when the excitement spread. And, for once, the editor of "The Argus" found himself relegated to the background in his home scene. It was Gregory Barr who assumed general charge of the situation. He was in his element, offering respectful but none the less positive suggestions to the town marshal himself. It was Gregory who quietly superintended the unknown's removal to the hotel and sent a messenger for Yarwood.

The newspaper man's keen scent for story details led to his discovery that the stranger's clothing not only was of expensive make but that all identification marks had been removed. His alert eye also noted a peculiar scar on the neck, as he catalogued the man's description in the back of his mind. These items he kept to himself. When Orth insisted it was time to return to the office, Barr lingered a moment to converse in low tones with the physician.

"Come on," Benjy directed importantly, leading the way to the stairs. "I've got to call Baltimore and give them this story. They may have something on it and we can help them out. They'll pay us well for it."

"Nothing doing!" Gregory objected flatly. "I'll show you how to work a story like this. If it's as good as I think it is, we'll score a beat for 'The Argus.' And me, too." The last was said under his breath.

Orth stood by shaking his head doubtfully as his assistant put in a call to police headquarters in the city.

"Missing Persons. I want to speak to whoever's in charge," Barr ordered tersely when the connection was completed. His tones were crisp and businesslike as he began conversing with the official at the other end of the wire.

The finding of the boat and an accurate description of its occupant were given. After that, Benjy was obliged to content himself as best he might with a one-sided conversation, eyes growing wider as he gained some inkling of its success.

"Well, chief, it looks as though we'd hooked a real fish," Gregory chuckled as he hung up. "The mysterious stranger appears to be one Judson Stewart. Ever hear of him?"

"Jud Stewart!" Orth shrilled incredulously. "They're crazy over there!"

"Maybe," Barr admitted cheerfully, still holding the telephone. "But the Baltimore cops don't think so. They're on a still hunt for this fellow. No broadcasting yet. His family turned in an SOS. Seems he's disappeared from home."

"Impossible!"

"Sure. It usually is. What's the low on him? I gather he's a big shot."

Orth explained somewhat incoherently that Judson E. Stewart was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the State. He owned many farms and canning factories.... Got his start that way. Now he was head of a chain of county banks. Most important of all, a power in politics. Something of a crank, but he carried his party in his vest pocket, as far as the counties were concerned. Made and unmade governors.

"Big man, Barr. A very big man. This couldn't be him!"

"It's got to be," Gregory insisted delightedly. He frowned. "Say! If he's all that, how come you didn't recognise him?"

"I've never happened to see him," Orth admitted reluctantly. "But everybody in Maryland knows who Jud Stewart is. There's a lot of dynamite in this. Give me that phone. I'll talk to 'The Gazette' now."

"TAKE it easy. We'll go back to the hotel and see if that Stewart will identify himself. No use in going off half-cocked. You come with me. We can back each other up then."

Benjy cast a longing glance at the telephone his aide pushed to the far side of the desk. He reached obediently for his hat.

Yarwood peered cautiously through the door of the hotel room in answer to Barr's rap.

"Your friend Swimbad is coming around nicely," he reported in a low tone. "I haven't let him talk. Get anything on his ancestry?"

"I think so. Will it hurt him to answer a few questions?"

"Try it. Don't excite him. He's been drugged, from all appearances. I doubt if he suspects it."

Barr approached the bed. He stood for a moment looking down at the grizzled little figure on the bed, into a pair of dark eyes that stared back in a belligerent fashion, although somewhat bewilderedly.

"How do you feel by this time, Mr. Stewart? Better?"

"I'm all right. Do I know you?"

"We've met before. You probably wouldn't remember me. My name's Barr."

"Barr ...?"

Stewart raised himself on one elbow, stared slowly about the unfamiliar room. His eyes encountered Yarwood looming over the foot of the bed.

"Who's that man?" he demanded irritably of Gregory.

"Dr. Yarwood. You've been a trifle under the weather. He's fixing you up."

"Where does he live?" Sudden shrewdness in the question.

"Here in Winfield."

"Winfield? Oh, yes.... Of course." Stewart's head sank back on his pillow. His eyes closed.

Barr leaned over him and spoke soothingly.

"How would you like to have me call your home, Mr. Stewart.... Just let your family know you're feeling better. They may be worrying."

"Don't do that," came the unexpected reply. "Call my Baltimore agent. His name's Wyatt, Carroll, two-four-three-four. Tell him I'm here and all right. He'll attend to everything."

"I'll do that right away, Mr. Stewart." Gregory looked at Orth with a satisfied smile as he emphasised the name.

"Wait." Stewart opened his eyes.

"Yes, sir?"

"Come back and see me after you call Wyatt. I want to talk to you ... just you. I'm tired now."

"I will. Take it easy."

"Now we'll stir up 'The Gazette'." Barr told his editor that as the two entered the office. "Only let me do the talking. Who's the city ed. over there?" He picked up the telephone as he asked it, frustrating any further discussion.

"His name's Sloan," Benjy admitted shortly. He was beginning to feel that he had been edged out of the spotlight long enough. "I always do business with him."

"'The Argus' calling, Mr. Sloan," Gregory began when his number answered. "Judson Stewart has been missing from home since day before yesterday. He was found near here this morning. Adrift in an open boat. Can you use something on it?"

As Barr asked the last in an indifferent manner, he clapped his hand over the transmitter, turning to Orth with a delighted chuckle.

"And did he hit the ceiling!"

Then into the instrument again.

"Identify him? Naturally, we did. Got an exclusive interview.... What there was of it. Too weak to talk. He's all right. Me? My name's Barr. I'm talking for Mr. Orth.... No. It isn't necessary for you to check anything. I'm ready to give you the lead story now. You can tack on all the shirt-tails you like. Yes. I'll hang on here...."

Gregory smiled again at the writhing Orth.

"They've gone into a huddle, chief. Wait a minute.... Yes, Sloan." He raised his voice. A brief silence. Then: "Sorry, old man, but we won't give the facts to your re-write. I'm all ready to dictate the story. It carries a Winfield date and is by your staff correspondent, Benjamin J. Orth. Ready for it?"

A longer silence. When Barr spoke, his tones were sharp and decisive.

"If you don't want it that way, you can work it yourself. I dare say one of the other afternoon papers wouldn't mind going extra.... What's that? Sure. We want to play ball. Switch on your man."

Orth perched on the edge of the desk listening in open-mouthed wonder as Barr began a colorful recital of the finding of Judson E. Stewart. He gave a graphic account of the politician's appearance and condition, his self-identification. He hinted broadly at the possibilities of a mystery and was careful not to commit himself in the slightest particular. The attending physician was unwilling for Stewart to make any statement until he had recovered from his trying experience. Visitors were barred.

On the way from the hotel, Gregory had questioned Orth closely regarding Stewart's political background. This data was woven into the story with a fluency that left the little editor in a daze. The rescue by the boat's crew had due emphasis. Even the men's names and ages were given. It was amazingly complete.

"There you are, boss," the narrator remarked when he had finished his dictation and answered several respectful questions from 'The Gazette's' re-write man. "That's what I call the start of a good story. Very decent of Judson to do his Lohengrin stuff on a Wednesday. We can wangle a nice spread for ourselves. Shall I dash something off?"

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Benjy swallowed hard. He made one valorous attempt to recapture his importance.

"I was just thinking about that. Suppose you rough something out when you get time. I'll go over it."

"Righto."

JUDSON STEWART was sitting propped against his pillows, seemingly engaged in his own grim reflections, when Gregory was admitted.

"I'll leave the patient in your hands for a bit," Yarwood suggested, stretching mightily. "I'm in the mood to stay myself with flagons and apples. I'll be seeing you, Mr. Stewart. You may trust this boy here to ... for anything whatsoever," he finished sententiously, dropping a big hand on Barr's shoulder.

"You look as though you might have some sense," Stewart admitted raspingly. "Bring a chair over here. Reporter, aren't you?"

"After a fashion."

"Thought you had all the earmarks. Tell me what you know. And what you've been rushing to the Baltimore paper."

Gregory complied without hesitation, his auditor watching him grimly the while.

"I'm surprised at your discretion," was Stewart's dry comment. "Guess you know something about me . . . in a general way. Did you phone Wyatt?"

"Rather. He's on his way here."

"Then we'll save time by putting our cards down. I think I may trust you. I'll have to. When I left home I was going to Baltimore on business. I had money on me . . . a lot of it. There was a deal I was ready to put through . . . One of those things where you use cash. I won't go into that. Too soon after election. Those fellows that got me weren't in on it. A bunch of chiselers. They took a chance for the money. Get me?"

Barr stared at the narrator without replying.

"I reached the city all right," Stewart resumed. "I started to walk across town from the station . . . Never ride if the weather's good. Then . . ."

"Pardon me, Mr. Stewart," Gregory interrupted apologetically. "I'm afraid I didn't hear what you've been saying. Something about feeling faint suddenly and calling a taxi. The next thing you remember . . . you were here in bed. The doctor was ordering you not to talk."

Stewart's dark eyes contracted slightly at this straight-faced invention.

"Can we get away with that?"

"Why not?"

"Umph. I thought I had you sized up pretty well. Look here, young man. I've had a lot of things said about me one time or another. But nobody ever accused Jud Stewart of being dumb. That's something I can't afford just now. I have my reasons . . suspicions, maybe. I don't mind having it spread around that I'm sick, or whatever you want to call it. But not dumb."

"I get you."

"Well? How are we going to work it?"

"Bluff. There's going to be a pack of news hounds and such tumbling in here from across the bay by morning, or sooner. Let them do all the Sherlock Holmes stuff. Sit tight. You're big enough."

"I reckon."

"If you're willing to take a chance on me, I'll pass out the official dope."

"I'm more than willing. How about that big doctor? Can we depend on him?"

"To the limit. He's not one of the vil- . . . You know what I mean."

"All right, Barr. I'm putting it up to you. If you make good, I'll . . . I promise you won't be sorry. Hunt me up when the excitement dies down. I'll be looking for you."

Judson Stewart stood by his agreement to give out no interviews to the Press.

When a horde of writers and photographers descended upon Winfield they were one and all referred to Gregory Barr. "Talk to that young man at 'The Argus,' was the invariable instruction of Edward Wyatt, the politician's confidential agent who added to the general excitement by arriving in a seaplane.

And once again Benjamin Orth fumed under a beaming exterior at finding young Barr the centre of a clamoring interest. That gentleman sat listening with smiling imperturbability to the visiting journalists, deaf to all pleadings, conjectures and near threats.

"Now see here, Barr," complained Leon Stokes, political writer for 'The Gazette,' after he had succeeded in manoeuvring his confrere into a momentarily-secluded corner, "that was a fine story you put over. Very decent of you to give the credit to your boss," as Gregory attempted a protest, "but I've seen plenty of Orth's efforts. You're not fooling anybody. But you don't appreciate, old man, what a big thing this is."

"No?"

"You couldn't. I don't mind telling you that we're stringing with the opposition, as far as Stewart is concerned this year. You're our correspondent over here. If you'll open up, as you're really bound to, you can do us a lot of good . . . Yourself, too. How about it?"

"You've got the story," Barr returned sweetly. "If there's any guessing, you'll have to do your own."

"You're forgetting the police. You don't think for a minute they're going to be put off with any such cock-and-bull yarn."

"I think they will. The same as you do."

Stokes gave vent to a mirthless laugh.

"I don't know where you come from, but you're wasting your talents in this hole. Why don't you come over to town and get acquainted? I'll be glad to introduce you around our place. It might do you some good. Unless, of course, you have some interest here . . ."

"In Winfield? What would it be? I'll be taking you up on that, if you mean it."

"I mean it all right."

BARR dropped into a chair alongside Orth's desk and smiled at the little man who sat poring intently over the front page of "The Argus" with its bold banner line and two-column play lead. Benjy's head glistened in the rays of the drop light, giving his fringe of red hair the aspect of an absurd halo.

"Still like it, chief?"

The editor peered over the tops of his spectacles with a slight start. It was the end of the day. The two men were alone in the room.

"It looks very well," Benjy chirped. His small eyes blinked alertly.

"What's it worth?"

"Worth?"

"To me."

"Oh! I see." Orth ceased blinking. His head tipped sharply. "What are you getting at, Barr? You think I should give you a bonus for that?" He tapped the paper with a claw-like finger.

"No. A salary. Six pounds a week, say."

"What! Why, that's absurd. No, no, Barr. I can't do that. But I'll give you . . . I'll pay you £2 for your work on the Stewart story. Do you want it to-night?"

"Wouldn't be interested."

"But 'The Argus' can't afford to pay any such salaries!" Benjy's voice rose in a despairing bleat. "You know that."

"I'm not so sure. But that's up to you. I know where I can get it. More, too."

Orth's alert eyes had not overlooked the corner conference between his assistant and Leon Stokes. Then 'The Gazette' was trying to take his new find from him. He sat in silence, his face screwed up ludicrously, torn between the fear of losing Barr and the thought of parting with the money he demanded.

"Let's be reasonable," he pleaded. "I'll make it £3/10/- to start. Maybe we can do better after the first of the year."

Gregory dropped his cigarette to the floor and ground out its spark with his heel. He had made his bluff. Nothing to do now but play his hand.

"If it isn't worth £6 . . . forget it."

It was too much for the editorial pride.

"Talk sense!" Orth cackled angrily. "You were down and out when you came here looking for a job. Everybody in town knows the Leverings have been keeping you and . . ."

"We won't go into that." Barr's wide mouth set in a grim line.

"All right. But they do," Benjy persisted. The advantage was unexpected and he pressed it. "It was charity on my part, that's all it was. If it hadn't been for Ardis coming here and begging . . ."

"What!"

Gregory jerked forward in his chair. His face was set and unsmiling.

"Suppose you tell me."

"IT was Doc Yarwood, really," Benjy Orth explained, squirming uneasily under the ominous stare of Gregory Barr's brown eyes. "Doc thought you'd get well faster if you had something to do. Ardis told me you'd been a newspaper man. She said it would be nice if . . ."

"I see." Barr's voice was curiously flat.

"Then before I had a chance to think it over much, you came in and asked me for a job. I offered what I could afford. Now you want me to triple it!" There was an aggrieved note in the estimate; it sounded more unreasonable than ever, computed in those terms. "I always aim to be fair, but . . ."

"It's all right. I'm through."

"Well, it's too bad. Mrs. Levering's going to miss you. I guess your board money's been coming in pretty handy there."

Gregory's eyes met Benjy's swiftly.

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't hear about her husband? I thought everybody knew. He'd been dabbling in the stock market. The bank owns his boat . . . or it did. They'll get the insurance now. Funny you hadn't gotten in on that."

"Isn't it?" Barr pulled himself to his feet as he said it. "Well, I didn't. And I'm through with your whole gossip-mongering bunch. If I stay around here any longer I'd want to take somebody apart."

"But, Barr . . . you can't quit without notice!"

"No, I suppose not. This is Friday, isn't it? Then I'm quitting the end of the week. There's your notice."

"You don't mean that," Orth insisted uneasily. A new thought occurred to him.

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"I want you here until this Stewart matter is . . . washed up." He tried to make his manner professional. "You've handled the story so far. There may be more to it. I know there will. We'll need you."

"No."

"But I'm entitled to two weeks' notice!" Benjy's anxiety bordered on desperation. "That's the rule, Barr. You know very well it is. Now, if you'll stay a few weeks longer, I'll . . . I'll make it £5 a week. I can't afford it, but I will."

"No."

Gregory limped from the office, closing the outer door behind him with a bang that shook the windows. He came in again almost at once.

"Changed your mind, eh?" Orth peered hopefully from under the lamp.

"Forgot my stick."

OUT on the street, Barr hesitated uncertainly then made his way in the direction of the wharf at the foot of Front Street. His steps resounded hollowly as he crossed the worn planking and stood at the string-piece. A rope-scored post was there. He folded his arms across its top and looked about him.

A new avenue of unpleasant conjecture presented itself.

All that expense at Southport. Ardis never had gone into detail about that. Just said the hospital would wait, so must he. Maybe she had taken care of part of the bill for him, not knowing her father had nothing. Maybe she didn't know it now. No, Farrand would have told her. The skipper's executor.

Well, things were different now. Stewart had been pretty definite about promising something. Wouldn't be surprised if Stewart would consider that favor worth a little cash. Of course, he might want to hold off for a time. The matter wasn't settled. That was what was getting under Benjy's hide . . . Serve him right if he did get into a jam now.

Gregory roused himself with a start. Cold here. Supper would be over with long ago.

A lot of things were over.

He straightened his lean shoulders with a shiver. Hated to tell Ardis he was finished with "The Argus" and digging out. She wouldn't blame him though. Sensible kid about things. He'd tell her to-night and get it over with.

He was rehearsing his story as he climbed the porch steps. While his hand fumbled for the latch, the door flew open. Ardis stood there, her slight figure outlined sharply against the warm lamplight. Before her first word reached his ears Gregory knew something had happened.

"Oh, Greg ... where were you? I ... I thought you'd never come!"

"What's the matter?" he demanded with a quick glance about the living-room.

"It's mother. She was out on the back porch.... She fell. I got her into your old room off the kitchen."

"Is she hurt? Has the doctor been here?"

"Not yet. I'm not sure. She says it's her back. She hasn't let me leave her long enough to call anybody. I thought you'd be here every minute. I waited and waited."

"Sorry I was late. I'll go down to the corner store and phone Doc. Be right back. Don't worry."

He patted her awkwardly on the shoulder and hurried away.

Now what?

Yarwood chanced to be at home and he was at the Pine Street house almost as soon as Gregory returned from his errand. That young man employed the next quarter hour pacing about the empty living-room. It seemed suddenly unfamiliar and lonely. He could hear a faint murmur of voices from the rear of the house and that was all. An anxious question rose to his lips when Yarwood finally appeared, Ardis close behind him.

"You act like a dithering young parent," was the doctor's grumbled greeting. "What might be the matter with you?"

"How's Mrs. Levering?"

"She'll do. I'm just telling Ardis there's nothing to worry over to-night. No bones broken. She has bruised and strained her back at least. The hot water was a good idea, my dear. Pleasant to find a pretty head that isn't empty. By the by ... has anything happened to upset your mother ... besides her legs? Worries?"

"I'm not sure, Doctor."

"Um ... m. Where does she sleep? Back there or upstairs?"

"In the room over this."

"I shall take her there. You get her into bed. Keep her so for a few days. Then we'll see."

Gregory was smoking moodily in his chair when Ardis came down from her mother's room.

"Hello!" He forced the greeting with a show of cheeriness. "Guess you feel better now, don't you? The doc just told me there's nothing much the matter, he thinks."

Ardis glanced at him as though not comprehending the words. She passed on without speaking. Something in that brief glimpse of her white face brought Gregory to his feet with an uneasy premonition. He followed her to the kitchen and found her standing near the stove, her back towards him. Her slim shoulders had an unfamiliar droop. He reached her in a simple stride, caught and turned her about.

"Hey! You wouldn't do anything foolish, would you?"

She swayed unsteadily in his grasp. His arms went about her. He held her close.

"Steady. It's all right."

Her face was hidden against his shoulder.

Gregory stood tense, scarcely breathing. How small Ardis was ... like this. He caught the faint perfume of her. His head bent until his cheek brushed her dark hair. A sweetness almost intolerable.

"Ardis...."

She stirred at the sound of the whispered name. Very gently she released herself and lifted her face. It was tear-streaked.

"Please excuse me for being silly." Ardis said it steadily. "I'm all right now."

"Sure?" Gregory's voice was suddenly gruff. "Didn't think you were the sort that ever got polly-wobbled."

"I didn't either." She smiled as she said that. But the attempt struck Barr as being somehow pathetic.

"Bet you didn't eat any supper. Did you?"

"You must be hungry yourself. The things are in the oven...."

"I'll get them," he directed. "And I'll make you a cup of tea. Sit down there. Tell me where the things are." Gregory forced her gently into a chair at the end of the table.

"I should see if mother needs me first."

"She'll be all right for a few minutes. You want to look out for yourself."

"It's nice," Ardis told him bravely, when she sipped the scalding bitter tea offered her. "This is all I need. But you must eat some supper. It's good to have you here." She added that simply, an afterthought.

A sudden knock on the living-room's outer door broke the spell.

"Oh!" Ardis gave a little start. "It's the boy with the medicine."

"Sit still. I'll get it." There was a note of easy authority in Gregory's voice and manner as he answered the summons. He flung open the door.

Tom Farrand stood there.

"Hello, Barr. I was in Morley's when Doc Yarwood left a prescription for Mother Levering. I told him I'd drop by with it on my way home."

"Come in."

"Where's Ardis?"

"In the kitchen."

Gregory closed the door after the visitor. Without another word he limped into the cold hall. Up the stairs. As he reached his room he fancied he heard a faint voice from across the passage. He listened. There it was again. . . . Mrs. Levering. He stepped over and cautiously opened the door of her room.

"Is that you, Ardis?"

"It's Greg. How are you feeling now?"

"Come here."

Barr entered with some hesitation, tiptoed over to the bed. One light burned dimly, but he could see the small form under the covering. Mrs. Levering lay on her back. Her eyes seemed to be closed.

"I don't want to be alone," she said in a very small voice.

"Then I'll wait until Ardis comes."

There was no response. Gregory helped himself to a chair and looked about the shadowy room. It was one place in the house he never had been. Ardis slept here, too. But it didn't look like her. The old-fashioned bed with its towering headboard almost lost in gloom. A massive matching bureau with a marble top. The usual wardrobe in its corner.

The door opened softly. Ardis stood there.

"Mother, I have some medicine for you."

"She called me. Asked me to stay until you came," Gregory said, rising to his feet.

"Thank you, Greg. Here, Mother . . . ."

Ardis slipped an arm under Mrs. Levering's shoulders, raised her to a sitting position. The little woman opened her eyes. She spoke suddenly.

"I'm glad you're here now."

She was looking up at Gregory Barr.

WHEN Gregory reached the office the next morning, he paused in passing the editor's desk to say:

"I'll give you three two weeks."

"I thought you would," Benjy replied. He tipped his head sharply. "How is Mrs. Levering?"

"Getting along all right."

Barr moved on to the battered table that served for a copy desk and flung himself into a chair. It certainly didn't take news long to travel around here. And Benjy had it all figured that was the reason he was staying on. Well, it was. What else was there? After all . . .

By the end of the day he had, in some degree, succeeded in banishing his resentment at the new turn of events. He would have to talk it over with Ardis when he went home, make up some plausible excuse to share his increased salary. There was no telling what sort of a yarn she would hear if she chanced to tune in on the town broadcast.

Gregory found no opportunity for an uninterrupted visit with Ardis until they sat down together to a late supper. Farrand was likely to come in any minute, too.

"Did the doc have anything to say about your mother?" he questioned, rather at a loss for a beginning. "Will she be up and around soon, I mean?"

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"He seemed to think so."

Ardis was gazing into her teacup as she spoke. Maybe she was trying to read her fortune, Gregory found himself thinking.

"You know, Ardis, when I came home last night I was all set to spill some news. I had a run-in with Benjy and . . . Well, I quit. I was going to leave to-morrow."

"Leave Winfield, you mean?" Ardis' voice was expressionless.

"Yes." It wasn't quite so easy as he imagined it would be. "I've been wasting my time down here, I felt."

"Of course."

"And I saw a chance at a real job. Decent salary, you know. . . . So I could get busy on the book."

"Oh. . . ."

"Then I changed my mind. I . . ."

"But, Greg, you should go. If it means better things for you."

"Maybe I will later. You would have laughed to see old Benjy to-day." Barr essayed a grin as he plunged into his lie. "Came to me all worried and anxious. Didn't want me to leave him. By the time we were through, he was offering me a fair salary. I told him I'd stay for a while. He thought I had been bluffing him."

"About what?"

"That Stewart story. And other things."

"So that is why you are going to stay."

Gregory was vaguely disappointed. Of course Ardis couldn't know the real reason. That he was doing all this just to help her. He didn't want any credit. But at the same time . . .

"Yes. I thought I'd take a chance. That reminds me. I want you to figure out that expense account of mine. Everything. We'll start paring while the paring's good."

Ardis offered no comment whatever to this suggestion, but sat studying her cup.

"It's strange how things happen," she remarked after a thoughtful interval. "I was planning to go away, too."

"You! Going away? Where?"

"To Salisbury. I had a position offered me . . . in a real estate office. I wrote them to-day and said I couldn't accept. That I didn't know when I could leave here, if at all."

Gregory was unpleasantly let down by this unexpected information. His sacrifice seemed suddenly insignificant.

"Too bad," he said.

"Yes. Quite a disappointment."

"What did you want to go over there for?" he demanded suddenly. "Why didn't you try for a job here in town?"

"I needed the money," Ardis replied candidly. "There aren't many positions in Winfield."

"You did have one," Gregory reminded a trifle grimly.

"I would rather not go back there."

"Why don't you get married? Then all your troubles would be over." He attempted a laugh with the last words. The quick glance Ardis gave him made him uncomfortable. Had she misunderstood?

"I suppose so," was all she said.

"Most girls think about it that way," Gregory offered lamely. He had a sudden vision of the house without Ardis. "What did you expect to do with me if you went away."

"I thought you would be here. You see, I would be coming home week-ends . . . I suppose it was rather silly. I somehow didn't think about you leaving. It's late. I must wash my dishes and get back to mother."

Greg pushed back his chair.

"I'm going up to my room. I'll look in and say hello, if it's all right."

"Please tell her I won't be long."

Austin Yarwood called twice daily at the Levering home.

His leisurely visits there were devoted to casual conversation with his patient or sitting in silence at her side if she were not inclined to talk. Little or no medicine was included in his treatment.

"There's nothing organically amiss with your mother," he assured Ardis after one of his morning calls.

While Ardis still lingered at the door, watching Yarwood take his departure, she was called to the kitchen to admit another visitor.

It was Mrs. Farrand. Her angular form was shaking from the cold as she snatched a gingham apron from about her head and extended her hands to the warmth of the range.

"I'd no idea it was this sharp!" she exclaimed. "The sun fools you. How's Lizzie?"

"About the same, I think. The doctor just left."

"Umph. I can't see where he's doing her much good. Why don't you call in Doctor Middleton? I always have him."

"Mother likes Doctor Yarwood," Ardis suggested. "So do I. Would you like to go up and see her?"

"In a minute." Mrs. Farrand helped herself to a chair. "I want to talk to you first, Ardis."

The girl leaned against the table, supporting herself with her hands. It was the first time she remembered noticing how like Tom's eyes were those of his mother. Heavy-lidded. The same thick brows.

"What was it?" she asked, as Mrs. Farrand hesitated.

"It's about Tom."

"Tom?"

"Yes. He wants you to marry him, Ardis."

"I know . . . We talked it over the other night."

I told Tom we couldn't make any plans now on account of mother. It wouldn't be right ... to any of us."

"I don't see why," Mrs. Farrand replied shortly. Her dark eyes did not waver. "There's things you want to remember, Ardis. You and Tom's been keeping company a long time. He's been working his head off lately trying to get your father's money fixed up. You should know by this time he's got good ideas about things."

Mrs. Farrand compressed her lips over this gloomy forecast. "Well, you're old enough to know your own mind, if you're ever going to. But it does seem a pity you can't step out of your way a little for Tom. And after all he's been trying to do for you. Well, I'll go up and sit with Lizzie now."

Ardis determined to take no risks of Maggie worrying her mother, and followed after the visitor almost at once. She found her mother sitting propped against her pillows with Mrs. Farrand ensconced in a rocking chair close by.

"Ardis," Mrs. Levering began, as her daughter entered the room, "I wish you'd go down to Stone's and get me some yarn. I believe I'll try and knit a little to-day. My fingers feel better than they have for quite a spell."

"Very well, Mother. I have some errands to do presently."

"I'd rather you went now while Maggie's here to stay with me."

"I can, as well as not," the neighbor offered.

After receiving detailed instructions regarding the yarn, there was nothing for Ardis to do but take a reluctant departure. "You're looking better, Lizzie," Mrs. Farrand began when the two of them were alone. She rocked briskly back and forth.

"I'll be all right."

"Of course you will. These crosses are hard to bear. I guess you remember I was sort of laid up after Bless went. Don't you?" The black-bordered handkerchief was produced from some hiding place in its owner's bosom.

"It's life, Lizzie. I was crushed into bed, but I got up to live for my boy. The same as you'll do for Ardis."

Mrs. Levering's eyes displayed the hoped-for interest. They seemed to be asking a question.

"You'll do it," the other encouraged.

Mrs. Levering nodded.

"I was telling Ardis not long ago she'd better figure on getting married," her mother said slowly. "But it was before I got ... this way. I don't know how to figure now," she added listlessly.

Mrs. Farrand hitched her chair nearer. She lowered her voice a trifle.

"It isn't going to make a bit of difference, Lizzie. Of course we all know you've lost your money. But there's not a thing in the world for you to worry about. Tom's got that all fixed." There was a distinct note of triumph in the last.

Mrs. Levering's pinched face lighted perceptibly.

"How, Maggie?"

"Well ... He and Ardis can get married as soon as they've a mind. Then both of you are coming over to our house."

"To your house? To ... stay?"

"Of course! We've got more room than we need. Tom's sure he can rent this house before long. If you want to leave the things in it, he might be able to get more. But our barn's good and dry, if you'd rather put the furniture there. It's like giving things away to have an auction these days." Mrs. Farrand was talking rapidly.

A grey mask seemed to have been laid over Mrs. Levering's small face. Her eyes peered through it dully. Fixed on the window beyond the foot of the bed.

"Does Ardis want to do that? . . ."

Mrs. Levering had not been listening apparently. She was trying her best to comprehend this latest situation. One that seemed to leave her tired mind stunned.

"Why wouldn't she want to?" was the sharp retort. Mrs. Farrand straightened herself slightly. "Ardis should be glad enough to favor Tom. There aren't many men who would have stood for all he has. ... I don't know how he's done it."

"I guess I don't understand." Mrs. Levering's head turned on the pillow. Her faded eyes looked helplessly into those of her neighbor.

"Now see here, Lizzie. You mustn't get wrought up this way. But it oughtn't to hurt you any to know there's been a lot of talk about Ardis. Of course I ..."

"About Ardis!" Elizabeth Levering raised herself suddenly on one elbow. Her voice was strangely sharp. "What are you talking about, Maggie Farrand?"

"That Barr man," was the determined reply. "He's been living under your roof for weeks. And nobody knows the first thing about him. You'll have to admit that."

"He's a good boy."

"Maybe." There was the suggestion of a sniff.

"I'm not saying a thing against Ardis," Mrs. Farrand assured hastily. "I will say she's got some funny notions for a girl her age. The sooner she marries and settles down, the better it's going to be for her here in Winfield. And anything you and I can

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do's got to be done. Whether we like it or not."

"I guess so."

"After all, Tom's got good ideas about things." His mother's ultimate praise again.

There were hasty steps along the hall and Ardis entered, rosy-cheeked from the cold, eyes shining.

"It's a beautiful day," she began. Then halted. She looked from her mother, who lay with her eyes closed, to Mrs. Farrand.

"I've got to get home," that lady announced, leaving her chair. "You needn't bother about coming down," she added, conscious of Ardis' searching glance. "I can find my way out well enough."

"Mother." The girl leaned anxiously over the bed as she heard Mrs. Farrand begin her heavy descent of the stairs. There was no reply. "Mother," she repeated softly.

"Yes?"

"What has Mrs. Farrand been saying?"

"We were just talking."

"About Tom and me?"

"Some . . . ."

"Then she told you."

"Yes." The admission scarcely was audible. Mrs. Levering's eyes remained closed. Ardis choked back a sudden sob.

"Listen, Mother. You and I are going to stay here."

Mrs. Levering slowly opened her eyes and looked up into her daughter's face. Her head moved slightly, as if making a gesture of dissent.

HAVE you any plans for Thursday, Greg?"

"Thursday?"

Gregory, about to leave for the day's work, paused to stare at Ardis, who stood smiling in the dining-room doorway.

"It's Thanksgiving."

"Oh. Sure enough? I believe we did print a proclamation from the governor that something of the sort was in order. Just another Thursday for me."

"Then I hope you will dine at home."

"With pleasure, Miss Levering. All other invitations will be turned down in order of their arrival."

"Thank you, Mr. Barr. Good-bye."

"So long."

The situation at "The Argus" fostered an increasing restlessness for Gregory. Orth paid him his salary each week without demur. But always there was an air of haste to the transaction, as if the editor feared some unpleasant discussion.

Nor had there come any encouragement from the Stewart incident.

Following the financier's departure, numerous investigators had appeared in Winfield, but found little or nothing to verify whatever theories they might have had regarding a kidnapping. City papers, notably "The Gazette," attempted to keep the issue alive, but without particular success. New developments failing to materialise, the public promptly turned its attention to other matters.

Gregory had been subjected t.. a growing indecision as to whether he should endeavo- to see Judson Stewart. After the way things had been shaping themselves in Winfield, it was not easy to get away. For one thing, he didn't have the clothes. He wouldn't want to start out job hunting if he looked shabby. He also owned an unexplained reluctance to remind the politician of promised favors, holding to a hope that Stewart himself would make the advances when the time was ripe ... provided he had not forgotten all about it.

GREGORY'S celebration of the holiday began with a request from Ardis that he build a fire in the parlor.

"Are you sure that old fireplace works?" he demanded doubtfully.

"It always has. Father often used to have a fire there when he was home. And I can remember how beautiful I thought it was in the summer, when mother always filled it with asparagus branches. We should use the parlor to-day . . . Since we're having company."

That chore attended to, Gregory was told that Mrs. Levering would like to come down before he left the house.

"I can walk all right," she assured him. "Just you steady me a little."

"Nonsense. I could carry a whole roomful of you," Gregory retorted, lifting her bodily out of her chair. "You want to save your strength for the dinner."

"I don't want to fall again."

"Not a chance in the world."

"Seems you don't limp so much," Mrs Levering observed when the trip was concluded safely.

"Just a weak head's all now."

"I guess it isn't so bad. Thanks. It looks nice in here."

Cold twilight was settling over the streets when Gregory returned from the office to find that Yarwood had arrived and was installed comfortably at the fireside with Mrs. Levering.

"Draw up, son," the big doctor greeted with a genial wave of his hand.

"Greg is going to help me."

Ardis stood in the doorway. She wore a white dress protected by one of Mrs. Levering's gingham aprons. Her face was flushed from her labors over the stove and there was a smudge of flour across one cheek.

"You're just in time," she explained to Gregory. "I want you to help me take the turkey out of the oven. Then you can carry in some of the things."

"Gee, it smells good!" He sniffed appreciatively as he followed Ardis to the kitchen.

The snowy dining table, set for four, presented an attractive appearance when Ardis assembled the family to view the result of her preparations. Outstanding was the crisp brown turkey on its platter, flanked with vegetables and cranberry sauce, pickles and jellies.

"My faith! You have outdone yourself, Ardis, my dear," was Yarwood's hearty appraisal.

"Greg, you will have to carve," Ardis told him demurely, as the doctor assisted Mrs. Levering into her chair and moved to a seat directly opposite, at a suggestion from his young hostess.

"Me carve!" Gregory exclaimed, aghast at the prospect. "Good Lord, Ardis . . . I can't!"

"But you'll have to," she insisted. "Unless Doctor Yarwood . . ."

"Oh, no," that gentleman protested promptly. "I never specialised in surgery. The bird is quite too beautiful for my clumsy hands. Have at it, Son Gregory. Put it to the sword."

"All right. I'll hack it to pieces, if you want to take a chance. I'm starving. Just show me where to begin."

"And very patriarchal you look," Yarwood encouraged with a wag of his grey head.

It was a quiet, but cheerful, little dinner party.

The big physician, quick to appreciate that the situation was probably filled with memories for the little woman in black who spoke scarcely a word during the meal, undertook to keep a general conversation alive. He was lavish with his praise for Ardis, eating with a keen relish all that was set before him.

"A rare treat for two old bachelors, eh, Barr?"

Gregory, himself, seemed to catch something of the spirit of the holiday and relaxed to an unusual degree, drawing the doctor out to speak of his travels, offering some of his own easy-going reminiscences in return.

Before Austin Yarwood took his departure he insisted upon the privilege of carrying Mrs. Levering to her room. Resigning her there to Ardis' care, he came downstairs and left almost at once, calling back a cheery good-night to Gregory, who stood watching him stride away into the night.

Left to himself, Barr lingered irresolutely near the door, then strolled into the empty parlor where the fire on the hearth still burned. He extinguished the one lamp and threw himself into a chair to sit staring at the flames. He had not moved when Ardis entered the room nearly an hour later.

"Dreaming in the dark, Greg?"

"Hello. I didn't hear you."

He stood up and kicked the last embers into a flickering glow with the toe of his shoe. He laid the two pieces of wood that remained on the coals and watched the flames lick at the dry splinters. When he turned to Ardis she had seated herself on the old-fashioned sofa near the door, relaxed against its cushions, hands folded in the lap of her white dress. The firelight played fitfully over her face, framed in its dusky hair.

"Tired?" Gregory inquired. "You've had a big day."

"Not so very. It's been nice. I think Mother enjoyed it. . . . She is asleep already."

"I wish I could tell you how much I enjoyed it," Gregory offered abruptly. He crossed the room and helped himself to a seat at Ardis' side. "It was great to get in on a real Thanksgiving . . . Like something you read about. I guess I've missed out on a lot of things . . . ."

He threw off his serious mood with a slight laugh. "Do you know what all this reminds me of?" He was looking about the room as he asked it.

"Of what?"

"A fellow calling on his best girl. Incidentally, you look very . . . sweet in that dress. You had old Doc sitting up and taking notice. If I only . . ."

"Yes?"

"Nothing. I should have said . . . If you look at me like that . . ." He leaned closer to her.

An impulsive move and Gregory had Ardis in his arms. He forced her head back almost roughly. Crushed her lips against his mouth. She made no effort to resist him. Neither did she return the caress.

"I'm sorry," Greg muttered. He all but thrust her away.

"Why . . . did you?" Ardis asked it in a low steady voice.

"Why?" he repeated vaguely. "I don't know. I guess I just wanted to . . . to thank you for everything to-day."

"Oh," she said.

"Of course you thing me a rotter. I was. But . . ."

"What?" came a quiet question.

"Well, I don't want you to think that. You're so different . . . I don't know how to tell you."

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"What are you trying to say, Greg?"

"Oh, what's the use!" he burst out with passionate recklessness. "I might as well finish everything. I kissed you because I had to . . . Because I love you more than anything in this world . . . No! Don't try to stop me," as Ardis made a startled gesture. "It won't do any good."

His words were almost tumbling over each other.

He pulled himself to his feet jerkily, walked to the fireplace and stood staring into it. Ardis neither moved nor spoke. It was Gregory who broke the tense silence, speaking in a muffled voice.

"Don't let it worry you. It's too late to take it back.... But I'll do what I should have done weeks ago."

"What do you mean, Greg?"

"Get out, of course. I couldn't stay on ...now. I'm not quite that low," he asserted grimly. "There's only one other thing I'd like to tell you, if you'll let me. I haven't had a very soft life.... There's a lot I'm not proud of. I've met all kinds of ... people. But I never knew a girl could be so ..., fine. I mean more than that.... Don't know how to say it. It's one thing I'll always be glad for.... Something I can keep."

He faced her almost defiantly.

"Sorry I spoiled it. Are you angry?"

"No. I wouldn't blame you. I'd rather you were than think I . . . You see, Ardis, if you told me you cared, I couldn't stand that. And I couldn't stand it, if you told me you didn't. So there's nothing to say ... except thanks ... and good-night."

Gregory ate his Friday morning breakfast in hurried silence, after a perfunctory greeting to Ardis and his customary inquiry regarding Mrs. Levering. Ardis seemed not to notice his embarrassment. If the memory of the night before was uppermost in both their minds, neither one gave evidence of it.

By the time he reached the office, Gregory had formulated the final details of a plan evolved during a sleepless night. He startled Benjy Orth with the abrupt announcement that he was leaving Winfield over the week-end.

"I wish you could have told me sooner," the little editor objected peevishly. "There was something I wanted you to do today."

"Too bad," Barr returned shortly. "I didn't know about this until an hour ago."

"Got a wire at the house, I guess," was Benjy's immediate venture. He could check on that at the station later.

"No. I didn't."

"When will you be back here?"

"To-morrow night.... Sunday, maybe. I don't know."

"You're sure to be here Monday, though? I may be going away myself."

"As far as I can tell you now."

Of course Orth would know he was going to Baltimore, Gregory conjectured as he strode back in the direction of Pine Street. The whole town would learn he had taken the morning boat. What of it? It would be late before he reached the city, but early enough to locate Stewart's home. Perhaps he could get in touch with him by telephone and make an appointment for Saturday morning. One thing sure. He'd have to find where he stood with Stewart. If at all.

"What has happened?" was Ardis' greeting when he entered the house. "You aren't ill?" The grey eyes could not conceal their sudden anxiety.

"Of course not. I have to go away for a few days.... Taking a little voyage," Gregory attempted lightly.

"A voyage?"

"Only as far as Baltimore. I've got half an hour to catch that boat. Thought I'd try my sea legs."

"Oh. Greg ...?"

"Well?"

"Are you coming back?"

"Why ... sure! I don't know just what I'll be doing later. I can tell you better after I see some people over there."

"I know."

"Say, Ardis ... have you an old bag or something I could borrow? My tooth brush and razor will rattle around some, but I may be bringing back some things."

"Of course, Greg. Take my suitcase. I'll get it for you."

"Anything in there?" he demanded, when she put the case in his hands.

"No. I looked." Ardis managed a slight smile.

Gregory fumbled with the catches.

"Guess you haven't used this since ..."

"No. Not since."

An hour later, when Ardis entered the bedroom, Mrs. Levering turned from the window where she was sitting to ask:

"Has Gregory gone away? I saw him with a suitcase."

"He had to go over to the city."

"But he didn't tell me good-bye."

"He was in a hurry, Mother. He had to catch the boat. I heard it whistle a few moments after he left the house." Ardis opened a dresser drawer and began searching for something among its contents.

THE hours aboard the steamer were restless ones for Gregory Barr.

To his chagrin, he had no sooner made his way into the main cabin than he heard his name called and found Postmaster Snavely smiling eagerly at his elbow. Fortunately, the latter was accompanied by his wife and Gregory was able to make his escape after acknowledging an introduction to Mrs. Snavely and answering her pointed questions with respect to Mrs. Levering and Ardis.

Once ashore and out of the pier shed, Gregory trusted to his sense of direction to carry his steps into the main business section of the city. He entered the first hotel he saw and checked his bag. He'd be registering later. Then to a telephone directory, to find Wyatt's address. He scribbled it down and sought directions from a negro doorman, serenely important behind a gilt-braided front.

These down-town offices would be emptying soon. No time to waste.

Ten minutes later, Barr was opening the door of a suite on the top floor of a nearby skyscraper. There was but one person in the outer room—a girl with a ridiculously small hat clinging to one side of her blonde head. She held a small mirror close to her face and was dabbing earnestly at her red pursed mouth. Two blue eyes sent a startled glance at the intruder.

"Sorry to bother you," Gregory began with an engaging smile. "I hoped I might find Mr. Wyatt. I know it's late. But I reached the city only a few minutes ago."

The girl thrust her lipstick and mirror into her bag and came forward.

"Mr. Wyatt isn't here. Miss Stanley, his secretary, has just left. Is there something I can do?"

"Will Mr. Wyatt be here to-morrow?"

"Oh, no. He's down in Asheville. He takes his vacation about this time of year."

"I see. Too bad . . . Then perhaps you can help me," Greg suggested. "I was only going to ask him where Mr. Judson Stewart lives. I understand his home is outside of Baltimore. But I hoped I might get in touch with him over the phone."

"Why, I can tell you that. Mr. Stewart lives about twenty miles from the city. Maybe it's more than that. Near a place called Stewartstown." The red lips parted in a smile.

"So he has a town of his own. Toll call, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. But you won't find him there now."

"You mean he's away, too?"

"He was up here early this morning. He has a desk here he uses, you know. I took a letter for him and I remember him saying he was starting away on business.

"Um . . . m. That's a tough break. I suppose you have no idea when he'll be back?"

"No, indeed. Nobody ever knows where Mr. Stewart's going to be. Do you care to leave your name? I'll tell Miss Stanley you were here."

"Never mind." Gregory's face betrayed his disappointment."

"I'm sorry."

"So am I. Thanks a lot."

Greg employed the evening and early hours of the night in prowling aimlessly about the city. He didn't know why, but it was disappointing. Not nearly as bustling a place as he had imagined. There was an air of leisure, comfortable living. Should be an easy spot to become familiar with. Back at the hotel, he armed himself with the late editions of the papers and mulled over their contents. It wouldn't hurt anything to study them, get a slant on their style. Perhaps he would be writing for one of them. The old "Gazette," staid and conservative in make-up. Very different from "The Telegram" with its flaring banner lines, sensational tops, columns of art. Well, he'd take on either one of 'em and ask no favors.

As early in the morning as he deemed permissible, he presented himself at "The Gazette" building. He had spent the previous fifteen or twenty minutes in a curtained niche listening to the thud of a pressing machine, where an affable little Greek was busily massaging the old Southport suit into shape. "Make like new."

They didn't look so bad at that, Greg decided as he thrust his chilled legs into his trousers, still warm from the press and smelling of gasoline.

Leon Stokes, political writer for "The Gazette," was found in a secluded corner of the city room. He was running leisurely through some galley proofs.

"Oh . . . It's Barr, isn't it? Pull up a chair. I'll be with you in a minute."

The visitor looked about him with a sudden feeling of satisfaction. How familiar this seemed. Confusion. Typewriters rattling. Copy boys scurrying about. Loud talk. A comfortable haze of smoke. It would be good to get back into all this once more . . .

"Well? How did you leave Winfield?"

"All right." Barr woke with a start. Stokes was watching with a curious expression on his lean face. He seemed ill at ease.

"Still on "The Argus?"

"I was yesterday."

"There are worse places, I suppose."

"I can't think of 'em offhand," Gregory returned. He might as well bring up the subject and get it over with. "I had to run over here yesterday and I thought I'd take advantage of your invitation."

"Fine! Glad you did."

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STORM SWEPT

"Think there's anything cooking around here for a bright lad?"

There was no mistaking Stokes' discomfort.

"To tell you the truth, Barr . . . I wouldn't try to hook up here if I were you."

"No?"

"No. I hope you won't mind my speaking frankly. It's that Stewart matter. I told you where the paper stood on that. The big boy has been plenty sore . . . Red rag and bull stuff. He thinks we were gypped. That Stewart got away with murder and that 'The Argus' . . Get it, don't you?"

"Yes. I get it."

"I'll steer you to him, if you think you'd like it. But it isn't going to do you much good. Me either."

"Forget it. That's all right."

"VERY decent of you to look at it that way . . . I'm sorry. Why don't you run up and see the bunch at 'The Telegram'? They're all for Stewart. You'll have that much in your favor."

"Maybe I will. Sorry to have bothered you."

"Not at all. Come up and see me any time you're in town." Stokes picked up his proofs. His relief was evident.

"So long." Gregory took a nonchalant leave.

And that was that, he told himself as he stalked grimly up the street. Two cards in his sleeve and neither one had done him any good. He'd try that other paper . . . Had to do something. If he drew another blank . . . Well, he wouldn't cross that bridge.

At "The Telegram" he sent his name in to the managing editor and waited half an hour in an ante-room before a boy came with the message that Mr. Imbrie would see Mr. Barr.

John Imbrie proved to be a large pleasant-faced man with a shock of white hair. He sat tipped back in a swivel chair behind a long table piled with editions. His dark brows, an odd contrast to the hair, seemed set in an habitual lift. Imbrie always gave the impression of being pleasantly surprised at something. A new species of managing editor, Barr concluded.

"Well, young man, what's on your mind?" The words were spoken leisurely, in very nearly a drawl.

"I'm looking for a job," Gregory answered promptly. He submitted a brief account of his previous connections, ending with the information of his present position. This was temporary.

"'The Argus,' eh?" Imbrie's brows lifted a trifle higher at this admission. "I'm glad to meet you. You know, we discovered not long ago they have somebody on that sheet who's . . . rather smart. Several of our boys sort of went up against it on a story that broke over there."

"Yes?"

"Come to think of it . . . it was you. Wasn't it?"

"Mr. Orth is the editor."

Gregory thought rapidly before he made that reply. No use letting this fellow pump him. He must play Stewart's game until he was certain it was finished. Imbrie chuckled.

"I get you. Stewart's a good friend of ours . . . But I like to see a fellow in this game who knows how to keep his mouth closed. I think you'd make us a good man."

Parr felt his heart give an excited jump.

"All I'm asking is a chance, Mr. Imbrie."

"Sorry." The white head shook regretfully. "If times were normal, I'd take you on. We're carrying more of a staff now than we have any business to. Some dead wood, I suppose, but we've tried to hold on to older men. Can't squeeze another nickel out of my budget."

"I see."

"Why do you want to leave 'The Argus'?"

"I told you it was temporary. Orth took me on when I was recovering from an . . . accident. There's nothing there. I want to get back on a regular sheet."

"I suppose so. Yet a job's a job, Barr. I'd hang on as long as I could. It's good experience. You miss a lot of worry on a small paper. I'm going to own one myself some day. But I'll be glad to keep your name on file."

The old stuff, Gregory told himself bitterly as he rose from his chair.

Gregory made his way back to the hotel thoroughly disheartened. He felt as if everything had been cut from under his feet. More of a floater than ever now. Perhaps he should call at "The Journal" office and mop everything up while he was about it. But that would only mean another turn-down. Three failures in a row already. No use in being a glutton for punishment. His one great desire was to get out of the city. Where next?

That was something that must be thought out.

Obviously, he must return to Winfield—as much as he dreaded the prospect. One short week ago, he would gladly have turned his face in that direction. He would have liked to talk over the situation with Ardis. She looked at things sensibly. It would have to be Winfield again, for a little while.

After making inquiries at the hotel desk, Gregory found that he might reach his destination that same evening. A bus down to Annapolis, a ferry across the bay to Claiborne, another bus ride home. He checked out, carrying his almost empty suitcase in his hand. No new clothes now.

He paid scant attention to the landscape as the bus sped swiftly south, or to the narrow streets and quaint buildings of the State's capital when it was reached. Once aboard the ferry, he sought a secluded corner in the warm cabin and there pondered his problems anew.

Ardis.

Her face and quiet grey eyes swimming always into his thoughts.

What a fool he had been . . . . The old association was at an end. He had done that. It wouldn't be fair to try and go on. . . . He couldn't go on. Didn't trust himself any longer. Much better if he never had to see her again. But he had to go back.

There was the job, for one thing. After all, it wouldn't be square to walk out without warning. And another pay-day or two would come in handy. . . . Thank Heavens that hospital bill was about square now. He couldn't walk out of town without a little money in his pockets.

A half-formed plan began to take shape in his mind. He couldn't take up his old life at the Leverings' now. Why not ask Doc to take him in for a time? He could tell Doc the reason, if he had to. There was one person you could talk to and feel safe. A move like that would start a lot of talk in Winfield. They'd most likely talk about Ardis. . . . Maybe they had already.

Ardis. . . .

With the last stage of his journey, Gregory had completed his present plan. He would lay the whole matter before Yarwood before he saw anyone else, or they saw him. With that in mind, he asked the driver to let him out when the bus reached the outskirts of Winfield. A short walk brought him to the doctor's small house.

He found it dark.

Leaving his suitcase on the porch, Greg made his way to the back yard. A gleam of light showed in the window of the small shack occupied by Balaam, the servant, and a knock on the door was answered by the Negro, lamp in hand.

"Howdy, Mist' Greg. That you?"

"Hello, Balaam. I want to see the doc. Think he'll be home soon?"

"'Deed I don't know." The Negro shook his grizzled head. "Hit's a funny one."

"What do you mean?" Gregory moved closer to the door. "I'll come in for a minute. It's cold out here."

"The doc he gone away yesterday. Hit was another man wid him. . . . Two of 'em go in a big car. Don' ever come back since."

"Who was the other man, Balaam?"

"'Deed I ain' never seen him roun' here. I don' lak it, Mist' Greg. The doc he's a-actin' off his feed. . . . Lak he's mad 'bout sumpin'. Him an' dis man I'm tellin' you 'bout, they eats fore they go. Lef' me a heap er dirty dishes. 'N' a bottle."

"I think I'll stick around and wait," Gregory decided. "Is the house unlocked?"

"Hit's never locked, Mist' Greg. But you bost lemme go first an' tell Job. He mightn't know you all in the dark. I been keepin' the fire goin'."

When the two of them were in Yarwood's living-room, with the lamps lighted, Balaam lingered at the door to inquire:

"You all goin' to wait up till the doc come home?"

"If he doesn't take too long. Yes. . . . I'll stick around a while."

"Mebbe you'd better. I seen him come home already when he needed somebody sittin' up. Night, Mist' Greg."

WHEN Austin Yarwood stopped at the Levering house shortly before noon, Friday, to discover if his patient had suffered any ill effects from her celebration, he parked his car directly behind a sedan whose wheels and body were crusted over generously with dried clay.

"I'm ever so glad you came," was Ardis' greeting. "I'm having a dreadful argument." She nodded smilingly at a fat little man with twinkling hazel eyes who stood before the stove, his short legs spread aggressively. "Doctor Yarwood, this is Mr. Larkins . . my Uncle Sam."

"Delighted, sir! Small wonder there's a battle on. To whom goeth the victory?"

"No ba-battle at-t all," the little man beamed. "I—I'm just t-telling her."

"You see," Ardis explained, "Uncle Sam and Aunt Virgie drove down from the city this morning. They insist that Mother and I must go home with them and they want to start at once."

"A change of scene will work wonders for her," replied Yarwood promptly. "Is there any good reason why you should not go?"

"Why . . . there's Gregory."

"Who's this Gregory!" Larkins exploded. "Wh-when I was a young man I could fry an egg an' wash me a shirt. C-could do it now, if I could ever get rid of Virgie."

"Gregory will make out well enough," Yarwood interposed, looking closely at Ardis. "He can come out and back with me if he likes. I will drop in at the office and tell him you've gone."

"But he isn't there."

"What do you mean?"

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"He went to Baltimore. On the morning boat." Faint color crept into the girl's cheeks under the doctor's quiet scrutiny. "Greg wouldn't know what to think if . . . when he comes back and finds the house closed."

"Umph. He said nothing yesterday of travelling. He must have . . . However. You can leave a note. Tell him to find me."

With the older people voting down her half-hearted objections, Ardis had acquiesced to the unexpected journey. But one of the four was shrewd enough to suspect her hidden eagerness to leave Winfield. That one was Austin Yarwood.

When Yarwood drove slowly down Front Street, after seeing the travellers on their way, there was a half-formed notion in his mind of stopping at "The Argus" and making casual inquiry for Gregory Barr.

He was spared his contemplated action, however, at the sight of Benjy Orth standing in his doorway conversing busily with a small man who was clad in a shaggy ulster that reached very nearly to his heels. At the sight of the physician, the editor set up a shrill shout and beckoned. His companion faced about swiftly.

It was Judson Stewart.

The latter came hurriedly to the kerb as Yarwood slowed to a stop.

"YOURE just the man I wanted to see. I was asking where I might find you. They tell me young Barr's away. Where can we talk?"

"Well . . ." Austin considered, watching the agitated editor from the corner of his eyes. "There's usually a warm and secluded corner about the hotel office yonder."

"Good. Come over there with me. I'll see you later, Orth."

With the last words, Stewart was starting across the street, the tails of his ulster flapping about his legs.

"I'm sorry Barr is gone to-day," Yarwood suggested, when he found himself in an armchair facing the banker. "He would have been pleased to see you again. You are looking well."

Stewart wriggled free from his coat and lighted a cigarette.

"I'm all right. I intended to get down here sooner. Been busy. I suppose the boy thinks I forgot all about him. Has he said so?"

"Not to me."

"I should have written to him. Had him meet me. But Orth tells me he may be back to-morrow."

"I'm positive he will." Yarwood had guessed the reason for Gregory's trip.

"Then I'll see him before I go back. I want to talk with him. But I'm not sorry I saw you first. Barr strikes me as a fairly capable boy. He can keep his mouth shut. That goes a long way with me."

"Gregory should go far . . . with a chance," Yarwood remarked cautiously. He lighted his pipe and waited.

"I want to do something for him," Stewart explained. "I think I can. This is just between ourselves, Doctor."

Yarwood nodded.

"I've been digging in here on the Shore a little since election. It's occurred to me that a paper might do me some good. I've my eye on 'The Argus.' I think I'll take it over."

"And I doubt if Benjy Orth will let it go. It's a part and parcel of his red-headed being."

Stewart flipped away his cigarette ash with a contemptuous gesture.

"My dear sir, every man has his price. Orth's will not be as steep as you think. Not to me. That's a mere incident . . . But there's Orth himself. He would be of little use to me. I can't deal with tiresome people. So I'm thinking of this fellow Barr."

The conversation became general after that. Stewart dominated the talk, largely of business conditions and politics. He seemed to set a particular value upon Yarwood's opinions and had many questions to ask about the vicinity and its people.

At the end of an hour, he consulted his watch with a nervous gesture.

"I must be on my way," he announced. "I have to see Orth. . . . Tell him I'm likely to need his paper. Then I'm going down into Somerset a ways on another errand. I'm my own driver this trip. Prefer daylight travelling when I'm alone."

"But you're returning this way?"

"Some time to-morrow. If our young man shows up, keep a finger on him."

"By the way, Mr. Stewart ..." The doctor appeared to be recalling a matter by accident. "I take it you're something of a financier. Do you ever deal in shares, may I ask?"

"Occasionally. But not in tips."

"They would be wasted on me." Yarwood smiled good-naturedly. "I'm but a country practitioner. But I've a friend who made an investment, a rather substantial buy for one in his circumstances. I was hoping he had not suffered badly."

"What was the stock?"

"A rock quarrying concern, somewhere within the State. Enterprise, if I remember correctly."

"That's right. I've quite a block of it."

"Still?"

"Yes, sir.'

"I was under the impression the company was in difficulties."

"They went into a receivership. Friendly. I wouldn't advise your friend. And I wouldn't dispose of my stock either."

"Thinking it will be valuable."

"That's my expectation."

"I'm relieved to hear it. The friend I speak of is dead.... As a matter of truth, I'm referring to Dan Levering. The master of the schooner I told you of. Dan left a widow. In ill health she is. And there's a daughter. I'm fond of them. They're like my own people."

"Did the woman hold on to her certificates?"

"Indeed I'm hazy on that point. I've never asked. But Winfield is a small town. I've heard something of the bank being in on the matter. Doubtless it's all right."

"If the bank has the stock, I'll advise them to hold it. Come along over until I find out." Stewart was on his feet and wriggling into his overcoat.

As the two men left the hotel, they passed Tom Farrand who scarcely spoke to the doctor, so taken up with staring at Stewart.

"I'll be dropping in to see you, Thomas," Yarwood called back over his shoulder. "I've something to say to you."

Farrand gave no sign of hearing.

"Who was that?" Stewart wanted to know.

"Tom Farrand. He's what is known these days as a realtor and ..."

"And a dabbler in politics," the other supplemented dryly. "I've heard of him."

Tom stood watching after the pair until they disappeared in the bank. His dark brows were drawn down in a perplexed frown.

Judson Stewart walked into the office of Herbert Wallace, president of the Bank of Winfield, without announcing himself. Yarwood helped himself to a chair in the small lobby, glad of an opportunity to mull over these latest circumstances. He was not kept waiting long.

"Well, I found out something," Stewart confided when he appeared. "It's not much. Will you walk over to Orth's with me?"

"Surely."

"This is the story. Your sailor friend borrowed the money from Herb to buy that stock. He put up his boat insurance as collateral. When the loss was adjusted, the notes were taken up. Some small balance reverted to the widow, I believe. It all was done through the regular legal channels ... executor, you know."

"I understand."

"Incidentally, the executor is your friend Farrand."

"I know that."

"Then here's something you don't know, perhaps. Herb told me and I'll tell you. It may not be exactly ethical ... but I owe you something. The bank was holding those certificates when Levering ... was it? ... died. Merely a matter of safe deposit. Herb said that Levering brought them in and asked him how to endorse them over ... to Farrand. No explanation why. But he did endorse those certificates and had Herb put them in his safe. That's all I found out."

"I'm glad to know they were kept," was Yarwood's only comment.

"Do you have much sickness in town?" Stewart asked this unexpected question as "The Argus" door was reached.

"Very little. An admission of rank failure, but the truth."

"Then come along down into the country with me. I want company and I like yours. You can get away easily enough."

"I dare say my competitor would be overjoyed, Mr. Stewart, but . . ."

"That's settled. We'll have something to eat before we start. If there's a decent meal to be had here, which I doubt. Where will I find you when I'm through?"

"In that case, at home. It's directly on your way as you leave town. Anyone will direct you. I will be there preparing a steak the dimensions of a saddle blanket. I may be an indifferent chirurgeon of human flesh, but I call no man master when it comes to a juicy sirloin."

"That the best news I've heard to-day. I shall give you all the time you need, Doctor. I'm partial to sour pickles, if you don't mind."

"I BELIEVE this is the first time I ever have sat in your audience chamber, Thomas," Austin Yarwood remarked easily, as he dropped into the armchair nearest Farrand's desk. "A comfortable place you have."

As his eyes roved over the office, he loosened his coat and commenced a search through various inner pockets for pipe and pouch.

Farrand made no reply. A slightly puzzled expression showed in his dark eyes as he waited for his caller to continue.

Tom shifted a trifle in his chair. He spoke abruptly, a slight edge to his tone. Of the topic uppermost in his mind.

"I notice Jud Stewart's back in town."

"Why, yes." Yarwood's eyes still were directed upwards.

"Is he trying to find out who ran off with him?"

"I didn't hear him say, Thomas." Yarwood seemed to collect his wandering thoughts. "I was very nearly forgetting I had word for you," he offered remorsefully.

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"Whom from?" Sudden tenseness held the heavy shoulders behind the desk. Farrand's eyes were fixed unwinkingly on the doctor's face.

"Ardis."

"Yes?" Relief was in the word. The shoulders relaxed.

"A sister of Mrs. Levering drove to town to-day with her husband. They wanted to take Ardis and her mother home with them for a visit. It's Frisby Grove, if I remember."

"That's the place."

"I chanced to be calling and helped bundle both of them into the car. The Larkins were in great haste to be gone. A change of scene should be of great benefit to Mrs. Levering just now. I told Ardis I would assume all the blame."

Farrand drew a deep breath. His chair emitted a protesting squeak as he tipped back and felt in his pocket for a cigar.

"Sure. That's fine. How's the old lady gettin g along, Doc?"

"Mrs. Levering is doing very well." Yarwood crushed down the ash of his pipe with a stubby forefinger. "Rest and freedom from worry are her greatest needs. I was glad to hear that her financial prospects are a bit brighter." He sucked his tobacco into a glow. "Can I give you a light?"

"How do you mean improved?" Tom lowered the cigar that was half-way to his mouth. His eyes were suddenly alert, suspicious.

"That stock of Captain Dan's," was the casual rejoinder. "It looks as if it might be valuable once more."

"I didn't know you followed the market."

"Nor do I. Friend Stewart chanced to mention it to-day while we were talking of this and that. He owns some of those shares."

"He might know what he's talking about." Farrand agreed with an elaborate show of indifference. He waited to light his cigar. "No one can tell about stocks. Not these days."

"A matter of chance, no doubt."

"Sure. I've been watching that particular situation myself. I never overlook any bets, Doc."

"You have a name for being shrewd." Yarwood remarked admiringly. "It was fortunate for Mrs. Levering that a man like you had control of the investment."

"I've been holding on to that stock . . ." Farrand paused abruptly. The import of the doctor's last statement seemed for the first time to have made itself felt.

"My faith!" Yarwood announced suddenly. "Here I sit chatting when I should have been on my way long since." Yarwood rose hastily. "Stewart is dining with me to-night and I must not fail him. The man likes pickles, Thomas ... sour pickles. Fancy."

IT still was early evening when Gregory Barr was roused from a moody reverie before Yarwood's coal stove by hearing a succession of excited barks from Yarwood's setter who had taken himself out of doors.

Almost at once there came the sound of the doctor's voice shouting a lusty "good-night." A car moved away, the throb of its motor dying in the distance. Yarwood's heavy tread on the porch.

"Navigates well enough." Gregory muttered, rising to his feet.

"Well! It's Barr!" was Yarwood's hearty greeting as he flung the door wide. "I wondered at the illumination. I thought you had shaken our dust from off your feet."

"I just got back ... left the bus over on the pike," was the explanation. "Are you all right, Doc?"

"All right? What ails the boy? Why shouldn't I be after such a glorious jaunt through the countryside?"

"Well, Balaam ..."

"Balaam is an old women." Yarwood paused with his coat half pulled from his broad shoulders. "I should be asking you that question. What troubles you to-night?"

"I want to talk with you," Gregory admitted. "Can you spare the time?"

"Always. For you." Austin disposed himself comfortably in a chair to listen. "Something has transpired, I take it."

"Yes. I've been in Baltimore," Barr began abruptly. "I went to locate Stewart. I had to find out if there was anything doing."

"I thought as much." The doctor was choosing a pipe from several that lay on a tray near his elbow. "What came of it?"

"Nothing. He was out of town and nobody knew when he would be back. So I went to 'The Gazette.' That was this morning. I told you that fellow Stokes had offered to introduce me there. He reneged ... Handed me a line about the paper being sore at us down here, on account of Stewart."

"That's possible. So what?" Yarwood's pipe was in action now.

"Well, I looked in at 'The Telegram.' That's the opposition, you know. Their editor was friendly enough. But there's nothing doing. Full up. He took my name and address and eased me out. Everything's washed up over there, as far as a job goes."

"Why this sudden hunt for new pastures?"

"I've got to get away."

"So what do you propose doing now?"

"It's all I've been thinking of since I started back. I'll write a letter to Stewart and find out where I can see him. No use, probably. I won't be surprised to find that Orth's fired me when I go in. If he hasn't, he'll scream unless I give him notice. I wouldn't mind getting another two weeks pay, either. I'll need it."

"Ill tidings these," Yarwood observed thoughtfully. "Yet I am glad you cared to bring them to me ... first."

"I had to see you before I did anyone else because I have a favor to ask."

"And now I am grateful. What may I do to help?"

"I'm not going to be in town very long. I ... I'd like to stay here with you until I go. Will you let me?"

A silence fell upon the dimly-lighted room. Not until several coals fell with a soft little clatter in the ash pan was Yarwood roused to answer. There was very nearly a note of sadness in his deep voice.

"So it's come at last."

"What do you mean?" Gregory asked it sharply.

"What should I mean? Man . . . you've been wearing your heart upon your sleeve for daws to peck at. Surely. You may bide here as long as you will and welcome. I meant nothing rude."

"Thanks. Yes, you're right. I have made a fool of myself. I can't go back there . . . any more."

"You know what I mean. No good beating about. Ardis is going to marry that fellow. She knew I understood that . . . same as everybody else here."

"Um . . . m. I dare say." Yarwood still stared at the stove. "I had meant to tell you . . . Stewart is here in Winfield."

"What!" Gregory stiffened to amazed attention. "You mean . . ."

"Even so," the doctor asserted urbanely. "It was he who let me out at the gate. I'm sorry I didn't know you were in here."

"Where is he?" Barr sprang for his coat that lay across a chair near the front door. "Why didn't you tell me sooner? Why . . ."

"Easy. You'll find him at the hotel, I fancy. He came to find you. I'd talk with him."

"Will! I!"

"Why not take the old car, son? It will save you a walk. And I have a favor to ask of you now . . ." Yarwood rose and rapped the ash from his pipe.

"What?" Gregory's impatient fingers were on the door-knob.

"When you have talked to Stewart, come to me before you go elsewhere. I think I'll be wanting to . . . Never mind now. But return you here."

"I will."

"MY spavined Pegasus returned you whole, I see."

Yarwood inverted the heavy book he had been reading across one knee. He looked up at Barr who stood with his back to the stove warming his hands.

"I'll say!" was the grinning response

"You've good news, I take it."

"Still cagey, aren't you? I wish you'd told me about Stewart before I . . . Why didn't you?"

"I fear I was more concerned over you." Yarwood decided soberly.

Gregory took an excited turn and came back to stand looking down at the doctor. His shoulders were erect, his eyes shining.

"Can you beat it, Doc?" he asked wonderingly. "A couple of hours ago, I thought I was licked. And now . . ."

"Enter Horace Greeley. I'm thinking Ardis will be mightily delighted to hear of your fortune."

"Ardis . . . Oh, yes."

"She's had great faith in you, Greg."

"Yes," Gregory admitted slowly. "She must have. You know . . . Ardis got me that job with 'The Argus.' She went to Benly and asked him to take me on. I guess you knew about that."

"It was like the child."

"And if it hadn't been for her, I never would have had this chance, either. It's pretty tough, Doc . . . to owe everything in the world to her and then . . ."

"Yes, yes. But this will make her very happy."

"Ardis always does look at things in a square way. She'll understand. I didn't think I wanted to see her to-night. But I guess, maybe, I'd better go home. She'd think it funny if I didn't, after she hears . . ."

"You'd better rest here to-night, son. You won't find Ardis there."

"You mean . . . you mean she's gone away!"

Yarwood nodded.

Gregory's hand shot out and clutched the shoulder of the man in the chair

"Doc! She hasn't . . . It isn't Farrand?"

"No. Not that. Ardis has taken her mother on a little visit . . . to relations."

"Oh." A long sigh of relief. "Where?"

"A place called Frisby Grove. Somewhere towards the other side of the State."

"Well . . . there's no harm done. You're in comfort enough here."

"I'll walk over home after a while." Gregory was staring thoughtfully at the

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carpet. "There's no need to impose on you."

"You know, we were speaking of Greeley ..." Yarwood observed musingly. "You've read much of him, I dare say."

"I know who he was."

"A man I've admired always.... You'll find his life of interest. I profited by his advice to some extent. That was when I was a young man."

"Yes? " Gregory questioned vaguely. His thoughts were elsewhere.

"I went West. But not far enough ... not far enough. I've had a way of stopping short of goals. Oh, well. I've made an end to journeyings. I fancy I've heaved my pyramid."

Yarwood rose and laid aside his book. He refreshed himself with a mighty stretch and strolled to the front door. For a moment, he stood staring into the darkness, filling his lungs with cold air.

"A grand night, lad. The moon is just lifting over the pines. Did you see it?"

"No."

"At the full." Yarwood closed the door reluctantly and rested his shoulders comfortably against the panels. "A night to be young, if ever."

"I hadn't noticed."

"'Tis strange how times change. Were I a young man ... But I'm not. I'm forgetting."

"What in the world are you talking about?" Gregory was roused to attention at last.

"I was only remembering that I stopped at Kenyon's yesterday and had him fill the gas tank. Bill put a bit of air in the tyres too. One of them was growing soft."

Barr looked at his friend for a long minute.

"And if you were driving ..." he suggested slowly.

"I'm thinking of that now. Rather late to risk ferrying across the bay, I fancy. But there's a fair road around. By way of Elkton."

"Then?"

"Hills always draw me. I would ask my way to ... the west."

Gregory reached Yarwood in a single stride. He drew a deep breath, then asked gruffly:

"Are you telling me I should go? You know I daren't."

"I'm telling you naught, lad."

"Doc!" Gregory Barr's voice was suddenly husky. "Do you think I could?"

Instead of replying, Yarwood pulled a shabby wallet from his back pocket and thumbed a blue card from its varied contents.

He was holding out his driver's licence.

ASSURED by a filling station attendant in Frisby Grove that Sam Larkins lived "out at the mill," Gregory Barr ate a hasty breakfast at a roadside stand and followed directions as he sent his battered roadster over the last lap of an all-night journey.

There was little about the old mill, when the traveller discovered it basking in the morning sunshine, to suggest a home. No sign of living quarters. To Gregory, it more nearly resembled some ancient stone prison sprawled in the creek bottom. All it needed was an outer wall.

A rutted drive curved around to a loading platform on the front of the building, a floor reached by a flight of worn steps and served by a massive plank door. It was the only entrance to be seen. And locked from within.

Gregory rattled the iron latch, smiling when he found his eyes searching instinctively for a door-bell. As he descended the steps with some idea of exploring the rear of the premises, he sighted an elderly man approaching from the road. The newcomer was short and stout. He carried a pail of milk in one hand, holding it well away from his fat thigh.

"Mornin'," he called cheerily, as he came near. "We're not g ... grindin' to-day, young man. S ... S ... Sunday."

"And I've no grist either," was Gregory's amused retort. "Are you Mr. Larkins, by any chance?"

"On S ... S ... Sunday. S ... Sam on week days."

"I'm looking for Miss Levering."

"Ain't canvassin'?"

"No, indeed. I'm a ... friend of Ardis. From Winfield."

A knowing twinkle lighted Larkins' little eyes. His rosy mouth drew down soberly.

"Well, well. They was tellin' me Ardis had a beau there. And so you couldn't wait any longer, eh? Drove all night, I bet. You look sorta done in."

"I'm feeling fine."

"Well ... it beats all. Ardis'll be tickled. I'll have to take you in the back way, Mr. ..."

"Just a minute," Gregory interrupted. Sudden embarrassment showed in his face. "Would you mind asking Ardis to come out here? Just say that somebody wants to see her. I ... I'd like to surprise her," he finished lamely.

"I get you. I used to be up to t ... tricks like that. I'll shoo her right out."

Gregory still was wondering which of his rehearsed greetings he would employ when Ardis came hurrying around the corner of the building.

"Oh ... Greg!"

"Hello," he said. And grinned. "How are you?"

"But, Greg ... what has happened? How did you get here?" There was a light in the grey eyes that repaid Gregory for the long hours on the road.

"Well, you see I borrowed Doc's car last night to take a ride. It was ... There was a swell moon. I just kept on going."

"Oh."

"I'd never been over in this part of the country. It's sure good-looking."

"I'm so surprised I don't know what to say."

"Hope you don't mind. Fact is Ardis ... I have to talk to you a minute. Where can we go? Would you care to take a drive? Or a walk?"

"I think you have had enough driving," Ardis decided, noting his tired eyes. "We can walk a little while."

"It is pretty around here," Gregory managed, as he and Ardis strolled slowly along the banks of the pond in the rear of the mill.

"Yes," she answered soberly. "I've always loved this place. I wish you might see it in the summer."

"So do I."

No other words passed between them until they reached the old footbridge.

Gregory looked down at Ardis standing close beside him, her arms resting on the wooden rail of the approach. Her dark lashes showed against her cheeks, but he knew she was gazing down into the water.

"Ardis!" The word broke from his lips. "I've got to tell you why I came here to-day! I know it's no use, but ... I love you so!"

There was no answer.

"Don't you understand, dear?"

A faint sigh was the only reply.

"Sorry," Gregory's mouth twisted into the semblance of a smile. "You see," he went on grimly, "it's been almost three days since I had a chance to tell you. I wasn't going to say it again. But it's all I can think of. I'm afraid I'm going to keep on telling you. I know I will until ... until it isn't worth while. Ardis, I can't let you go. Just yet."

"Do you think you are being kind to either of us, Greg?"

Ardis asked it in a low, even voice. She did not raise her eyes to his.

"Kind?" he questioned, with a shake of his head. "No. I'm playing the cad. I must be. But this thing is bigger than I am. It drove me here when I knew I had no right to come. I'm afraid . . ."

"Oh, yes. I know." It was little more than a whisper.

"You'll never know, Ardis. You couldn't."

"You are so sure."

"That I love you? I know now that it is the only thing in this world I have ever been sure of. It always will be like that."

"You make me afraid, too."

"Of what, dear? Not of me! Please ..."

Ardis very slowly lifted her head. Her grey eyes looked up seriously into the watching brown ones.

"I'm afraid . . . that I love you, Greg."

"Ardis! Do you know what you've said?" he demanded shakily.

"Yes. I know."

"Oh . . ." He leaned over her, as if he would have taken her in his arms.

"I LOVE you more than anybody ever has or will. From now on," he warned doggedly, "I'm fighting. Right to the last ditch."

"Greg, you mustn't ..."

"I will, I tell you. I've listened to you and now you'll hear me. I've earned that much to-day. Look here, Ardis. You can't marry Parrand." He finally managed it.

A startled glance from the grey eyes. This time, they did not return to their troubled study of the water. They rested on the quiet hills beyond.

"No." Ardis spoke with gentle soberness. "I can't marry Tom . . . now."

"Tell me. Does he know that?"

"I think so. The last time we talked, I told him I wasn't . . . wasn't sure. Oh, I did try to be very honest, Greg!"

"What is it?" She looked at him a little fearfully.

"I can tell you now. You see . . . Well, Stewart was in town yesterday and . . . Ardis! I've got Benjy's job!"

In words that fairly tumbled over each other, Gregory explained what had transpired.

"It had to be like that!" he went on breathlessly. "Before, I had nothing. It didn't give me the right to come out here and tell you that I loved you. But it did help. Because I owe it all to you . . . Same as everything else. Everything's for you now ... everything."

"Greg. I'm so glad . . . for you."

Ardis rewarded him with a smile. But her lip trembled. She looked away again.

"Dear," Gregory said softly, "I'm not going to ask you for anything now. There's only one thing I want to know. You . . . won't send me away. Will you, Ardis?"

"No," she replied, as he took her in his arms, "I will not send you away."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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ROSE: *Sleeveless waistcoat, open down the front, with buttoned basque, knitted in 4-ply.*

SMARTEST WAY *to* WEAR *a* WOOLLEN

SNAPPY example of the season's most charming mode—vivid, sleeveless waistcoat, accented with contrast.

It is knitted in pastel shade in a cunning knobbly stitch, with dark contrast, round sleeves, buttoned basque, and slant pockets.

Materials Required: 6oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade 922. 1oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade 2182. 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11. 3 buttons. 1 crochet-hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in. Bust, 32-34in.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; o.m., oatmeal; r., rust; d.c. double crochet.

Tension: 6 sts., 1 in; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and o.m. wool cast on 97 sts. Work 1st row into back of sts.

1st Row: K.
2nd Row: P.
3rd Row: K.
4th Row: P.

5th Row: K. 2, * k. into next st. but before taking off the needle sl. the loop from right-hand needle back onto left-hand needle and tast on 3 sts. (5 sts. in all), sl. 2nd st. over 1st st., 3rd st. over 1st st., 4th st. over 1st st., 5th st. over 1st st., k. the last st., k. 3. Repeat from * end with k. 2 instead of k. 3.

6th Row: P.

Repeat last 6 rows until work measures 8½in. Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7½in., shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and o.m. wool cast on 57 sts. Work in pattern for 7½in.

1st Row: Work 20 sts., turn (leave remaining 37 sts. on spare needle).
2nd Row: Cast on 4 sts. P. to end of row.
3rd Row: Work 24 sts., turn.
4th Row: Work as for 2nd row.
5th Row: Work 28 sts., turn.
6th Row: Repeat 2nd row.
7th Row: Work 32 sts., turn.
8th Row: Repeat 2nd row.
9th Row: Work 36 sts., turn.
10th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

Join wool and work remaining 37 sts.

1st Row: Cast off 4 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: P.

Repeat last 2 rows 4 times (leave these 17 sts.).

Working on last 40 sts. cast off 6 sts. and continue in pattern across last 17 sts. to end of row. Work one row.

K. 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows and then every 2nd row 5 times. When armhole measures 4½in. shape neck as follows:—

Next Row: Commencing at neck edge cast off 6 sts., work to end of row.

K. 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows then every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7½in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends.

BASQUE

Using No. 11 needles cast on 208 sts. Work in jersey-st. rib (k. 1, p. 1, knitting into the back of all k. sts.), increasing 1 st. at the beginning of the 2nd row work one row.

4th Row: (K. 1, p. 1) into 1st st. k. 1, p. 1, cast off 3 sts. Work to end of row.

5th Row: Work to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts. K. 1 p. 1 twice.

Work 6 rows jersey-rib increasing at the beginning of every 2nd row.

Repeat 4th and 5th rows.

Work 8 rows jersey-rib, decreasing at the beginning of every 2nd row.

Repeat 4th and 5th row, decreasing at the beginning of the 4th row instead of increasing.

Work 3 rows jersey-rib decreasing at the beginning of every 2nd row. Cast off.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 9 needles cast on 30 sts. Work in st.-st. for 3½in. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of every k. row 5 times. Work another pocket in the same way, casting off sts. at the beginning of the p. rows instead of k. rows.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew on basque, work 2 rows of d.c. around edges in r. wool. Sew in pocket linings. Using r. wool work 2 rows of d.c. around neck, armholes, pocket openings and down each front. Using double wool crochet 2 chains 19in. long. Stitch each side of neck and tie in bow. Sew pom-poms on each end.

Saints' St. Kilda, and Betty will

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PARIS MODEL

WITH its tailored fit and neat stitch, this chic day model is as slimming and as svelte as any machine-knit dress.

High neck and full top sleeves are in the latest mode—and a charming novelty stitch gives interest to the bodice.

Materials: Paton's super crepe yarn, 19oz. "Beehive" knitting needles, two each, No. 12 and No. 11, circular knitting needle, No. 11, 6 buttons, one belt, length of elastic for waist.

Measurements: Blouse—Length from top of shoulder 15½ inches, width all round at underarm 32 inches, length of sleeve at underarm 18 inches.

Skirt: Waist 26 inches, hips 36 inches, length 30 inches, width all round at hem 42 inches.

TENSION

To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 stitches to the inch.

THE SKIRT

Beginning at the hem of the skirt with No. 11 circular needle, cast on 392 sts. Join being careful not to twist sts. Tie white thread to mark beginning of round. Work 10 inches in plain smooth fabric.

To make the pleat:

1st Round: K. 84. Cast off 56 sts. Knit to end of the round.

2nd Round: K. 70. Pin the 56 cast-on sts. in position to form the inverted pleat, being careful the sides are even. Knit through pleat sts. and sts. on needle to close pleat. Knit to end of row (336 sts.).

Work 3 inches in plain smooth fabric.

1st Decreasing Round: * K. 40, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of round.

Work 3 inches in plain smooth fabric.

2nd Decreasing Round: * k. 39, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of round.

Work 2 inches in plain, smooth fabric.

Continue decreasing in this manner, having 2 inches between decreasings three more times, then 1 inch, once, then ¾ inch nine times. Skirt should now measure 29½ inches. Continue working in plain smooth fabric until work measures 30 inches, or desired length.

BLOUSE—BACK

Being careful that the pleat is at the side front, with two needles knit 104 sts.

Next Row: Knit plain to end of row.

Next Row: Purl to end of row.

Now begin pattern:

1st Row: K. 3, * slip next 3 sts. on to a spare needle and place at back of work. Knit next 3 sts., slip the 3 sts. from spare needle on to end of the needle, and knit. Repeat from * seven times. Knit to end of row.

2nd, 4th, and 6th Rows: Purl to end of row.

3rd and 5th Rows: Knit plain to end of row.

These six rows complete the pattern.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, work 2 inches in plain smooth fabric, ending with a purl row. Still keeping the continuity of the pattern, increase 1 st. each end of the needle in the next and every following 8th row until 120 sts. remain. Continue work in plain smooth fabric until back measures 8½ inches from divided sts.

Shape the armholes as follows: Keeping the continuity of the pattern cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle in every alternate row until 96 sts. remain. Continue working in pattern until armhole measures 7 inches from first shaping.

Shape for the shoulders as follows: Cast off 9 sts., at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 4 sts. and knit 52 sts. from spare needle.

Next Row: Purl to end of row.

Work in pattern as given for Back, increasing 1 st. at the side edge in every 8th row until 64 sts. are on the needle. Continue without increasing until work measures 8½ inches from divided stitches.

Shape for the armhole as follows: At armhole edge cast off 6 sts., then decrease 1 st. every alternate row until 52 sts. remain. Keeping the continuity of the pattern, continue in plain smooth fabric, until the armhole measures 4 inches from first shaping ending at the neck edge.

To shape the Neck: Cast off 10 sts., once, then decrease 1 st. at neck edge every row until 18 sts. remain. Continue working without shaping until armhole measures 7 inches from first shaping.

Shape for the shoulder as follows: At armhole edge cast off 9 sts., every alternate row twice.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 4 sts. and work remaining 52 sts. Continue in stocking st. for 1½ inches, ending with a purl row.

To Make Buttonhole: K. 3, cast off 3 sts. Knit plain to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl to cast-off sts., cast on 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

Continue in stocking stitch, working 5 more buttonholes 2 inches apart, making all shapings to correspond to Left Front, being careful to work them at the opposite side.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work 3 inches in ribbing (k. 1, p. 1). Change to No. 11 needles and work 1 inch in stocking stitch. Continue in stocking stitch, increasing 1 st. each end of the needle in the next and every following 6th row until there are 88 sts. on the needle. Continue in plain smooth fabric until work measures 18 inches from beginning, or desired length.

To shape top of full sleeve: Cast off 1 st., k. 26, increase in next st., k. 8. Increase in next st., k. 14. Increase in next st., k. 8. Increase in next st. Knit plain to end of the row.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Cast off 1 st. Purl to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Cast off 1 st. Knit plain to end of the row.

5th Row: Cast off 1 st., k. 23 * increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts., k. 8, increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts., * k. 16. Repeat from * to * once. Knit plain to end of the row.

7th Row: Like 3rd row.

9th Row: Cast off 1 st., k. 22. * Increase 1 st. in next st., k. 4 *. Repeat from * to * twice. Increase once in next st., k. 14. Repeat from * to * three times. Increase once in next stitch. Knit plain to end of the row.

11th Row: Like the 3rd row.

13th Row: Cast off 1 st., k. 20. * Increase once in next st., k. 5 *. Repeat from * to * twice. Increase once in next st. Knit 16. Repeat from * to * three times. Increase once in next st. Knit to end of the row.

15th Row: Like the 3rd row.

17th Row: Cast off 1 st., k. 18. * Increase

(Continued on Page 15.)

NASTURTIUM: *Full-length street dress in plain knit, accented with novel stitch on bodice.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4620194

"SOMETHING DIFFERENT" *for* MISS 6 *to* 8

Attractive Dress in Unusual Design

AN attractive wee frock of pastel with an unusual design knitted into the bodice and round the skirt.

Material: Zephyr wool, 3-ply, 9oz. of white and 3oz. of tapestry blue, two knitting needles No. 10, 1 crochet hook No. 2.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: front 23½ inch, back 23½ inch. Width below arms, 26½ inch. Width at waist, 25½ inch. Width of skirt at lower edges, 33½ inch.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit; p., purl.

Back: Commence at the lower edge. With blue wool cast on 123 stitches, which should measure 16½in. Work in pattern as follows:

1st row (right side of work): * K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from *. The row ends with p. 1.

2nd row (wrong side of work): * P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from *. These two rows alternate throughout.

1st to 12th row: Work with blue wool.

13th to 24th rows: Work with white wool.

25th to 30th row: Work with blue wool.

Knit remainder of skirt with white wool.

30th, 38th, 46th, 54th, 62nd, 70th, 78th, 86th, 94th, 102nd, 110th, 118th, 126th, 134th, and 140th rows: Decrease one on each side.

At the end of the 140th row there are 93 stitches on the needle, the work measures 13½ inches, and the waist has been reached.

141st row: Increase one on each side.

149th to 154th row: Work with blue wool.

151st row: Increase one on each side.

155th to 160th row: Work with white wool.

161st to 166th row: Work with blue wool.

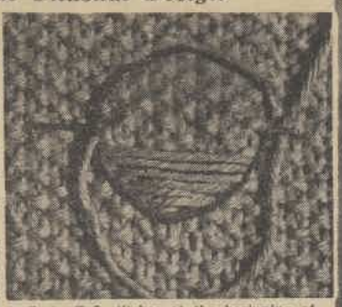
161st row: Increase one on each side.

Finish bodice with white wool.

171st, 181st, and 192nd rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 192nd row there are 105 stitches on the needle, and the work measures 19 inches. Shape armholes.

Decrease 1 stitch each end of the needle for 8 rows. Work in the same width until armhole measures 4½ inches, shape shoulders. Cast off 5 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows. In the next row the neck begins, divide stitches into two equal parts, and work each one separately.



Cast off 5 stitches at the beginning of every row, until all stitches have been cast off. Join wool at neck edge and finish the shoulder in the same way.

Front: Commence at the lower edge. With blue wool cast on 129 stitches, which should measure 16½ inches. Work in pattern as given above.

At the end of the 140th row there are 99 stitches on the needle, and the work measures 13½ inches. The waist has been reached.

141st row: Increase one on each side.

149th to 154th row: Work with blue wool.

151st row: Increase one on each side.

155th to 160th row: Work with white wool.

161st to 166th row: Work with blue wool.

161st row: Increase one on each side.

Work remainder of front with white wool.

171st, 181st, and 192nd rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 192nd row there are 111 stitches on the needle, and the work measures 19 inches. Shape armholes.

Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows, decrease 1 stitch at the beginning of the next 6 rows.

Divide stitches into two equal parts and work each side separately.

Knit 20 rows even.

Shape neck. At the beginning of the next 6 rows at neck edge cast off 6 stitches once, 4 stitches twice, and 2 stitches 3 times, shape shoulders by casting off 5 stitches at armhole edge at the beginning of the next 5 rows.

Join wool at neck opening and finish off in the same way.

Sleeves: Commence above the cuff, which is knit on later. With white wool cast on 90 stitches, which should measure 12 inches. Work 40 rows in the same width.

At the beginning of the next 6 rows cast off 2 stitches.

45th, 46th, 47th, 49th, 52nd, 55th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 61st, 64th, 67th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 73rd, 74th, and 75th rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

Next 6 rows: Cast off 3 stitches.

In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

Cuff: Cast on 54 stitches, which should measure 7 inches. Knit 8 rows. In making up the dress, gather the lower part of the sleeve to the width of the cuff, and sew it on.

To make up and embroider the dress: Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements, and allow them to dry. Sew up seams. Work the collar onto the dress in open work crochet with white wool. It should be 1½ inches wide. It is finished off with fringe worked into the last eyelet row. The dots which trim the bodice and the lower part of the skirt are embroidered with white wool, edged with stem stitch in blue wool. The slit at the neck is fastened with a hand-twisted woollen cord. The same sort of cord is used as a girdle. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

BETTY: *The little dress knitted in white wool with blue contrast. At left, above: A close-up of the stitch.*

NASTURTIUM:

(Continued from Page 14.)

once in next st., k. 6 *. Repeat from * to * twice, increase once in next st., k. 18. Repeat from * to * three times. Increase once in next st. Knit plain to end of row.

19th Row: Like 3rd row.

21st Row: Cast off 1 st., k. 16, * increase once in next st., k. 7 *. Repeat from * to * twice, increase once in next st. K. 20. Repeat from * to * three times. Increase once in next st. Knit plain to end of row.

23rd Row: Like 3rd row.

25th Row: Cast off 1 st., k. 14, * increase once in next st., k. 8 *. Repeat from * to * twice, increase once in next stitch, k. 22. Repeat from * to * three times, increase once in next st. Knit plain to end of row.

27th Row: Like 3rd row.

29th Row: Cast off 1 st., k. 12. * Increase once in next st., k. 9 *. Repeat from * to * twice, increase once in next st., k. 24. Repeat from * to * three times, increase once in next st. Knit plain to end of the row.

30th and Alternate Rows: Cast off 2 sts., purl to end of the row.

31st Row: Cast off 2 sts. Knit plain to end of row.

33rd Row: Cast off 2 sts., k. 8, * increase once in next st., k. 10 *. Repeat from * to * twice. Increase once in next st., k. 26. Repeat from * to * three times. Increase once in next st. Knit to end of the row.

35th Row: Cast off 2 sts., knit plain to end of row.

36th Row: Cast off 2 sts., purl to end of row. Cast off.

COLLAR BAND

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 12 needles, start at edge of Right front, and pick up sts. around neckline to edge of left front. Work backwards and forwards in ribbing (k. 1, p. 1) increasing 1 st. in every row at Right front edge for 1½ inches.

Cast off.

To Make the Garment Up: With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press carefully. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Fold the two centre flares at top of sleeve to form a box pleat, fold the two outer flares into pleats to correspond. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Crochet two lengths of chain and sew to side seams through which to thread belt.

Saints' St. Kilda, and Betty will

FASHION WISPS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4620195

ACE HIGH *in* LINE *and* CHIC

Captivating Swing Cape

JUST the thing to top your new winter's dress—and to give allure to last year's models.

Made in 4-ply Ramada wool, hip-length, it will keep the chilliest winter wind at bay.

Materials Required: 20oz. 4-ply Ramada super fingering wool shade, 7586 (lt. brown mixture), 2½yds. ribbon to match wool, 1 medium crochet hook.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified and in the correct ply, work with the knitting pins in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

Knitting Pins: 1 pair No. 10 Ramada pins.

Measurements: Length from neck to bottom at centre back (not including the turn back of fur trimming for collar), 31 inches. Round bottom, 60 inches. To fit 34in./36in. bust.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch, 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; P., purl; st., stitch; tog., together. Increase by working twice in one stitch. Always work in the back of all cast on sts.

BACK

Cast on 240 sts.
1st Row: K.
2nd Row: P.
3rd Row: K.
4th Row: K.
5th Row: P.
6th Row: K.
(These 6 rows form the pattern, and are repeated throughout the cape.)

Work the 6 pattern rows once.
K. 2 tog. at each end of next row.
Work 8 rows.
K. 2 tog. at each end of next row.
Repeat the last 9 rows 3 times (42 rows from beginning).
Work 5 rows.
K. 2 tog. at each end of next row.
Repeat the last 6 rows until 170 sts. remain.
Work 3 rows.
Take 2 tog. at each end next row.
Repeat the last 4 rows until 136 sts. remain.
Commence the shaped centre piece, k. 46, k. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., turn.
P. 42, turn.
K. 2 tog., k. 38, k. 2 tog., work on these sts. only.
Work 1 row.
Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.
Repeat the last 2 rows until all the sts. are worked off.
Join the wool to the 46 sts. on the left-hand pin.
K. 46.
P. to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. (Decrease is at centre end of sts.)
K. 2 tog., k. to end.
**Take 2 tog. at centre end, in the next 2 rows.
Take 2 tog. at each end next row.
Repeat the last 3 rows until 23 sts. remain, ending at side edge.
Cast off 3 sts., work to the last 2 sts., take 2 tog.
Take 2 tog., work to end of row.
Repeat the last 2 rows until all the sts. are worked off.
Join the wool at the centre end of the 46 sts. left unworked.
P. 2 tog., p. to end.
K. 2 tog. at the end of the next row.
Now work from ** of the piece just worked.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 52 sts.
Work the 6 pattern rows 13 times (78 rows).
K. 2 tog. at the beginning of next row.
Work 11 rows.
Repeat the last 12 rows until 37 sts. remain.
The decrease is on side edge only, the front edge is kept quite straight.
Work 2 rows after the last decrease.
Take 2 tog. at the shaped edge next row.
Repeat the last 3 rows until 15 sts. remain, ending at side edge.
Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.
Work 1 row.
Repeat the last 2 rows until all the sts. are worked off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 52 sts.
Work as for right front, but decrease at the end of the rows.

FUR TRIMMING

This is not pressed, so allow ample length to all measurements.
Cast on 77 sts., k. 1 row.
1st Row: P. 2 * pass the wool to the back, place the pin in the next st., as if to knit, wind the wool round both pins 4 times, then take the wool between the pins and draw the wool through all the loops and stitch, then slip all the loops from the left pin, leaving the original st., k. in the back of the st., bring the wool to the front again, and p. the next 3 sts. * repeat * to * purling 2 sts. at the end, instead of p. 3.
2nd Row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., * k. 3, k. 2 tog. * repeat * to * to last 2 sts., k. 2.
3rd Row: P. 4 * make loops in the next st., as in the first row, p. 3 * repeat * to * purling 4 sts., at end, instead of p. 3.
4th Row: K. 4, k. 2 tog., * k. 3, k. 2 tog. * repeat * to * to last 4 sts., k. 4.
Repeat the last 4 rows until the work measures 23 inches, keeping the loops on the smooth side of the work.
Increase 1 st. at each end of the next row. Work 13 rows.
Repeat the last 14 rows until there are 89 sts., working 13 rows after the last increase row.
Work should measure 33 inches.
Cast off 27 sts., knitting the 2 loop sts. together and counting them as one st., k. 35, still counting the 2 loop sts. as one, cast off the remaining 27 sts.
On the empty pin, cast on 27 sts., then k. the 35 sts. in loops, cast on 27 sts. at the end of the 35 sts.
K. in the back of the first 27 sts., k. in pattern on 35 sts., k. in back of 27 sts.
Work as first pattern row on 89 sts.
Work 12 more rows.
K. 2 tog. at each end of next row, then decrease at each end of every 14th row until 77 sts. remain.
Work on these 77 sts. until the second half measures the same length as the first half from the division in the centre.
Cast off the sts., taking the 2 loop sts. together.

(Continued on Page 17.)

ASTER: *This lovely cape is made of 4-ply Ramada wool, of a brown mixture. It has a comfortable-to wear swing back and cosy fur trimming. A Continental design.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4620196

PRACTICAL PULLOVER

This Will Delight the Man Who Plays Golf

HERE is a most practical design in a man's sleeveless pullover. It is knitted in a new sort of cable pattern, which is most attractive. The garment is not difficult to knit from these directions.

Materials Required: 8oz. 4-ply Vlyella knitting yarn, shade V164.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified, and in the correct ply. Work with the needles in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

Knitting Needles: 1 pair each No. 10 and 12 and 1 set No. 12 pointed both ends needles.

Measurements: Length, 22in. Chest, 36-38 inches.

Tension: 9 sts. to 1in. in pattern.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip.

Note: Work into back of all cast on sts.

BACK

Cast on 136 sts. on No. 12 needles.

Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 inches.

Change to No. 10 needles and work pattern as follows:—

1st Row: P. 4, k. 8 alternately to last 4 sts., p. 4.

2nd Row: K. 4, p. 8 alternately to last 4 sts., k. 4.

Repeat these 2 rows twice.

7th Row: * P. 4, slip next 2 sts. on to spare needle, pointed both ends, put at back of work, k. the next 2 sts., then k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle. Place the next 2 sts. on spare needle and put to front of work, k. the next 2 sts., then k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle * repeat * to * to last 4 sts., p. 4.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

Repeat these 8 rows throughout, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row and working these extra sts. into pattern.

When 13½ inches have been worked (162 sts. on needle), shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease at each end of alternate rows until 128 sts. remain.

Continue on these 128 sts. until armhole measures 8½ inches. (23 patterns from commencement.)

Shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work exactly as back until 18½ patterns have been worked.

PETER: *Any man would be pleased with this useful pullover. Knit him one in cosy 4-ply in his favorite color.*

Shape round neck as follows:—K. in pattern 56, cast off 16 sts., k. in pattern 56.

Next Row: In pattern to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., k. in pattern to end.

Repeat these 2 rows 3 times more.

Next Row: In pattern to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. in pattern to end.

Repeat the last 2 rows until 40 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures same as back.

Shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. from armhole edge in next 4 alternate rows.

Join in yarn at centre to sts. left unworked, and work other shoulder to match.

NECK BAND

Sew up shoulder seams. Using 4 No. 12 needles, pointed both ends, and with right side of work towards you, k. up 150 sts. round neck. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib stockingwise for 1 inch, then k. 1 plain round.

Cast off purlwise.

ARMHOLE BANDS

Sew up the side seams. K. up 140 sts. round armholes, with No. 12 needles. Work to match neck band.

Slightly press seams on wrong side.

ASTER: (Continued from Page 16.)

TO MAKE UP

Using damp cloth under hot iron, press the back and fronts lengthwise.

Join each front to the back, taking care that the pattern is even. The shaped edges of the fronts to be joined to the shaped edges of the back. Press the seams. Pin one edge of the fur trimming to the front edges, from the bottom, 8½ inches up, leave a space of 7 inches, then pin to the centre piece at the back. The cast off or cast on sts. of the trimming are pinned to the shaped edges of the centre piece, with the point at the end of the 35 sts. Pin the second half, leaving the 7 inches free, 8½ inches from the bottom. These free pieces are for the arm slots.

Oversew the edges together, then turn back the trimming and sew to the seam just worked, making the trimming double. Sew the edges of the trimming together at the arm slots.

Sew ribbon at the inside bottom of the cape from the fur trimming on one front to the trimming on the other front, but do not stretch while sewing. Sew ribbon on the inside of each front at the arm slots. Press the ribbon and trimming seams.

Saints' St. Kilda, and Betty will be one of the four bridesmaids.

FASHION WEEK

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4620197

SO SMART - *a Knitted* DRESS

Sophisticated in Style: Simple in Line and Finish: Easy to Make.

THIS ultra-smart knitted frock, made in the same style as the cape pictured on page 16, is amazingly attractive.

The pronounced heel shoulders combine admirably with the broad horizontal ribs and close-fitting lines of this new Anny Blatt model. The belt and buckle are very simple, but very effective additions.

Materials Required: 26oz. 4-ply Ramada super-fingering wool shade 7588 (lt. brown mixture), 1½yds. ribbon, 8 press studs, 2 buttons, skirt band, 2 hooks and eyes, 1 medium crochet hook.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified and in the correct ply, work with the knitting pins in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

Knitting Pins: 1 pair No. 10 Ramada pins.

Measurements: Bust, 34 inches. Length from shoulder to bottom of skirt, 48 inches. Length of skirt from waist, 32 inches. Waist, 26/28 inches.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch. 12 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together. Increase by working twice in one stitch. Always work in the back of all cast on sts.

BACK

Cast on 176 sts. for the bottom of the skirt.

1st Row: K. **4th Row:** K.
2nd Row: P. **5th Row:** P.
3rd Row: K. **6th Row:** K.

These 6 rows are repeated throughout the whole dress.

Repeat the 6 rows 7 times (48 rows worked altogether).

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Work 20 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Repeat the last 21 rows until 152 sts. remain.

Work 12 rows after last decrease row, when work should measure 26½ inches after pressing.

Cast on 10 sts. for underwrap, work 8 rows on 162 sts.

K. 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Work 8 rows, ending on a k. row (160 sts.).

Commence darts to shape the skirt next row.

K. 2 tog., k. 47, k. 2 tog., k. 48, k. 2 tog., k. 57, k. 2 tog.

Work 6 rows on 156 sts.

K. 48, k. 2 tog., k. 46, k. 2 tog., k. to end of row.

Work 5 rows on 154 sts.

K. 2 tog., k. 45, k. 2 tog., k. 46, k. 2 tog., k. 55, k. 2 tog.

Work 3 rows on 150 sts.

P. 46, p. 2 tog., p. 44, p. 2 tog., p. 56.

Work 3 rows on 148 sts.

K. 2 tog., k. 43, k. 2 tog., k. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 53, k. 2 tog.

Work 3 rows on 144 sts.

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 42, k. 2 tog., k. 54.

Work 3 rows on 142 sts.

P. 2 tog., p. 41, p. 2 tog., p. 42, p. 2 tog., p. 51, p. 2 tog.

Work 3 rows on 138 sts.

K. 42, k. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., k. 52.

Work 3 rows on 136 sts.

K. 2 tog., k. 39, k. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., k. 49, k. 2 tog.

Work 3 rows on 132 sts.

P. 40, p. 2 tog., p. 38, p. 2 tog., p. 50.

Work 3 rows on 130 sts.

K. 2 tog., k. 37, k. 2 tog., k. 38, k. 2 tog., k. 47, k. 2 tog.

Work 3 rows on 126 sts.

K. 2 tog., k. 36, k. 2 tog., k. 36, k. 2 tog., k. 46, k. 2 tog. (122 sts.).

P. 1 row.

K. 1 row, taking a colored thread along to indicate the waistline.

Work 12 rows on 122 sts.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next row.

Work 5 rows.

Repeat the last 6 rows until there are 130 sts.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next row.

Work 3 rows.

Repeat the last 4 rows until there are 140 sts.

Cast off the 10 underwrap sts. and continue increasing 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until there are 138 sts.

Work 38 rows on 138 sts.

Back should measure 10½ inches from the waistline after pressing.

Commence armholes:—Cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of the next 5 rows.

Work 1 row.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Repeat the last 2 rows 4 times, leaving 108 sts.

Work 57 rows on 108 sts. 16 inches from waistline after pressing.

Commence shoulders:—Cast off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows (36 sts. for each shoulder).

Cast off the remaining 36 sts. for neck.

FRONT

An inverted box-pleat is made in the centre of the front, and 3 lengths of colored thread being used will help to keep the folds of the pleat straight.

Cast on 264 sts.

K. 1 row.

P. 1 row.

K. 1 row.

K. 88, place colored thread here, k. 44, place colored thread here, k. 44, place colored thread here, k. 88.

P. 1 row.

K. 1 row.

Repeat the last 6 rows 7 times (48 rows).

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Work 20 rows.

Repeat the last 21 rows until 254 sts. remain, still taking up the 3-colored thread, 1 in the centre and 1 each side 44 sts. from the centre.

The 20th row after last decrease should work, k. 83, colored thread, k. 44, colored thread, k. 44, colored thread, k. 83. (C.T. will mean colored thread in the following.)

Commence decreasing the box-pleat, k. 2 tog., k. 102, k. 2 tog., k. 42, k. 2 tog., k. 102, k. 2 tog., p. 102, p. 2 tog., p. 42, p. 2 tog., p. 102.

K. 102, k. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., k. 102.

K. 82, C.T., k. 19, k. 2 tog., k. 20, C.T. k 20, k. 2 tog., k. 19, C.T., k. 82.

P. 101, p. 2 tog., p. 38, p. 2 tog., p. 101.

K. 100, k. 2 tog., k 38, k 2 tog., k. 100.

K. 100, k. 2 tog., k. 36, k. 2 tog., k. 100.

P. 99, p. 2 tog., p. 36, p. 2 tog., p. 99, carry up C.T.

K. 99, k. 2 tog., k. 34, k. 2 tog., k. 99.

K. 98, k. 2 tog., k. 34, k. 2 tog., k. 98.

P. 98, p. 2 tog., p. 32, p. 2 tog., p. 98

K. 97, k. 2 tog., k. 32, k. 2 tog., k. 97, carry up C.T.

K. 97, k. 2 tog., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 97.

P. 96, p. 2 tog., p. 30, p. 2 tog., p. 96

K. 96, k. 2 tog., k. 28, k. 2 tog., k. 96.

K. 95, k. 2 tog., k. 28, k. 2 tog., k. 95, carry up C.T.

Continue decreasing as the last rows until there are:—

K. 93, k. 2 tog., k. 22, k. 2 tog., k. 93.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. 90, k. 2 tog., k. 22, K. 2 tog., k. 90, k. 2 tog.

P. 91, p. 2 tog., p. 20, p. 2 tog., p. 91.

Continue decreasing as before until there are:—

K. 87, k. 2 tog., k. 14, k. 2 tog., k. 87 (190 sts.).

Each side C.T. will now be 14 sts. from centre C.T.

Work 3 rows on 190 sts.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Work 11 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Repeat the last 12 rows until 168 sts. remain.

Work 5 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Repeat the last 6 rows until there are 152 sts.

Work 2 rows.

K. 2 tog. at each end of next row (150 sts.).

P. 1 row.

K. 1 row, taking at C.T. along to indicate the waistline.

Front should have the same number of patterns worked to the waist as on the back of the waist.

Work 12 rows on 150 sts., still carrying up the 3 C.Ts.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next row.

Work 5 rows.

Repeat the last 6 rows until there are 158 sts.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next row.

Work 3 rows.

Repeat the last 4 rows until there are 168 sts.

Work 1 row after last increase row, ending on k. row (last of 3 rows).

Divide for centre opening, k. 84, turn, work on these sts. only.

P. 14, C.T., p. to end.

Work 1 k. row (last of 3).

Increase 1 st. on side edge next row. The front edge is kept quite straight.

**Work 3 rows.

Increase 1 st. on side edge next row.

Repeat the last 4 rows until 88 sts. are on pin.

Work 38 rows after the last increase row, ending at side edge.

Commence armhole:—Cast off 5 sts., work to end.

Take 2 tog. at armhole end of work in the next 5 rows.

Work 1 row.

Take 2 tog. at armhole next row.

Repeat the last 2 rows 4 times, leaving 73 sts.

Work 35 rows on 73 sts., ending at neck end of work.

Make double buttonhole:—K. 1, cast off 7 sts., k. 13, cast off 7 sts., k. 45.

P. 45, cast on 7 sts., k. 13, cast on 7 sts., k. 1.

K. 1 row.

Work 8 more rows, ending at armhole end.

Commence neck:—K. 49, cast off 20 sts., k. 4, k. 2, k. 2 tog.

P. 2 tog., p. 1.

K. 2 tog., end off wool.

(Continued on Page 19.)

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WALLFLOWER: *A knitted frock designed by Anny Blatt. Ideal for wearing with the knitted cape featured on page 16.*

(Continued from Page 18.)

Join the wool at the neck end of the 49 sts., k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 10 rows, taking 2 tog. at neck end of each row, ending at the armhole with 38 sts.

Cast off 9 sts., work to the last 2 sts., take 2 tog.

Take 2 tog., work to end.

Cast off 9 sts., work to end.

Work 1 row.

Repeat the last 2 rows until all the sts. are cast off **.

Join the wool at the centre end of the 84 sts. of second half.

K. 14, C.T., k. to end.

P. 1 row.

K. 1 row, increase in last st.

Work from ** of first half, but working 38 rows, after the last increase before commencing the armhole. Work the buttonhole at the beginning of the row by: K. 1, cast off 7 sts., k. 13, cast off 7 sts., k. 45.

Work 7 rows instead of 8, after buttonholes are made. Commence neck:—

K. 49, cast off 20 sts., k. 4.

P. 2, p. 2 tog.

K. 2 tog., k. 1.

K. 2 tog. End off wool

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Cast on 56 sts.

Work the 6 pattern rows 4 times (24 rows).

Increase 1 st. at each end of next row.

Work 8 rows.

Repeat the last 9 rows until there are 100 sts. (19 inches pressed).

Shape the top:—Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until 88 sts. remain.

Work 1 row.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Repeat the last 2 rows until 76 sts. remain.

Work 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next row.

Repeat the last 3 rows until 66 sts. remain.

Work on 66 sts. for 18 rows.

Cast off 21 sts., k. 24, cast off 21 sts.

Join wool to the 24 sts., and work 26 rows for the square shoulder.

Cast off the 24 sts. loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press the back, front and sleeves, pressing the work lengthwise. Place the front flat on the table, right side up, then pin the pleat in the centre from the bottom of the skirt to the waist only, placing each side colored thread to the centre colored thread, with the shaped sides of the wide box-pleat at the wrong side of the skirt.

Sew each pleat ¼ inch from the centre, working through the 3 thicknesses of the knitting and making rather long stitches on the right side, working as far as the wide part of the pleat only. Sew through 2 thicknesses only on the wide pleat, making a ¼-inch tuck, so as to leave the underneath part free.

Sew the two edges of the pleat together from the wide part to waist.

Turn the front over and sew the 2 shaped edges to the front, but do not take the stitches through. Press the pleat. At the neck, turn in each front edge, so that the buttonholes are even, then pin the colored thread to the centre at the opening, leaving a ¼-inch tuck standing away from the front. Graduate this tuck to the waist and to the neck.

The 2 tucks stand off, close together. Sew these tucks from the opening to the waist, then sew each hem from the opening to the neck. Join the back to the front at the shoulders, making sure that the pattern runs evenly at the bottom of the skirt.

Sleeves: Join each side edge of the 24 sts. to the 21 cast off sts. Sew each sleeve into the armholes, the shoulder seam of the dress to be in the centre of the 24 cast off sts.

Press these seams, also sides of dress, but do not stretch the work while sewing, and be sure to keep the pattern even. Sew as far as the placket only on one side. Join the sleeves, then press the seams. Work a row of d.c. round the bottom of the skirt, round each sleeve bottom, on the placked edges, and round the neck, working through both edges of the hem in the front.

Make the waistband and sew on the inside of the skirt, the colored thread to the top of the waistband. Pin the underwrap edge to the end of the waist band (with the eyes), then pin the end with the hooks, 10 sts. in from the placket edge of front. Sew press studs on placket edge. Sew press studs on front edges on the hems inside, so that the edges stand out when fastened.

Make a chain 1 inch long, and sew one button at each end of the chain. Place one button through each buttonhole. Sew ribbon round bottom of skirt on the inside to give a firm edge.

Saints' St. Kilda, and Betty will be one of the four bridesmaids.

FASHION

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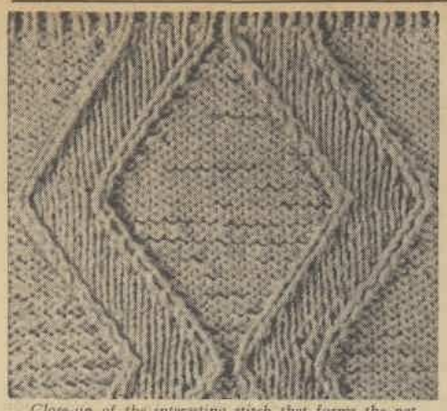

Close-up of the interesting stitch that forms the pattern of the pullover shown at right.

BOY'S *Neat* PULLOVER

Your Young Son Will Like This Useful Garment

IT is in sleeveless style and knitted in a new diamond pattern in fine sports wool.

MATERIAL: 5oz. of fine sport wool, 2 knitting needles No. 10, 2 spare needles.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge—front 15 inches, back 14½ inches. Width below arms, 24½ inches.

Tension: 7½ stitches and 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 93 stitches, which should measure 12½ inches, and work the lower border in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ inches. Change to pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * p. 21, k. 7, p. 1, k. 7. Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Purl the sts. that were knit in the preceding row and knit those that were purled.

3rd Row: P. 20, * slip 1 st. on a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 1, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 19. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row: P. 19, * slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 17. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Same as 2nd row.

7th Row: P. 18, * slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 5, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 15. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Continue in this way, narrowing 1 p. st. at the commencement of the pattern row and widening the centre p. sts. until there are 11 p. sts. at beginning of the row and 19 p. sts. in the centre diamond.

22nd Row: Same as 2nd row.

Commencing with the next row, the stripes of plain knitting are narrowed to form diamonds as follows:

23rd Row: P. 11, * slip a st. onto a spare needle, and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 19, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 1. Repeat from *.

24th Row: Same as 2nd row.

25th Row: P. 12, * slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 17, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

Continue in this way until one set of diamonds is completed. Then commence again with the 3rd row.

DARYL: *Neat and attractive pullover for the small boy. It is knitted in a simple but effective diamond pattern in sports wool.*

In the 77th row the front measures 12 inches. Shape armholes.

77th Row: Cast off 5 sts. on each side.

78th Row: Cast off 4 stitches on each side.

In the 81st row, to shape the pointed neck opening divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

81st, 84th, 88th, 91st, 94th, 97th, 99th, 102nd, 105th, 108th, 111th, and 114th Rows: Narrow by 1 st. on the neck side.

121st, 123rd, and 125th Rows: Cast off 6 sts. on the armhole side for the shoulder.

127th Row: Cast off 7 sts. for the shoulder.

BACK

It is worked in the same manner as the front as far as the beginning of the armholes.

77th Row: Cast off 5 sts. on each side.

78th Row: Cast off 4 stitches on each side.

117th and 119th Rows: Cast off 6 sts. on each side for the shoulders.

In the 120th row divide the sts. into two equal parts and work each one separately. In this row cast off 6 sts. on the neck side.

121st Row: Cast off 6 stitches on the shoulder side.

122nd Row: Same as 120th row.

123rd Row: Cast off 7 stitches on the shoulder side.

Neck Band: Cast on 150 sts., which should measure 19½ inches, and work in k. 1, p. 1 until it measures 1½ inches.

Armhole Bands: For each band cast on 120 sts., which should measure 16 inches, and work in k. 1, p. 1, for 1½ inches.

TO MAKE UP: Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew on the neck and armhole bands as shown in the illustration. Press the pullover on the wrong side under a damp cloth.

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KNIT THIS *For* YOUR *Tiny* ONE

The Most Adorable Little Suit for Sonny in a Practical Style

CHOOSE a soft pastel-colored wool for this little suit and your baby boy will look too sweet for words in it. It is made in a very simple practical style and is also very easy to knit.

Materials: 5oz. 3-ply superfine fingering, 1 pair of No. 9 knitting pins, 1 spare needle with points at both ends, ½ yard of narrow elastic, and 3 buttons the size of a threepenny piece.

Measurements: Jersey: Length from shoulder, 13 inches; width all round under the arms, 21 inches; length of sleeve seam, 9 inches. Knickers: Length down side fold, 10½ inches; width all round the widest part, 24 inches.

Tension: 15 stitches to 2 inches in width, and 17 rows to 2 inches in depth.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; sts., stitches rep., repeat; tog., together; w.fd., wool forward sl., slip; inc., increase or increasing dec., decrease or decreasing; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

HAROLD: *Cosy little suit, jersey and knickers, for baby boys. Knit it in pastel wool.*

Casting-on: If you cast on with two needles work into the back of all cast-on sts. to produce firm edges, but if you use the thumb method this is not necessary.

THE JERSEY

Begin at the lower edge of the back. Cast on 80 sts. and work 2½ inches in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to st.-st. and continue until the work measures 8 inches from the beginning, finishing after a p. row. Now change to the cable pattern as follows:—

1st Row: P. 2, * k. 4, p. 2. Rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K. 2, * p. 4, k. 2. Rep. from * to end. Repeat these 2 rows twice more.

7th Row: P. 2, * sl. the next 2 sts. on to the spare needle and place at back of work, k. the next 2 sts., then k. the sts. from the spare needle (referred to as cable 4), p. 2. Rep. from * to end.

8th Row: Like the 2nd row. The last 6 rows form the pattern.

The Armhole Shaping: Continue in pattern dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next 6 rows (68 sts.), then continue without dec. until the armholes measure 3½ inches on the straight, finishing after a 6th row.

The Neck and Shoulder Shaping.—Next Row: Pattern 15, cast off 38, pattern 14. Work 4 more rows on each set of 15 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work this exactly like the back until the pattern is reached, finishing after a p. row.

Next Row: P. 2, * k. 4, p. 2. Rep. from * four times more, k. 10, p. 2, ** k. 4, p. 2. Rep. from ** to end.

The Neck Opening.—1st Row: K. 2, * p. 4, k. 2. Rep. from * six times more, turn (leaving remaining 36 sts. on a st.-holder).

2nd Row: K. 6, p. 2, * k. 4, p. 2. Rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: K. 2, * p. 4, k. 2. Rep. from * to end.

4th Row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2, p. 2, * k. 4, p. 2. Rep. from * to end.

5th Row: K. 2, * p. 4, k. 2. Rep. from * to end.

6th Row: K. 2, * cable 4, p. 2. Rep. from * to end.

7th Row: K. 2, * p. 4, k. 2. Rep. from * to end. Continue in pattern keeping the 2 border sts. in garter-st., and making another buttonhole on the 12th row above the first, but at the same time shape the armhole by dec. 1 st. at the side edge on the next 6 rows (38 sts.).

Continue without dec. until 9 rows have been worked after the 2nd buttonhole.

The Neck Shaping.—Next Row: Cast off 23 sts., pattern to end. Continue on the remaining 15 sts. until the armhole is 6 rows deeper than that of the back. Cast off. Join the wool at the inside edge of the other side.

Next Row: Cast on 8, k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, * p. 4, k. 2. Rep. from * to end. Now work up this side to match the first, with all shapings at opposite edges and omitting buttonholes.

THE SLEEVES

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 46 sts. and work 2½ inches in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to st.-st., inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 5th row, then on every 6th row following until there are 62 sts. on the needle. Work 3 rows after the last inc., then shape the top by casting off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 34 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE NECK BAND

Join the shoulders, then, holding the work right side towards you, pick up and k. through every st. and the edge of every row round the neck (144 sts.). Work 1 row in k. 1, p. 1 rib, then work 2 more rows, dec. 1 st. on each side of the four corners.

Next Row: Rib 2, work 2 sts. tog., w.fd., rib to end, still dec. as before. Work 2 more rows, dec. at the corners, then cast off, still dec. at the corners.

THE MAKING UP

Press the work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew in the sleeves and press the seams. Sew up the side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew down the underlap and press it. Sew on the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.

THE KNICKERS

Begin at the lower edge of the right leg. Cast on 74 sts. and work 8 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to st.-st. and cable pattern as follows:—

1st Row: K. 30, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 30.

2nd Row: P. 30, k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 30. Continue in st.-st., keeping the centre 14 sts. in cable pattern, and inc. 1 st. both ends of the next 9 rows (92 sts.). Work 1 row after the last inc.

***Next Row:** Dec. 1 st. at both ends of the needle. Work 5 rows without dec.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st. at the beginning of the needle. Work 5 rows without dec. Rep. from * three times more, then work the first 7 rows once (77 sts.). Now shape the top as follows:—

1st Row: Work until 14 sts. remain, turn and work back.

3rd Row: Work until 28 sts. remain, turn and work back.

5th Row: Work until 42 sts. remain, turn and work back.

7th Row: Work until 56 sts. remain, turn and work back.

9th Row: Work until 70 sts. remain, turn and work back.

11th Row: Work across all sts.

Now work 6 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Next Row: Rib 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., * rib 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd. Rep. from * finishing rib 2. Work 3 more rows in rib. Cast off.

THE LEFT LEG

Work this exactly like the right leg, but with all shapings at opposite edges. The shaping at the top will begin on a k. row, instead of a p. row.

THE MAKING UP

Press the work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the leg seams and press them. Sew up the front and back seams and press them. Thread the elastic through the holes at the waist.

Saints' St. Kilda, and Betty will be one of the four bridesmaids.

FASHION WEEK

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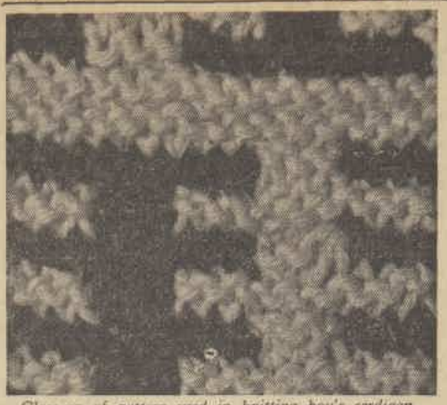

Close-up of pattern used in knitting boy's cardigan shown on this page.

BOY'S *Long-Sleeved* CARDIGAN

Knitted in brown and fawn in a smart check design.

THIS useful cardigan, designed for a 14 to 15-year-old boy, buttons up the front close to the neck and has long sleeves.

It would also look smart made in some other color combination, such as grey and navy.

Note: This pattern can be worked for 15 to 16 years, by using No. 10 needles if desired.

Materials: 9oz. 3-ply fingering wool, nigger-brown; 9oz. 3-ply fingering wool, fawn. 1 pr. No. 12 needles. 8 brown buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; chest, 34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together.

Tension: 10 sts. and 12 rows to 1 inch.

Note: The cardigan is worked to and fro in plain knitting. The pattern arises from the combination of the brown and fawn wool.

BACK

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 140 sts. with brown wool (k. into back of cast on sts.), k. 1 row and then work as follows:—

1st Row of Pattern (right side): With brown wool, k.

2nd Row: With brown wool k.

Repeat last 2 rows 7 times.

17th Row (right side): * k. 9 fawn, 3 brown. Repeat from * to last 8 sts., k. 8 fawn. Care must be taken that the thread which is not being used should lie to the back of the work and should hang loose.

18th Row: The sts. which were k. with fawn wool in the preceding row are k. with fawn wool in this row, and the sts. in brown are likewise k. with brown wool. All even rows are worked as the 18th row.

19th Row: K. 3 brown, * k. 3 fawn, 9 brown; repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2 brown.

21st Row: Repeat 17th row.
23rd Row: Repeat 19th row.
25th Row: Repeat 17th row.
27th Row: Repeat 19th row.
29th Row: Repeat 17th row.
31st Row: Repeat 19th row.
33rd Row: Repeat 17th row.
35th Row: Repeat 1st row.
36th Row: Repeat 2nd row.
37th Row: Repeat 1st row.
38th Row: Repeat 2nd row.
39th Row: K. 3 fawn, * k. 3 brown, 9 fawn. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2 fawn.

41st Row: * K. 9 brown, 3 fawn. Repeat from * to last 8 sts., k. 8 brown.
43rd Row: Repeat 39th row.
45th Row: Repeat 41st row.
47th Row: Repeat 39th row.
49th Row: Repeat 41st row.
51st Row: Repeat 39th row.
53rd Row: Repeat 41st row.
55th Row: Repeat 39th row.
56th Row: Repeat 18th row.
57th Row: Repeat 1st row.
58th Row: Repeat 2nd row.
59th Row: Repeat 1st row.
60th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

Repeat from the 17th row of pattern. Continue in pattern and inc. 1 st. each end of the 80th row and every 8th row following 11 times. Continue without shaping for 8 rows, then shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows, and work even in pattern until armhole measures 7½ inches; shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using brown wool cast on 68 sts. and work in pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. at seam edge of the 81st row and every 8th row following 11 times. Continue without shaping for 8 rows, then shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Work even in pattern until armhole measures 5½ inches; shape neck by casting off 3 sts. at neck edge of next row, then cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of every 2nd row until 40 sts. remain, then work even until armhole measures 7½ inches; shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times.

ANTHONY: *Long-sleeved cardigan for the 14 to 15-year-old boy knitted in a check design in brown and fawn wools.*

RIGHT FRONT

Using brown wool cast on 68 sts. and work exactly the same as the left front except that the shaping is reversed.

SLEEVES

Both alike. Using brown wool cast on 86 sts. and work in pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of the 18th row and every 11th row following 23 times, then work even in pattern until sleeve measures 18½ inches, then shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows, then k. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

BAND

Using brown wool cast on 12 sts. and work in garter-st. (plain knitting) making a buttonhole in the 2nd row as follows:—K. 4, cast off 4, k. 4. 3rd row: K. 4, cast on 4, k. 4. Continue in plain knitting, making a buttonhole every 2 inches until 8 buttonholes are worked, then continue to work until the band is long enough to sew around the back of neck and down the both fronts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth, sew up side and sleeve seams, join shoulders, sew in sleeves. Stitch the band around fronts commencing with the first buttonhole at bottom of left front. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

and steaming hot water is always there—

story.

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CAPTIVATING VEST *and* PANTEE SET

ADORABLE for colder days and perfectly sweet knitted in soft pastel-colored wool.

You will like these undies. The vest and pantees set below is soft, warm, and slicky tailored to make a perfect foundation for your frocks.

The set takes 5 ozs. One pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; a No 12 crochet hook; 3 yards ribbon, and 1 yard of elastic for the waist.

THE KNITTED UNDIES

Measurements:—Vest: Length, without shoulder straps, 22in. Width all round at underarms, 28in., stretching to 36in.

Pantees: Length down side seam, 16in Width all round widest part, 30in.

Tension: Worked at a tension to produce 7½ sts. in width and 10 rows in depth to one inch.

THE VEST

Begin at lower edge. Using No. 10 needles cast on 100 sts., and work in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing for 2ins. Proceed in st. st until work measures 12ins. from beg Change to No. 12 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing for 3½ins. Change back again to No. 10 needles and inc. to 104 sts. by knitting twice into every 25th st. Cont in st. st. for another 4ins., finishing after a p. row. Now proceed in following ptn.: **1st Row:** K. 1, * k. 2, wl. fwd., k. 3 tog., wl. fwd., k. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. **2nd Row:** P. **3rd Row:** K. 1, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 3, * wl. fwd., k. 3, 3 tog., wl. fwd., k. 3; rep. from * to last 2 sts., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. **4th Row:** P. These 4 rows form the ptn. Rep. them until you have done 3ins. of the fancy ptn. Cast off. Make another piece exactly the same.

Sew up side seams. Crochet a beading round top as follows: Join in wool to one side seam and work * 5 chain, 1 d.c. into 4th chain from hook, miss 2 sts. of cast-off row, 1 d.c. in next st. Rep. from * all round and fasten off.

Sew on shoulder straps. Thread remainder of ribbon through holes formed by last row of pattern.

THE PANTEES

Begin at lower edge of one leg. Using No. 10 needles cast on 110 sts., and work in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing for 1in., then proceed in lace pattern as given for top of vest for 2ins Change and proceed in st. st. until work measures 13½ins. from cast-on edge. Shape for back: **1st Row:** K. to within 10 sts. of end turn, p. back. **3rd Row:** K. to within 20 of end turn, p. back. **5th Row:** K. to within 30 sts. of end turn, p. back. **7th Row:** K. to within 40 sts. of end turn, p. back. **9th Row:** K. to within 50 sts. of end turn, p. back. **11th Row:** K. to within 60 sts. of end, turn, p. back. **13th Row:** K. to within 70 sts. of end, turn, p. back. **15th Row:** K. to end.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing for 2½ins. **Next Row** * K. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k. 1, p. 1. **Next Row:** Work in rib, purling and knitting into the "made" sts. of previous row to complete holes made for elastic. Work 4 more rows in ribbing and cast off.

Make another piece to match, but beg. top shaping on a purl row instead of a knit row as follows: **1st Row:** P. to within 10 sts. of the end, turn, k. back.

THE GUSSET

Cast on 2 sts., and work in st. st., inc. 1 st. at each end of every k. row until there are 30 sts., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every k. row until 2 sts. rem. Cast off.

Pin gusset about 2½ins. up from lower edge, sew into position, then sew up front and back seams and legs seams. Press seams. Thread elastic through eyelet holes at top of ribbing.

LORNA: *Adorable vest and pantee set knitted in an unusually pretty design and modelled on close-fitting lines.*

Saints' St. Kilda, and Betty will be one of the four bridesmaids.

FASHION WEDD

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HE *Will* LOVE *This*

Close-up of knitting pattern in Donald cardigan.

DONALD: *Practical long-sleeved cardigan for a man knitted in a new pattern in sports wool.*

MAN'S long-sleeved cardigan knitted in sports wool.

Materials: 11 2oz. skeins of Marl. sports wool, 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 7, 1 spare needle No. 7, 1 medium crochet book, 8 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder 23 inches, chest 38 inches, length of sleeve seam 21 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; sp. n., spare needle.

Tension: 6 sts. and 7 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 100 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), and work in rib of k. 1, p. 1, for 2½ inches. Change to No. 7 needles, and work in honeycomb pattern as follows:—

1st Row: Right side. K. 2 * slip 2 sts. on to a spare needle and hold to the front of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, slip 2 sts. on to the spare needle and hold to back of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from spare needle. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

5th Row: Repeat 3rd row.

6th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

7th Row: * Slip 2 sts. on to the spare needle and hold to the back of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, slip 2 sts. on to the spare needle and hold to the front of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle. Repeat from * to end of row.

8th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

9th Row: Repeat 3rd row.

10th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

11th Row: Repeat 3rd row.

12th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

13th Row: * Slip 2 sts. on to spare needle and hold to front of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, slip 2 sts. on to spare needle and hold to back of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle. Repeat from * to end of row.

14th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

15th Row: Repeat 3rd row.

16th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

17th Row: Repeat 3rd row.

18th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

Rows 7 to 18 form the pattern and are repeated throughout. Continue in pattern and inc. 1 st. each end of the 27th row and every 6th row following 9 times. Work even until back measures 14½ inches, then shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Work even until armhole measures 8½ inches, then cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows, cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

The centre edge is diagonal. Using No. 9 needles, cast on 64 sts. and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ inches. Change to No. 7 needles and work in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 6th row 9 times. Commencing with the 84th row, dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every row for 40 rows. When front measures 14½ inches, shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Work even at armhole edge and continue in pattern. Work 3 rows, in the next row the sts. are cast off for the pocket. Commencing on the wrong side of work, p. 8 sts. cast off 22 sts., work to end of row. (Using a spare needle, cast on 22 sts. and work in stocking st. for 3½ inches.) In the next row, work in pattern to the 22 cast-off sts., k. the 22 sts. from the spare needle, work 8 sts. in pattern. Work even at armhole edge, and dec. at neck edge until 30 sts. remain. When armhole measures 8½ inches, shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row.

LEFT FRONT

It is worked in the same manner as the right, reversing the shaping. The double row of buttonholes are worked as follows:—The 1st set in 12th row of ribbing, work 2 sts., cast off 3 sts., work 12 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row. The 2nd set in the 20th pattern row: Work 2 sts., cast off 3 sts., work 17 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row. In the returning row cast on 3 sts. where the sts. were cast off in the previous row. The 3rd set in the 50th pattern row: Work 2 sts., cast off 3 sts. Work 22 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row. The 4th set is in the 80th pattern row: Work 2 sts., cast off 3 sts., work 30 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row. Work shaping to correspond with right front, and when sts. are decreased to 30 sts. shape shoulder as for right front.

SLEEVES

Both alike. Using No. 9 needles cast on 50 sts. and work the cuff in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 3½ inches. Change to pattern and work as for back, increasing 1 st. each end of the 18th row and every 6th row following 17 times. When sleeve measures 21 inches shape top by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 10 times, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 15 sts. remain, cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth, join shoulders, sew up side and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, stitch pocket neatly on wrong side of work (work one row of double crochet around the neck opening, down the centre fronts, and along the top of pocket). Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

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